



WO ZHEN SHI DA MING XING
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愉悦/若

I'm Really a Superstar

Arc 2: Television Station

(Chapters 86-203)

Genres: Comedy, Drama, Fantasy, Martial Arts, Mature, Romance, Slice Of Life, Supernatural, Chinese

Suggested Synopsis: Zhang Ye was originally a mundane college graduate, cursed with below average looks and height but with aspiring dreams of becoming famous. However one day, he woke up and suddenly found himself in a parallel world!

In this new world, most things were similar to his previous world but there existed subtle differences, be it: brands, celebrities or even famous works!

Armed with the knowledge of his previous world and a heaven-defying Game Ring that gives him magical items, stats and skills, Zhang Ye embarks on a journey to pursue his life-long dream of becoming a celebrity.

Follow Zhang Ye as he takes the new world by storm, one plagiarized piece at a time, to hilarious reactions!

(Suggested by ThetaJune)

Original Synopsis:

Zhang Ye, whose only goal was to become a celebrity, had tunneled to a brand new Earth that was different.

At the radio station, during the host hiring interview:

A loud voice narrated, "Up above the sea's grey flatland, wind is gathering the clouds. In between the sea and clouds proudly soars

the Petrel, reminiscent of black lightning. Glancing a wave with his wingtip, like an arrow dashing cloudward, he cries out and the clouds hear his joy in the bird's cry of courage. In this cry-thirst for the tempest!"

However, the interviewers of this world that had never heard of Gorky's "The Song of the Stormy Petrel" and were so shocked that they stared with their mouths agape!

The story begins from here.

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Chapter 86 - Little Zhang Seeks Employment!

Today.

Early in the morning, Zhang Ye lazed in his bed. He laid under his blanket while surfing the internet on his cellphone. The comments on his "Tribute to the White Poplar" was ever increasing and it was all positive. He browsed through the comments before opening up the Celebrity Rankings website to take a look at his own ranking. The site was very well-organized. After all, it was the most authoritative ratings publisher with historical information and all results are clearly listed.

Searching for "Zhang Ye".

Day before yesterday's rating: E-List, ranking 1375.

Yesterday's rating: E-List, ranking 1382.

Today's rating: E-List, ranking 1375.

Zhang Ye's previous world had many things that did not exist in this world. But this world also had many successful works which did not exist in his old world. There was no fair comparison as to which world was stronger. In fact, this world's professional ratings were very well-standardized. There was an especially large number of artistes, with very broad development and advancement routes. There was hardly any limitations to who you can become.

For example, in this world, many stars started off as models. They developed within their industry to D-List celebrities or higher, before turning to acting in TV shows and films. In the end, they even managed to get very high achievements. Where Zhang Ye came from, it was a very different world. Models, authors or poets... It was very difficult to crossover from different industries. At the most, they could reach the pinnacle of their own field. Only a small minority could succeed when they transitioned from their own industry to a

different one. The limitations were huge.

This was something that Zhang Ye appreciated. Because with his level of a few radio broadcast shows and several poetry works, he would never have become a celebrity in his old world. This world had been unified in a way where no matter which industry you came from, as long as your results were exemplary, they would contribute to your celebrity ranking data. Even if you were a cab driver, as long as you attracted enough social attention through any means and managed to climb up the Celebrity Rankings Index, advertisers would still look for you. What matters most in this world is fame!

Of course, if it were because of some hot topic which contributed to your fame, the data would take it into consideration and average out your rankings. Every factor would be carefully formulated, so that any viral topics would not attribute to an increase or decrease in rankings suddenly. The Celebrity Rankings website will also decrease rankings very quickly if a celebrity has not been producing any works that mattered.

Then again, it could be exactly because of the open nature of such rankings that contributed to the scale of development here compared to Zhang Ye's previous world. The number of celebrities here were over ten times the amount of where he came from.

Just looking at the E-List ranked celebrities, Zhang Ye was ranked at over 1000. Further below him, the lowest number was 1400+. Going further up the list to D, C, B and A, the total number of celebrities were too many. Not counting S-list and A-list celebrities, as those had much smaller numbers, the number of people who peaked were in the minorities.

The entertainment industry's environment is not bad, but sigh, the competition was fierce, too. You win some, you lose some!

1375?

1382?

Fell 7 ranks yesterday?

Zhang Ye knew clearly that “Dead Water” had brought him up into the E-List of rankings. But what goes up, usually comes down. There were still some fluctuations after the attention has faded. Yesterday was an exception. Even if “Ghost Blows Out the Light” was still being broadcast, Zhang Ye’s ranking dropped. Even though today’s ranking rose again, he knew that it was due to the talk around “Tribute to the White Poplar”. Although the sharing rate for it was not very high, the artistic nature of the prose was very important. It was important in the calculation of the rankings and likely to have had a big contributing rating in the statistics formulation. After all, the artistic values was something that could not be measure by fame. This had already been considered by the formulation.

“Dead Water”’s trend had already died down.

“Tribute to the White Poplar” would only be trending for several more days.

“Ghost Blows Out the Light” would finish its broadcast run within half a month.

Zhang Ye’s pressure was extremely high. He also felt that he was in danger. He couldn’t stay like this any longer. If he continued to stay home doing nothing, then his fame would fall sharply. What does an artiste depend on? They depend on continuous attention on themselves. Zhang Ye thought that if he had nothing else to show for, he would fall off from the E-List celebrity rankings in several days and go back to the role of a public figure again. He definitely did not want to see this happening. It hadn’t been easy to achieve his fame and reputation. It had been very difficult in getting closer to his ambition, so he cannot just helplessly watch himself fall!

Time to look for work!

Target: Television stations!

— This was the next target for Zhang Ye upon finishing his work at the radio station. He really wanted to be a television host to further develop himself. They had much larger audiences than at a lousy place like a radio station!

Zhang Ye didn't laze around any longer. With an imminent taste of success, his spirits had been lifted and he began searching on a few job-seeking websites. After submitting a few resumes, he browsed over some of the television stations' official website recruitment pages. If there was a hosting position open, he would email them his resume. Even when there was no opening for the position, he didn't hesitate and emailed them all the same. He had to spread his fish net. It did not matter whether they were hiring or not. We will talk after the resume has been submitted!

However, something that made Zhang Ye at a loss of whether to laugh or cry happened!

20 minutes later, Tianjin Television Station was the first to reply to Zhang Ye's email. The email said, "Teacher Zhang Ye, our temple is small. Therefore, we cannot afford to place such a strong deity like you here. Please look for another place." One look and he knew that they knew of him; they must have heard of "Dead Water".

The second reply was from the Zhejiang Television Station. The email was written by the human resources department of the Zhejiang Television Station, "We're sorry, but we aren't hiring." However, Zhang Ye clearly saw that they had a job posting on their website which was to hire a variety program host.. and they were especially urgent!

It was a job posting that was just posted!

Great... When it reached me, you aren't hiring?

Are all of you television stations banning me? That can't be necessary, right? I just said a few sentences to scold my unit and Leaders. I scolded the Beijing Radio Station, not all of you!

Actually, Zhang Ye knew very clearly how big a mess he had stirred up at the awards ceremony, or he would not have submitted resumes himself without contacting Teacher Hu Fei, who had promised him earlier. He knew that no one in the industry would dare to hire him, especially the Beijing Television Station. From a point of view, they might not be the same team, but the Beijing Television Station and the Beijing Radio Station were practically two sides of the same coin, so Zhang Ye did not plan to give Hu Fei trouble. Although he knew, Zhang Ye still could not help but curse a few times while speaking to himself. All of you are less forgiving than a chicken!

...

At the same time.

Like Wind Recruitment Online, Shanghai headquarters.

A staff member in charge of contacting companies about recruiting candidates was twiddling his thumbs. He was flipping through resumes half-heartedly. He wished to finish his work sooner, so that he could leave work early. However, when he clicked casually, he found Zhang Ye's resume posted on his company's website. Upon seeing it, he was astonished. A former Beijing Radio Station broadcaster? Created and also broadcast the current most famous supernatural novel, "Ghost Blows Out the Light"? Wrote "Little Bunnies Be Good" that was promoted by the Beijing Education Ministry? Posted modern poems online with more than a million clicks? And even received the most authoritative newcomer award in the broadcasting industry, the Silver Microphone Awards?

He was a talent!

This was a high-quality talent!

He was shocked by the beautiful resume, and after checking on the internet, indeed, there was nothing fake about the resume; they were all Zhang Ye's achievements! Immediately, the staff member

felt touched. Why would such an impressive person need to use our online recruitment website to look for a job? Which place wouldn't be fighting for you? But you still chose us? You trusted us this much? He immediately felt a great responsibility!

He had to be worthy of the client's trust!

He had to live up to the recognition from such a high-quality talent!

He immediately turned diligent. He noticed that Zhang Ye wished to be a television station host and that he had no other position restrictions, which made him appreciate him even further. Look at him. He was fine with any position as a host. Variety, science, etc, he was not picky at all. Tsk, look at others. There were a bunch of those who had achievements similar to a fart. The last time, he had seen a person who was also looking for a hosting job. He was just a fresh graduate and had no experience at all. He demanded to be a variety show host, and needed a guarantee of his screen time after he received the position. He was so picky, and based on what?

Look at Teacher Zhang Ye!

Friendly! Low-key! Professional!

Don't worry! Leave this job to me!

The staff member logged onto the backend system and quickly found the data of seven or eight stations that were hiring hosts. He then called them one after another!

"Hello, this is Like Wind Recruitment Online. I have a very qualified person here who wants to apply to be a host. When can you interview him?" the staff member asked.

The other side asked, "Does he have working experience?"

The staff laughed, "Of course, and his results are especially outstanding. You industry insiders should know. His name is Zhang Ye, and he has received this year's Silver Microphone Award."

"Zhang Ye?" The other side was dumbfounded.

The staff chuckled, "Yes, yes, you know him, too, right? He trusts our site greatly and posted his resume to us. I think your television station is pretty good, so I chose first to recommend a person with such outstanding credentials to you. How about it? Interview tomorrow?"

The other side was silent for a long time before saying, "Then please leave this person with outstanding credentials for other television stations. Our station isn't that great, so we won't need him."

"Ah? You don't want such an exceptional talent?"

As he said that, all he heard was the sound of the other side hanging up.

The staff was curious and called a second telephone number, followed by a third and a fourth. In the beginning, it was fine on the other side, as they appeared very thirsty for talent. But the moment that they heard him say the person was Zhang Ye, they all declined!

Finally, when he made the sixth phone call, a television station staff member put on a long face as he said, "Big Bro, can I call you Big Bro? This is the second time you are calling. I'm in charge of both the hiring for the variety segments and the news segments. We were just on the phone before, so please spare me. I'll tell you the truth; if I were to agree to let Zhang Ye come for the interview, I can probably tell that I'll be interviewing at other places!"

The Like Wind Recruitment staff was stunned, "Is it that exaggerated? What's wrong with this person?"

The television station staff gave a bitter smile, "Nothing much. He just had a war of words online with his colleague, cursed his unit with a poem at an award presentation ceremony, and caused a Leader to faint from anger!"

The moment the staff heard this, he nearly vomited blood. He finally

realized why Zhang Ye would submit his resume to a small website like theirs. It was not because he trusted them, but because no unit dared to hire him, so he had tried his luck with them!

This wasn't some high-quality talent!

It was clearly an extremely notorious hooligan!

Chapter 87 - Selling the Copyright to the Novel and Fairy tales!

Beijing Radio Station.

"Station Head Jia." His secretary entered.

Deputy Station Head Jia had his head lowered, busy with work,
"What's the matter?"

The secretary smiled, "I heard that Zhang Ye is applying for television hosting jobs and had submitted his resume to several provincial television stations."

Deputy Station Head Jia laughed, "He still wants to go to a television station?"

The secretary said, "Yes. And from what I know, they have rejected him. No one wants him."

"Alright, I got it." Deputy Station Head Jia let his secretary leave. He knew that no one would dare hire Zhang Ye because both he and the Station Head had already informed friends in the industry. Although working in the radio station was not as glamorous as a television station, they still had quite a lot of connections. Maybe they might not be able to make other radio or television stations do anything to a person with excellent qualifications, but if they made the indication for someone whose qualifications were not good, then they could definitely let everyone in the industry reject that person!

This was the so-called banning!

The moment "Dead Water" was out in the world, the Beijing Radio Station and Zhang Ye were irrevocably irreconcilable!

...

An entire day.

Zhang Ye did not receive anything. Every time he sent his resume, he would not even be given a chance at an interview. Their replies were very fast, for they rejected him without even giving him a look. It was impossible for them to not know him. A typical process of submitting a resume would need at least a few days before responding, even if they did not want him. Some even dragged it out for a month or two. But for Zhang Ye, it was different. It could be said to be a "second-level reply". Some people had responded politely, but others were not that polite. There were even e-mails that said "we want anybody but you"!

It's the end!

The plans were up in smoke!

Has this bro become public enemy number one?

After trying a few more times to no avail, Zhang Ye was also out of options. Immediately, his temper turned bad. F**k it, were the television and radio industry collectively banning me? Fine, you think I can't live without you? Do you really think I need you to become famous?

Zhang Ye immediately corrected his short-term plans. He definitely needed to join a television station, as it was a very important development and waypoint for his future. However, now with the situation changed, Zhang Ye had to make some temporary adjustments. He decided to put the television stations on hold, pushing forward some of his earlier plans, and waiting out the negative influence brought by "Dead Water". Since there was nothing to do these days, Zhang Ye would naturally not just sit idle, or his popularity would decrease by the day. He had to retain his popularity, as well as earn some money on the side.

He called his previous assistant, Xiaofang from the radio station.

Du Du, it was connected.

"Hello, Xiaofang. This is your Brother Zhang."

"I know, Teacher Zhang, I have your number."

"Have you gotten off work?"

"Not yet. I'm adjusting some documents and will probably need to work overtime until eight."

"It's this. I came to you because of a matter. The last time, do you know about the matter of publishers contacting our radio station to publish my 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'? I didn't agree back then. The publishing firm had also skipped over me, or it could be said that the station management purposely prevented them from contacting me. Now, I'm thinking of getting the publishing firm's telephone number. I have already left the unit, so it's not convenient for me to ask. Even if I asked, I wouldn't be able to get it. Can you check for me?"

"Aiyah, I also won't be able to find that out. I'll secretly ask others for you. I'll see if any colleagues know anything about this. You just need to know the publishing firm, right?"

"Yes, I just need to know the publishing firm."

"Alright, I'll do it immediately. Wait for my news."

"Sorry for giving you trouble. Thank you. I'll treat you in the future."

After putting down the cellphone, Zhang Ye lit up a cigarette and waited.

After about twenty minutes, Xiaofang called back. She was very efficient, or it could be said that she was diligent with Zhang Ye's matters, "Hehe, Teacher Zhang, I got it for you. Get a notebook and write it down. The telephone number is 53276172. It's the Beijing Education Publishing Firm, one of the largest publishing firms in terms of sales in Beijing. Although they specialize in publishing some official books and works, they also do commercial books."

Zhang Ye wrote it down and said hurriedly, "Thank you very much."

Xiaofang whispered, "You don't have to thank me. Actually, it was Teacher Tian Bin who knew that you needed it before telling me. After all, he was always the anchor for 'Late-night Ghost Stories', so it was his responsibility to contact authors and publishers and knew this area well. Uh, but Teacher Tian Bin told me not to let you know this telephone number was given by him. I'm just being frank with you, so don't betray me."

Zhang Ye was surprised, "Tian Bin? He was so nice? And didn't even want you to tell me?" He and Tian Bin had previously had several quarrels and their feud was not tiny.

Xiaofang sighed, "After you left, Teacher Tian's days haven't been good. You might not know that yesterday, the station had already removed Teacher Tian from his anchor position of 'Late-night Ghost Stories', making him a replacement host. He has no position now."

"Ah?" Zhang Ye was curious, "That can't be; didn't he get the job after I was removed?"

Xiaofang explained, "It's because of Jia Yan. Jia Yan's new segment, about 8-9 episodes of 'Soaring Youth' have been broadcasted already. Other than the first episode having an extremely high listenership rating, the episodes after decreased by the episode. It could only get that listenership rating for its first episode from the popularity of 'Old and Young Story Club', and it could not measure up to its previous usual standard."

Now, with the program's defects exposed, yesterday's listenership rating was just 0.46%. I heard that it's about to be axed soon, so the higher-ups have transferred Jia Yan to 'Late-night Ghost Stories'. Once 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' is done broadcasting, Jia Yan will take over. After all, with tomb robbing-related supernatural novels being extremely popular these days, there are quite a lot of good works that are tailing behind you on the market. As long as we buy the copyright, we can use the popularity to increase the listenership

ratings. The station is clearly paving the way for Jia Yan, letting him build up his qualifications. As for Teacher Tian... He naturally became the sacrificial lamb."

Zhang Ye frowned, "Old Tian is so miserable now?"

"Hai, your 'Dead Water' did not wake them up. Now the station is getting even messier. Anyways, I heard that Teacher Tian has already submitted his resignation letter. He should be leaving in a day or two." Xiaofang said.

The phone was hung up.

Zhang Ye sat on the bed. Hearing a previous enemy of his in such a situation, he did not feel happy at all, and in fact felt very uncomfortable!

Let's put this matter aside for a while.

Zhang Ye called the number given to him by Tian Bin. It did not connect on the first time, as the other party might have been busy. It connected on the second try.

"Hello, who's this?" The other party was a middle-aged man.

Zhang Ye said, "Hi! I'm Zhang Ye, the original author of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'. I heard your publishing firm wants to discuss about the publishing copyright? I'm wondering if you still have those intentions?"

The middle-aged man was stunned, "You are the author of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'?"

Zhang Ye laughed, "Hur Hur, that's me alright."

"Eh, I thought you were not planning on selling your copyright?" the middle-aged man curiously asked.

Zhang Ye said, "I never said so. You must have gotten that

information from my unit, right? The unit did not inform me. They told you things I know nothing about. I have also resigned already."

Hearing this, the middle-aged man was very excited, "Aiyah, then that's great. We were still worried about how to get the rights to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', but your unit was unwilling to reveal anything. Now that we have gotten ahold of you, things can be expedited. Teacher Zhang Ye, I'm the one who was in charge of this matter, so you can discuss about the copyright matters with me. Do you want to go the royalty route or a one-time buyout of the simplified Chinese edition copyright?"

"What would be the prices?" Zhang Ye asked.

The middle-aged man said, "If it's royalties, then it will be normal, for we all use a standard rate. It will be based on a percentage of the sales received. If it's a buyout, we had offered two million to your radio station back then. Of course, that was back then. Now 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' is causing a greater effect on the market, and the response is very hot. Many people are looking forward to a physical copy. Even a few tomb robbing books that imitate yours have sales of about 100,000 copies. Even if I don't tell you, I believe you will understand. Nor will I lie to you, as the evaluation of your work is definitely very high. Uh, let's do this. I'll make the decision, and not decide based on the word count. I'll offer four million. We only want the copyright to the simplified Chinese edition. The rest of the copyright belongs to you; how about it?"

"It's a bit low, right?" Zhang Ye's tone sounded unsatisfied, but he was actually overjoyed in his heart. Baby, four million? This was enough to buy him so many instant noodles!

However, upon further thought, it was actually not a lot. In his world, 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' had gone mad. He did not know how much the author had received, but it was definitely more than four million.

The middle-aged man paused, "Teacher Zhang, I'm not sure how

much you want, but please believe me. Only our Beijing Education Publishing Firm will be willing to buy the copyright of one book with four million. It happens that we have good cash flow this year. If it were other publishing firms, none of them would dare make such a bet, for if the sales aren't good..."

Zhang Ye interrupted, "Can't you already estimate the sales volume? If the works that imitate mine already have such sales, the sales of mine would definitely be higher than theirs by a lot more once 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' comes out! I believe you know the market better than me."

The middle-aged man said, "But your program has been broadcast on radio, and many have already heard it, so it might cause some detrimental effect to the sales."

Nonsense. 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' was first posted online in his world. And weren't there quite a number of people who had read it? Yet, I didn't see it having low sales when it was published!

After more bargaining.

Zhang Ye requested for six million.

The other side was only willing to give 4.8 million, having added a bit more.

After the bargaining could not carry on, the middle-aged man pondered and said, "Alright, Teacher Zhang, we can do six million, too, but you will have to give the publishing rights of 'Little Bunnies Be Good', 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarves', 'The Emperor's New Clothes' and 'The Wizard of Oz' to us. We are an education publisher firm, so that is our core business. We can include some illustrations and sell them as small books. With all that added up, six million!" Clearly, they knew Zhang Ye well and had done their homework on his fairy tales. They knew the value of those stories!

"The fairy tales do not include the overseas copyright, right?"

"Man, no it does not. Only the domestic simplified edition. As for publishing overseas... We don't have that ability, either." The middle-aged man felt that Zhang Ye was very ambitious. Was he already thinking of selling the fairy tales overseas?

Zhang Ye did some calculations and felt that the price was right, "Alright, then."

"Great! Since we are in a rush for time, shall we meet now? And sign the contract?" The middle-aged man said, "I am also a loyal listener of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'. I can tell that this novel will end in a few more episodes, so once we sign the contract, we can send a lawyer's letter to the Beijing Radio Station to stop the broadcast of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'. The audio edition copyright is still in your hands, right?"

"Yes, all the copyright is with me." Zhang Ye said.

"Then, that's great. If the radio station finishes broadcasting it, then there is no suspense. It will definitely affect the sales. Since you have already resigned, I believe you have no qualms about stopping the broadcast?"

"Of course not. You can do it for me."

"Alright, leave this to us. I'll immediately draw up the contract!"

Having negotiated successfully, both sides were overjoyed.

Actually, the price received for selling 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' was not that high. It could be said to be acceptable, at best. However, Zhang Ye knew that in his world, the legendary sales of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' were not created in a short period of time, but over a long process. One year, two years, three years, they were accumulated sales figures. And the publishing firm had bought it out with six million at once. After inflation and other factors, Zhang Ye did not lose out at all, and it was just the simplified Chinese edition. It did not include the copyrights to games or movies, so he

was very pleased.

The contract was signed.

Details and the promotion were discussed.

...

The morning of the second day.

Deputy Station Head Jia had just arrived at the radio station. But before he could enter his office, his secretary came rushing over. "Station Head Jia, we have a situation. The Beijing Education Publishing Firm has sent us a lawyer's letter, requesting that we immediately stop broadcasting 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', or they will sue us for infringement!"

"Infringement?" Deputy Station Head Jia said angrily, "What copyright has our program infringed on!?"

The secretary gave a wry smile, "But, but the novel was written by Zhang Ye. He never gave us the copyright. Now, the lawyer's letter is with the Station Head. I heard that it even has Zhang Ye's signature."

Deputy Station Head Jia's anger surged, "What is this Little Zhang doing? Eh? How can he stop the broadcast after it had been broadcast for so long? How are we to answer to the listeners?"

The secretary sighed, "But legally, we are indeed..."

The phone in the office rang, Deputy Station Head Jia quickly went forward to pick it up, "Hello. Oh, Station Head... What? Stop the broadcast? How are we to stop! The story isn't over yet... But... Alright, I understand. I will instruct the Literature Channel... Rest assured."

The station did not want to lose money in a court case. The Station Head had compromised!

Deputy Station Head Jia was gritting his teeth with hate. This Zhang

Ye! He was gone, but he was still around haunting them?

Admittedly, they had caused a ban on Zhang Ye and Deputy Station Head Jia had naively thought that Zhang Ye would never have a platform of his own forever, existing silently. With such a major "ban order", what waves could he set off without a program? But Deputy Station Head Jia now realized something. They could suppress Zhang Ye in the broadcasting industry, but they had no say in other industries!

The publication world?

They could not ban him even if they wanted to!

And Zhang Ye was not a person with only broadcasting abilities! He also had his creations! And those novels and fairy tales! Despite Zhang Ye leaving the broadcasting industry, Deputy Station Head Jia realized to his anger that Zhang Ye could still thrive! This made him extremely angry, but he was helpless!

Chapter 88 - The Competition for the Rights to Ghost Blows Out the Light

Two days later.

The news of the publication of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' was spread like wildfire.

When Zhang Ye opened a few large discussion boards, three of the boards had the advertisement banners for 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' on the main page. "The original ancestor of Grave Robbing Novels, 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', will be released on the 1st of October at all major bookstores."

Today was already the 29th.

It was about to go on sale in less than two days.

Zhang Ye had also asked the middle-aged man from the publication firm why it could be done so quickly. His reply made Zhang Ye speechless. He had said that back then, their publication firm had already agreed with the Beijing Radio Station a long time ago. They had even readied the contracts, as well as all the preparations for the promotions and sales printing planned.

Everything was just waiting for the green light. However, there was complete silence from the radio station, which was because Zhang Ye did not agree to Deputy Station Head Jia acquiring his rights. Hence, all the printing and promotional plans were put on hold. Now, having finally received the rights to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', they just needed to bring forward their plans from before. This resulted in a very fast procedure, and was unlike other publications which could take months.

Of course, the most important thing was that the Beijing Education Publishing Firm was also in a hurry. Six million Yuan (1,000,000 USD) was not a small amount. The situation with the fairy tales was better,

Chapter 88 - The Competition for the Rights to Ghost Blows Out the Light

for there were no similar fairy tales that tried to compete with Zhang Ye's. However, 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' was not the same. As it was not published immediately, this resulted in a large number of works that chased the tailwind and left it behind, being published first. If this dragged on, the situation would be hard to tell. If the grave robbing novel market was oversaturated, then their publishing firm would be unable to regain their initial investment. This was what they were worrying about. Hence, the moment that they received the copyright, they had rushed to ensure things would go smoothly. Clearly, they were more worried than the author himself.

It was good that the publishing firm was very diligent.

As a result, Zhang Ye did not worry over it. Since his copyright had been bought out, he was no longer worried about the situation with the sales. He remained at home, watching the television without any worries.

Ring, ring, ring. A phone call came in.

Seeing that it was an unfamiliar number, Zhang Ye picked it up, "Hello."

"Hello, may I know if this is Teacher Zhang Ye?" It was a female's voice.

"That's me; may I know who this is?" Zhang Ye asked.

The woman smiled sweetly, "I'm calling from the Hebei province's radio copyright department. It's this; I heard that the Beijing Radio Station has halted broadcasting for two days. Later on, there was the promotion of the publication of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'. Are you trying to preserve the sales volume, so you halted the broadcast of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'? I want to ask how many audio episodes left are there in 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'? Is it convenient to tell me?"

Zhang Ye said, "There's probably another 10+ more episodes."

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The woman said, "Then, will it be possible to sell the audio rights of the last 10+ episodes to my radio station? The price is negotiable. Shall we meet to discuss the details?"

Zhang Ye understood what was happening and said, "There's no need. Before the publication of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', the audio version will definitely not be broadcast. I have already discussed this with the publishers."

The woman said determinedly, "No problem; we can wait. 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' should be published in 5-6 books consecutively, right? After the last book is done, our radio station will publish it. Price-wise, we can give you 100,000 in copyright fees, as there's not that many episodes. Uh, what do you think?"

"Forget it." Zhang Ye shook his head.

"If you think the price is too low, we can still discuss it." The woman was unwilling to hang up.

"Thank you, but I'm not selling it for the time being." Zhang Ye hung up the phone.

But not long after, a few more phone calls came in. It was unknown which publisher or other circles had revealed his contact information. This resulted in various provincial radio stations calling him to buy the audio rights to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'. They did not quote a low price, and were willing to wait until the publication was out before releasing the audio version, paving the way for the hardcopy. What was most hilarious was that even someone from the Beijing Radio Station came looking for Zhang Ye.

"Teacher Zhang, I'm Little Li from logistics." The youth said, "We once met in the elevator and exchanged a few words. Do you still remember?"

Zhang Ye naturally did not remember, but he said, "Oh. Little Li, I remember you."

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The youth sighed before saying, "The higher-ups told me to discuss the rights to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' with you. I know that you have had some conflicts with the station previously, but even so, 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' is your program, your child. It was brought up by you and your novel is already well-rooted in our radio station. The audience recognizes this brand. With this halt, many listeners are calling it quits. Our official website has received a few denial of service attacks. I believe that you also do not want to see this situation. The audience is wishing for 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' to resume its broadcast."

Upon hearing this, Zhang Ye sneered, "Yes, that is not something I want to see, but I did not leave willingly. Everything has a solution, but your station's management did not leave a route for me to live. I also wish to see 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' finish its broadcast, with a beginning and an end, but I have no choice."

You don't have to say nice words to me, nor use the audience to try to influence me. Those listeners who like my novel can buy the book to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'. Those who like listening to a broadcast and audio version can hear it on a radio station after the last volume of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' is published, but I can guarantee you this... It will definitely not be on Beijing Radio Station!"

He immediately hung up. He did not say anything unnecessary!

Zhang Ye found it amusing. You were the ones forcing me away, and now you are keeping a straight face to get my permission and rights? How big is your face?

As for the other radio stations, they had definitely been given the order to ban Zhang Ye. Although Zhang Ye had not submitted his resume to the radio stations, it was obvious that no one would accept him even if he applied. But now? After banning me, you still want my rights? You want to get all the advantages?

Not selling!

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Zhang Ye had rejected them all!

However, with careful thought, if other radio stations, including the Beijing Radio Station, were dying to buy the rights to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', and furthermore a 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' with just 10+ episodes left, this showed that many people in the industry thought highly of the novel. It could also be said that the industry knew how exceptional 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' was.

Zhang Ye had used a single 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' to break the late-night segment listenership ratings records! Number one in the country for that time period! The creator of the midnight period historical record in the whole country! Even the Central Radio Station's late-night segment was not enough to defeat Zhang Ye! What sort of legend was this? Probably most colleagues in the radio station knew that having 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' meant having such listenership ratings!

Even if there were just 10+ episodes left, even if it was less than ten episodes, even if it was a late-night segment, 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' was 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'. It was not something other late-night segments could compete with! Hence, they had rushed to buy the rights. Even the Beijing Radio Station had straightened their faces before approaching!

Not long later, the phone rang again.

Zhang Ye was prepared not to pick it up, as he knew it could be someone from the radio station. However, when he saw the number, he gave a wry smile. He had to pick it up.

"Hello, Little Zhang." It was Beijing Radio Station's Literature Channel's Director Zhao Guozhou, "What are you doing? Why did you take so long to pick up the phone? Hur Hur, you can't still be sleeping, right?"

Zhang Ye coughed, "No, Director Zhao. I woke up earlier on. I had been on the phone for an hour."

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Zhao Guozhou understood, "They were all looking for you to buy your audio, right?"

"Yes," Zhang Ye said, "You can even guess it?"

Zhao Guozhou said lightly, "I wasn't guessing. I knew it. I called you because of this matter. Just now, you rejected someone from logistics, right? The higher-ups aren't willing to let go of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', so they got me to look for you. They also know that you and the station's management are as unmixable as oil and water, so they got me to discuss the price with you. It is a market economy after all, so they wish to use money to talk."

Zhang Ye was about to speak, "Leader, I..."

Zhao Guozhou laughed, "Listen to me first. I already know, even without you telling me. They do not understand you, but I believe I know this kid that is you. If you were willing to swallow insult and humiliation for money to sell 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' back to us, then you wouldn't be called Zhang Ye. You would also not have said that 'Dead Water' in front of so many people.

They clearly think too simply of you. So I have no intentions of persuading you to sell the rights. I only called to ask about your situation. Seeing your publication promotions doing so well, I'm also well-assured. After all, you were brought in by me. I deserve to be faulted for not being able to protect you."

"Director Zhao, what are you saying?" Zhang Ye was not willing to hear this, "How can you blame yourself. Every injustice has its perpetrator, and every debt has its debtor. I know this clearly." After pausing for a while, he said, "Actually I already told Little Li from logistics that I would sell the rights to anyone but the Beijing Radio Station. But.. if you were to say it, you can take the rights away. I won't want a single cent. Once the last book is released on the market, you can carry on broadcasting it on the Literature Channel!"

Zhao Guozhou remained silent for a while. Zhang Ye's words had

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touched him. Speaking truthfully, Zhao Guozhou had only brought Zhang Ye in. He did not help much. But even so, Zhang Ye was still a loyal person and remembered their old friendship. Back when Zhang Ye said to Zhao Guozhou that he would show his gratitude by repaying him, these were clearly not just empty words. He would really do it!

But Zhao Guozhou was not willing to accept it!

He was not a person without a sense of propriety!

"Little Zhang, just those words alone are sufficient. Alright, I didn't make a mistake in my judgment with you." Zhao Guozhou assured him, "You can sell the audio rights to anyone but us. I have already received the news that if we were to obtain the rights to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', it would end up with Jia Yan broadcasting it. The 10+ episodes that you had recorded would be deleted, and Jia Yan would be re-recording it. The station is using all its resources to raise him up."

"I got it. Thank you, Director Zhao." Zhang Ye suddenly recalled, "By the way, what happened to Tian Bin? I heard that he was removed from his segment?"

"Why are you suddenly concerned about Little Tian?"

"I'm just casually asking."

"Little Tian has already resigned. He left the day before yesterday. He should be at home, waiting to get a job. I heard that his situation isn't very good. No radio station wants him, as he lacks experience and results. Hai, actually with the two of you fighting so much, and causing all the suffering between each other all this time, in the end, it benefited another person."

"Can you give me Tian Bin's number? I did not store his number."

"What are you looking for him for? Forget it, I won't ask. I'll send it to you in a moment."

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Chapter 89 - Helping an Old Colleague!

Afternoon.

Close to noon.

Zhang Ye looked at the number that Zhao Guozhou had sent over. He called Tian Bin using the number listed. When the other side picked up, he immediately said, "Teacher Tian, it's me."

But it was a woman who answered back, "You? Who?"

Zhang Ye mumbled and recognized her voice, "Sis, it's me, Zhang Ye."

"Which Zhang Ye?" Tian Bin's wife asked knowingly. She added, "Old Tian is not around!"

Just when she was about to hang up, Tian Bin's voice rang out, "What are you doing? Give the phone to me."

Tian Bin definitely had Zhang Ye's phone number stored. Presumably, his wife had seen Zhang Ye's name when he called and answered it. Tian Bin's wife was heard in the background, nagging, "Why did you answer? That Zhang Ye fella must have called to make fun of you. How long have you two been fighting, and you still wanna answer? Yes, both of you have left your jobs already, but you were forced out. As for Zhang Ye, he might have looked like he was forced by the circumstances, but you know that he resigned on his own terms. He left the station with pride. Look at the success of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'; it's even going to be published soon. Tsk! What else could he be planning by calling you now! He definitely wants to step on you while you are down! Why are you even answering!"

"I want you to give me that!" Tian Bin turned furious.

"I'll give, I'll give, I'll give! I won't bother about you anymore!" Tian Bin's wife was frustrated as well.

Their conversation had been clearly heard by Zhang Ye and it made him a little intolerable. He knew that this call of his was made at the wrong time. He could tell that Tian Bin had not had it easy for the past few days. He had lost his job and still couldn't find a new one yet. As the saying goes, in peaceful times, everything is fine. And it was the same the other way round; a poor couple, a lifetime of misery. The two of them must have had countless arguments in recent days.

"Hello." Tian Bin answered. His voice was a little cold, "What's the matter?"

Zhang Ye hesitated a little, but went ahead, "Teacher Tian, thanks for the other day."

Tian Bin played the fool, "Which matter from what day?"

"The publisher's number." Zhang Ye reminded him.

Tian Bin frowned, "That Xiaofang, I repeatedly instructed her not to say that it was me. Forget it. You don't need to thank me; it was not a big matter."

"Have you had dinner?"

"Not yet."

"Come out and join me then?"

"That's not necessary. If there's nothing else, I'm hanging up."

"Don't be like this. Old Tian, come out and have dinner. We have been fighting for so long. I stole your show, you stole my show. We also argued and left our posts at about the same time. Isn't this some sort of fate? Just accept my invitation. Let's decide on that place called something-something pavilion near the unit, where we had the celebratory lunch the other time. I will be there in 30 minutes. Bring your wife along. See you there!"

"No need for that!"

"I have something to tell you; we need to talk over dinner!"

After saying that, Zhang Ye hung up without explaining further. He packed up, combed his hair and then left for the place by subway.

After reaching the vicinity of the restaurant, he didn't know whether Tian Bin would show up. He had arrived slightly early and went to a copier shop. He used the public computers and signed into his email account. After downloading the copyright contract that he had received when he was still at the unit, he changed a few of the names and let the staff print it out for him. He asked for a pen and signed off on the contract before placing it into his briefcase. He then left for the restaurant, greeted a waiter and asked for a room to wait for Tian Bin's arrival.

After about 10 minutes.

Tian Bin and his wife had arrived late. The waiter had led them to Zhang Ye's reserved room.

When Zhang Ye saw Tian Bin, he was stunned. It was as if he didn't know him anymore, because the changes were too much. In the past, he was much more handsome. But now he looked a little dirty, with hair stubble on his face. It was obvious that he had not shaved in a few days. Even though his hair was washed, it was still rather messy and not groomed. His fallen spirit was apparent without him saying anything. It was written all over his forehead. Tian Bin's wife still looked quite refreshed. She still dressed like her usual pretty self.

"Would you like to order?" the waiter asked.

"You have not ordered? Then, I will order." Tian Bin's wife did not stand on ceremony. The moment that she sat down, she began ordering everything that was expensive on the menu, "Sharks' Fin Soup, Dongpo Pork, Abalone for three....."

Tian Bin stared at her, "What are you doing?"

Tian Bin's wife said "It's his treat, anyway."

"I didn't say it was my treat, Sister." Zhang Ye hastily said.

Tian Bin's wife eyes looked like they were popping out, "If you weren't treating, why did you ask us out? Why are you picking on us! Your book will be published soon! If a single volume of the book sells below 500,000 units, I will twist my head off for you. You are so rich now and yet you want to save on this meal?"

Zhang Ye wiped his sweat, "Big sister, my money has not been transferred over yet. The publisher hasn't paid me yet."

"Still, it should be your treat." Tian Bin's wife said to the waiter, "Did you write down what I ordered just now? Listen, continue to take the order. Steamed sea bass, a roast duck... I want it to be freshly roasted, and the most expensive type. Don't cut back on the quality. Okay, that's all for now."

Zhang Ye added on, "Serve us some Wuliangye as well!"

"Okay." The waiter proceeded to prepare the order.

Maybe because it was past lunchtime and there weren't many guests. The food was served quickly.

"Here, Old Tian, Sister. Eat, eat." Zhang Ye said politely.

Tian Bin did not move his chopsticks. The wine had been brought over, so he twisted it open and poured a full cup for himself. He then passed it to Zhang Ye, "Pour some for yourself."

"Sure, let's have a drink together." Zhang Ye poured some for himself.

Tian Bin's wife kept glancing at them, "This should be a good wine; I will have some, too."

"What are you drinking for?" Tian Bin was unhappy.

Tian Bin's wife had been speaking with sarcasm since the moment she had entered the restaurant, "Only you can drink and I cannot? I'm not in a good mood; can't I have a glass?"

"Drink, drink, drink. Who cares about you?" Tian Bin then took a mouthful.

They had nothing to talk about. They were foes to begin with, so the atmosphere was rather awkward. Besides eating, they were drinking. No one tried to say anything more.

Finally, it was alcohol that worked its magic.

Tian Bin suddenly said something. He looked at Zhang Ye and laughed, "What do you think about our feud? What were we fighting for? Look at it now. You have left, and I have also left. In the end, it was that Jia Yan who took our places. Don't you think that we were stupid?"

Zhang Ye replied, "Yes, we were really dumb."

Tian Bin might have had a little too much, and he began to talk much more, too, "Forget it; let's not talk about the past. If there's anything that I did wrong in the past, let this big brother apologize to you. Come, cheers."

Zhang Ye stopped him, "Stop right there; we have to be clear here. It should be me apologizing. I am younger and more hot headed, and I did not think before I spoke....."

Tian Bin interrupted him, "Let's shut up and drink!"

Zhang Ye heartily said, "Good; let's drink!"

Zhang Ye did not hold his alcohol well; he was the type who collapsed after a glass. After a few mouthfuls, he did not dare to raise his glass anymore. Instead, he talked about a more serious topic, "Old Tian, how's the job search?"

Tian Bin sighed, "There's been nothing yet. The radio stations are currently not understaffed. In fact, there are over-staffing issues; they are firing rather than hiring. There aren't many positions. I'm not like you; even though I have several years' of experience, I still have no results to show for them. Hur, I can only stay home; I'm even prepared to switch careers."

Tian Bin's wife shouted, "Don't talk rubbish. What do you mean by switching careers!?"

"If I don't make a switch, what can I do? There're no positions available!" Tian Bin said worriedly, "I love my radio broadcast job, but it doesn't f**king love me back!"

Tian Bin's wife relented, "There will be chances; try again."

"How many times have I tried already? I've even asked the outer provinces and there're no suitable positions for me. In truth, it's just because they don't want me, because I'm not good enough!" Tian Bin mourned.

"You have so much experience; I don't believe that no one wants you." Tian Bin's wife said.

Zhang Ye pondered for a bit and took his bag out. From it, he pulled out several documents and placed it squarely on the table. He pushed it over to Tian Bin, "Old Tian, take a look at this."

"What is that?"

"Take a look first."

Tian Bin read it while his wife glanced at it from his side. And soon, their faces were in shock, 'This is.. the contract for the audio rights to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light?'

Zhang Ye nodded, "Yes."

"What's the meaning of this?" Tian Bin was confused.

Zhang Ye explained "The contract is a general one. The terms are nothing too special. A radio station would use this kind of contract for copyright purchasing. I actually took it from another station and had it changed. The title is 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'. At the bottom is my signature to release the copyright. I've had everything filled out already, except for the beneficiary. From here, take this contract with you when you go for your interviews. Bring the story with you and it will be you choosing your employer, not the other way around. Old Tian, I am handing the radio broadcast of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' to you. It is like my child, so please don't mistreat it."

Tian Bin was stunned, "But you....."

Tian Bin's wife said with her mouth agape, "Can this work out? With this copyright, everyone will be snatching for Old Tian?"

"Why is that not possible!" Tian Bin said agitatedly, "Do you know how many radio stations are fighting for the rights to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'? They are all fighting their heads off for it!"

Zhang Ye said, "Yes. Just today, there were 8-9 stations who called me, but I did not sell it."

"Why didn't you sell it?" Tian Bin asked.

Zhang Ye fiddled with his hands and spoke honestly, "Actually, I don't know why either. Maybe I just want to help out an old colleague. After fighting for so long, I do not wish the worst for you. Old Tian, you have to do well. We still have to continue our rivalry in the future. Don't fall here without a fight. Haha, otherwise who can I cuss at next time?"

Tian Bin's eyes were a little red; he knew how important the contract was. He grasped the pieces of paper in his hands and went silent. He did not say any dismissive, nor gratuitous, words, but he looked deeply at Zhang Ye and nodded, "Do not worry; I will not fall like this!"

Tian Bin's wife excitedly cried out, "Little Zhang, you... Tell me how we can ever repay you. You have helped Old Tian out big time. Aiyo, and to think this Sister treated you in that manner just now. Please don't hold it against a little woman like me."

Zhang Ye did not mind, "Sister, your words just now, I have already encountered them on my first day at work when you spoke down on me with Old Tian here. Hur Hur, if you don't talk down on me, I will not feel comfortable!"

Tian Bin's wife was red with embarrassment, "When did I talk down on you?"

"You did." Tian Bin replied and then had a laugh himself.

"Alright, then Sister will atone for it with a drink!" Tian Bin's wife mood had also turned for the better.

No discord, no concord. Some relationships in this world were just so marvelous!

Chapter 90 - The Chance for an Interview at the Television Station Has Come!

1st October.

Today was National Day.

Early in the morning, Zhang Ye was in the bathroom, brushing his teeth.

Mom called and her tone was filled with blame and criticism, "Have you found a job? Not yet? I already told you not to quit. Take a look, take a look!"

Zhang Ye simply rinsed his mouth and wiped his mouth as he laughed, "Mom, even if I don't have a job now, I will also not starve to death. Don't you know? My 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' and a few fairy tales are about to be published. Today happens to be the day it goes on sale, so you don't have to worry about me. When the publishing firm transfers me the money, I'll give you some."

Mom was overjoyed, "It's published already? How much did you make?"

Zhang Ye feigned ignorance, "Not much, not much. Have you eaten?"

"I asked you how much, so stop trying to interrupt!" Mom said fiercely.

Zhang Ye could only say, "About six million. After it reaches me, it's probably around five million. Quite a lot of it is taxed."

"What? Six million? Aiyah! Hey!" Mom was shocked, "Did you rob a bank? So much? Aren't most people earning only a few tens of thousands when they publish a book? Our neighbor Uncle Zhang's child is also an author. His best book only received 80,000. Why is yours so much more?"

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Zhang Ye began bragging, "How can that be the same. What kind of book is my 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'? It's completely on a different level when compared to theirs. Also, I have my fairy tales. All of them are classics. I even think I lost out. If not for them giving me the money quickly, and that they only wanted the simplified Chinese rights, I wouldn't have sold for this pittance. Mom, help me tell Dad. Don't let him be worried for me. I'm doing fine. After quitting my job at the radio station, I actually have more freedom. If I want to publish, I can publish. I don't have to be limited by my job's regulations. Besides, I can guarantee you that there will be even better units waiting for me in the future."

"Then are you going to your granny's house today?"

"Go with Dad; I won't be joining for now."

"Alright then. I know you are busy. Then do well."

Just as the phone was about to be hung up, he even heard her Mom say to his Dad, "Good lad, our son is impressive. Six million! He earned six million from publishing!"

Only then did the call hang up. Tian Bin's number came calling.

"Hello, Zhang Ye." Tian Bin's voice sounded excited.

"Old Tian, it's me. What's the matter?" Zhang Ye walked out of the bathroom.

Tian Bin said, "I've been hired. Yesterday, I submitted my resume and came for an interview today. In the end, after just five minutes of interviewing, they informed me that I would start work tomorrow."

"Hey, that's good. Which radio station?" Zhang Ye asked.

Tian Bin laughed, "It's the Central Radio Station, the biggest radio institution in the country!"

Zhang Ye was also happy for him, "Alright, then I'll congratulate you

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Tian Bin paused for a while, "Actually, it was all thanks to your copyright power of attorney. When I gave it to them during the interview, they were all speechless. Then a Leader made a phone call and came back, telling me to report to work tomorrow. It looks like the Central Radio Station also highly values your segment. Zhang Ye, thank you!"

Zhang Ye laughed, "I won't be able to get used to you being so polite, so there's no need to thank me. It's not a big deal; it's as simple as lifting a finger."

"If we have the chance, let's have a meal." Tian Bin said.

"Alright, then we can have it when there's time." Zhang Ye hung up.

After the two phone calls, Zhang Ye appeared happy. He had reported the good news to his mother and had congratulated Tian Bin; however, he was still feeling worried. Now with the publishing matter settled, this step had ended early, but his next step returned to that dead end once again, which was the way to get into a television station.

If he was really banned and couldn't enter one, Zhang Ye would have to redevelop his plans. Where should he go? Filming movies? Singing? But the timing was not right. He still did not have the qualifications or ability to make people ignore his looks. If he were to encroach into the music and film industry straight away, probably no one would care about him. So what if the works he produced were great? The time was not ripe.

Let's give an example.

Was "" a good song?

Back when the original songwriter released his album, almost no one heard it, nor did anyone know about it. Later, when it was sang by on the singing contest stage of Singing Boy did it become popular. It

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even went viral throughout the entire country. What was the reason? Although the lyrics were slightly changed, it was essentially the same song. There was no difference. Maybe his singing ability was slightly better than the original songwriter, but why did it only become popular when it was sung by Zuo Li and not him? It was not a problem with the song. The song was just a song, and it was also a good song. It was due to a fortuitous turn of events and also because of Zuo Li's story about his girlfriend. And a lot more of it had to do with looks and conditional factors. At least that was how Zhang Ye saw it. This was something he could do nothing about, for Zhang Ye knew that he was in a similar situation.

Without the opportunity, he could not do something at the wrong time!

He could only go to the television station. No matter how much thought he gave, that was the only place suitable for his next step to develop further. He needed a springboard, and he needed it a lot!

No!

Still can't give up on this!

Zhang Ye decided to submit a few more resumes to give it a try. People did not want him the past few days, but it did not mean they it would not work now. He had already published 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' and the promotional work done by the publisher firm was done very well. This had also added Reputation and popularity to Zhang Ye. The effects of "Dead Water" had also decreased after a few days, so the television and radio stations could not ban him for life. There was a period, and once that period expired, Zhang Ye would naturally be able to appear.

One resume!

Three resumes!

Five resumes!

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Zhang Ye began submitting resumes once again. There were only those few television stations that had a hosting position, so naturally he still submitted to them again.

However, the response poured cold water on Zhang Ye again!

The few television stations still responded very quickly. It was just like two days ago. The answer was still no!

Zhang Ye felt that his head hurt and also felt dispirited. Your sister, how long must I have to wait? If this drags on, this bro will really drop off from being a E-list celebrity!

Just as he was thinking, the third phone call of the day came.

Zhang Ye was shocked, for the number was from the famous Program Producer who had previously invited him and had also job-hopped to the Beijing Television Station, Teacher Hu Fei!

"Hello, Teacher Hu." Zhang Ye was not very sure why he had called.

Hu Fei's tone was not very pleasant, "Teacher Zhang, I heard you have been submitting your resume to a few television stations the past few days? Applying to be a host for them?"

Zhang Ye coughed, "Yes, I was thinking of trying my luck."

Hu Fei said, "Didn't I already invite you? And you had previously agreed, so why are you submitting resumes to other television stations?"

Zhang Ye was stunned, "Ah? Teacher Hu, isn't the Beijing Television Station banning me? After all, I said that poem at the award presentation ceremony, and since the Beijing Radio Station and the Beijing Television Station are one, I knew what I should do. So I didn't have the nerve to bother you and make things hard on you."

Hu Fei was enlightened, "So you applied to other television stations, but did not submit your resume to the Beijing Television Station? You

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man, you. Hur Hur. What should I say to you. Well, this matter is also my fault. I didn't contact you immediately, making your thoughts wander. Teacher Little Zhang, you might not understand me as a person. I, Hu Fei, have been working in the television system for so many years, and I have never gone back on my word. Since I have already promised you, and did say I cannot guarantee that I could do it, but I would definitely do my very best to get your matter settled!"

Zhang Ye was said in disbelief, "Teacher Hu, so you are saying... Your side still wants me?"

"I don't care what the station thinks. I definitely want you. I fancied your artistic attainment and your literary foundation. Amongst the younger generation, your standard is peerless. Maybe there are people your age or even younger than you who are more famous than you and have greater accomplishments than you, but I dare to say that no one can compare to your literary standard! If I don't want a person like you, who else do I want?" Hu Fei affirmed.

Zhang Ye was excited, "Teacher Hu, then..."

"Come to the Beijing Television Station this afternoon for the interview. I have already arranged it for you." Hu Fei hesitated for a while, "But I still have to tell you this. I may acknowledge you, but the matter of the host and guest selection is decided by the higher-ups. My opinion can only have a certain degree of influence. After all, the situation you caused was not tiny. It still hasn't calmed down yet. I believe you know this very well, too, so I cannot guarantee you that the interview will be successful. For this interview, there will also be a Leader from higher up. In short, do well; I will fully support you!"

"Thank you, Teacher Hu!" Zhang Ye said emotionally.

"You don't have to thank me. The situation hasn't been fixed. It won't be too late thanking me when you succeed. Also, I need to say that this opportunity was not given to you by me. You earned it yourself. You have used your literary foundation to conquer me, and conquered many people. This is something you deserve!" Actually,

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before Zhang Ye won the Silver Microphone Award, Hu Fei only appreciated Zhang Ye, hoping that he could come help him. However, after Zhang Ye's "Dead Water" at the award presentation ceremony, Hu Fei was first speechless, then angry, and then finally... He appreciated Zhang Ye even more. That "Dead Water" had completely conquered Hu Fei. Hu Fei felt that Zhang Ye was the talent he needed the most at that moment. No one else would work!

The call ended.

Zhang Ye took a deep breath, feeling things have changed!

The Beijing Television Station was interviewing him! He still had a chance of entering a television station!

This news was no doubt what made Zhang Ye the most happy today. It was more exciting than the news of publishing "Ghost Blows Out the Light". Publication was just temporary, and the popularity was just temporary. To really become famous, to continue on increasing his popularity, he had to go on television!

However, there was a major drawback about going on television, which was that it was easy to suffer destruction to both people and family!

Look at the excellent programs and talk shows on television. Those who go up on stage would mention how many people had died in their family. Today was a grandfather's death, tomorrow would be her father's death. Later on, his aunt would have cancer, and the day after their family's dog would suffer from prostatitis!

One was worse than the other!

Hence, from a certain angle, going on television was very dangerous. If you didn't have destruction happening to both people and family, you would be embarrassed going up!

Chapter 90 - The Chance for an Interview at the Television Station Has Come!

Chapter 91 - Television Station Interview – Literature Contest!

That afternoon.

Beijing Television Station.

In an office at a certain floor, Zhang Ye was led by a staff member from the front desk. He did not even see which floor the elevator had stopped at. This was because he was feeling a bit worried. He knew this was the last chance for him to enter a television station. So he treated it with highest regard, hoping that he could grab this opportunity.

The office was empty.

"Teacher Zhang, please wait a minute." the staff member said.

"Alright." Zhang Ye sat on a chair by the side.

The staff said, "The Leader should be coming soon."

Zhang Ye said, "Sure, do what you need to do. Thank you very much."

"You're welcome. Then I'll go first." The staff left after closing the door.

After a few minutes, a plump, middle-aged man pushed open the door and saw Zhang Ye immediately. He said with a sigh, "Teacher Little Zhang, you've come?"

"You are?" Zhang Ye found the voice familiar.

The middle-aged fatty said, "I'm Hu Fei. We've spoken on the phone twice."

Zhang Ye immediately came forward to shake hands with him, "Oh, so it's Teacher Hu. It's nice to meet you."

Hu Fei had previously seen Zhang Ye at the Silver Microphone Awards, but Zhang Ye had not seen him. This was the first time they had actually interacted, so they exchanged pleasantries.

Finally, Hu Fei got round to business, "Teacher Little Zhang, you have to be mentally prepared for today's interview. There might not be too much hope."

Zhang Ye was stunned, "...I got it."

Hu Fei explained, "I have already repeatedly communicated with the management. In the morning, when I spoke with you, I still thought that I could convince them. But after all I said, they still felt you were not up to the task. The incident of you saying 'Dead Water' back then gave them concerns, and they were not... I have tried my very best. In a while, I will also try my best to help you win the job, but I can tell that they do not wish to let you come to the Beijing Television Station. Even if you were to pass the interview perfectly, they might not hire you. So, I'm informing you beforehand. You can only blame me for not doing my job in advance."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "I can't blame you. You have already helped me so much. It was my fault. Since I said 'Dead Water', scolding the unit and the management, then I already had the preparations to bear the consequences. So it's alright."

Suddenly, footsteps from outside could be heard.

Hu Fei stopped talking with Zhang Ye and sat on an interview seat behind the desk.

Zhang Ye was feeling bitter. This was like a roller coaster ride. A few hours ago, Hu Fei's words had given him hope. But in a blink of an eye, the situation had changed. He went from having hope to not having hope. He had not even gone through the interview, but he already knew he was sure to fail the interview? It was meaningless, no matter how well he answered? Zhang Ye felt his heart go cold to the freezing point, but he did not complain. As he said, since he had

done certain things, he had to bear the consequences. Life had always been fair, so he had nothing to complain about!

Getting something is because I'm lucky!

Losing something is because of my fate!

Zhang Ye remained silent for a moment. His mental state also calmed down. Of course, he did not completely give up. Even if he knew the chances were slim or even zero, he still wanted to try!

The interviewers came in, one after another.

There were around 8-9 people. They were probably the channel or station's junior heads or staff.

"Old Hu, you've already come?" A 40+-year-old middle-aged man said.

"I also just came in," Hu Fei answered.

The middle-aged man looked at Zhang Ye, "This is Zhang Ye? Let's begin then."

"Alright, then let's allow Little Zhang to prepare?" Hu Fei suggested.

Zhang Ye said calmly, "I'm fine. I can have my interview any moment."

Everyone sat down. The middle-aged man that had spoken previously then sat in the middle. His name was Wang Shuixin. His name sounded slightly feminine, and he looked gentle, with his golden wire-rimmed glasses. Zhang Ye had checked the television station's official website's information before he came. He knew this person was the Beijing Television Station's Arts Channel's Director. He was probably the Leader of all the people present, and head of the Arts Channel.

There was not much public information one could find on the internet, but there was plenty of information about Wang Shuixin. Before he left, Zhang Ye had happened to find it online. Director

Wang happened to be a poet in the past. A few years ago, he had published a few works and anthologies. He was best at modern poems. Although he did not have many works in recent times, he was still famous. Most people in the industry still knew him.

It was quite obvious after giving it some thought. As the head of the television's Arts Channel, he would not be able to have the role without some ability. He definitely had to have some literary quality to him.

"First introduce yourself?" Director Wang Shuixin said.

"My name is Zhang Ye. I'm 23 years old this year. I graduated from..." Zhang Ye began his self-introduction.

During this, a few interviewers were whispering to each other. Some frowned, while others shook their heads. It was as if they did not wish for Zhang Ye to enter their Arts Channel.

Wang Shuixin was also one of them. Back at the Silver Microphone Awards, he and Hu Fei were present. He had heard with his own ears Zhang Ye's angry recitation of "Dead Water". The atmosphere seemed to have exploded, but Wang Shuixin had secretly shook his head. He knew that Zhang Ye was a problematic person. It was not easy to handle him. His literary standards were passable, but his temper was too terrible. No Leader would want such a person. Leaders tended to want obedient subordinates, so by getting such a different kind of guy in, he would not be as gregarious and he had to worry that he would stir up something daily! So even though he treated Teacher Hu's recommendations seriously, Wang Shuixin was unimpressed!

Of course, there was another reason.

Wang Shuixin actually felt that Hu Fei was blowing Zhang Ye's so-called literary level out of proportions. And it was this matter. He never believed that Zhang Ye could compete on the same level as him. He felt that Zhang Ye was still far inferior! "Dead Water"? "A

Generation”? Wang Shuixin believed that he could write such poems, too. He even felt that his previous works were much better than Zhang Ye’s.

Cultured people tended to scorn each other!

No one considered themselves inferior!

Actually, the other interviewers had the same thoughts. Although Zhang Ye was highly acclaimed on the internet, they did not think that Zhang Ye could be compared to a master like Wang Shuixin. In the literature scene, Wang Shuixin was clearly not the most famous person, but he was a veteran who had many excellent works. Furthermore, he had several poems that were very popular. So how good could Zhang Ye, a young kid who had just appeared, be against Director Wang? At this interview, they were, in fact, not bothered. As Director Wang’s attitude was very clear, Zhang Ye was definitely not going to be hired!

Zhang Ye finished his introduction.

Hu Fei interjected, “Director, Teacher Little Zhang has one of the highest literary skills amongst his generation. He is the best amongst his peers. Besides...”

Wang Shuixin interrupted his words, “He can be considered good amongst his peers, but he is far too inferior compared to predecessors who are in the arts.”

Hu Fei tried to fight for Zhang Ye, “With Little Zhang’s literary foundation, he is not necessarily worse than the predecessors.”

Wang Shuixin was amused, “You are too absolute, Old Hu. I know that you appreciate Little Zhang, but maybe Little Zhang’s literary skills match your appetite and managed to move you. But that does not mean others will be moved. It does not mean his literary skills are flawless. I know about the matter from the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet. I also know Big Thunder, Old Zheng and a few of them. Do you

think Little Zhang has exceeded people from the older generation just because you think Little Zhang overshadowed them? Not really. Actually, Big Thunder and company's poems are just a bit famous in the Beijing circles. They aren't much in the country. I also heard their poems back then at the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet. They were all quite average. So Little Zhang overshadowing them can't show anything."

This Director was clearly a scholar to the bone. His temperament was competitive. He did not mince his words and had said it in front of Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye gave him a glance and did not comment.

Hu Fei wanted to add on, "But Teacher Little Zhang..."

"Then let's test him with an interview question." Wang Shuixin said very confidently, "I can tell you, Old Hu, that he is weaker than me, not to mention other predecessor masters." Saying that, Wang Shuixin looked at Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang, we are just blindly chatting amongst ourselves. We aren't saying you are terrible, so don't take it to heart. Actually, to write 'Dead Water' at your age is already not bad."

Just not bad?

Zhang Ye smiled without speaking. He only thought that he was too careless!

"Alright, I'll not talk about your physical factors. I'll give you an interview question. There will only be one today for this interview. I actually want to see how much ability and skill a young man like you, who was recommended by Old Hu, has." Wang Shuixin said.

Zhang Ye said, "Please say it."

Wang Shuixin seemed to have the intentions to compete with Zhang Ye in literature, "I have a poem that I'm not sure if you have heard of. It's called 'Everything'."

He began reciting.

“Everything is fated.”

“Everything is unreal.”

“Everything has no end.”

“Everything has no home to return to.”

“Every happiness doesn’t come with a smile.”

“Every suffering doesn’t have tears.”

“Every past is in the dreams.”

“Every faith comes with longing.”

“Every burst is preceded by moments of silence.”

“Every death has a prolonged echo!”

After a few interviewers heard this, they gave their praises again.

“Good poem!” a middle-aged woman said.

A youth said, “This is Director Wang’s best poem, right? I always feel something whenever I hear it!”

Hu Fei also had to admit that this poem was excellent. This was probably written about four to five years ago by Wang Shuixin when he was at the lowest point of his life. It was very powerful. It called out to people’s hearts and shocked the world!

Wang Shuixin said calmly, “Little Zhang, this is the interview question. This is one of the works that can be considered famous, and also a modern poem that I’m most pleased with. Teacher Hu has always said that your poetry is excellent and you have deep literary foundations. Then can you compose a poem here on the spot, to show us your literary level?”

If it was a poem that had no boundaries, it would have been nothing!

But it was Wang Shuixin who said his own poem first, which meant he wanted to compete with Zhang Ye. It was also called a “Poem Contest”. If Zhang Ye was to create another work, it had to be targeted at Wang Shuixin’s work. Furthermore, it had to exceed Director Wang’s poem for him to pass. But was this possible?

Hu Fei knew it was impossible!

Not to mention the other interviewers!

What sort of poem was “Everything”? It was a poem that was previously included in high school textbooks! Although it was in an appendix and was not eye-catching, and was eventually removed due to its dark and depressing artistic quality, it was still a model essay that was once made into teaching material!

What could Zhang Ye use to compete with it?

He had nothing to compete with it!

Chapter 92 - "This is also Everything"!

The interview question was out.

Everyone looked at Zhang Ye, wondering how he was to answer. He had to follow up on a tough poem that had previously gone in Chinese language textbooks, Wang Shuixin's most famous poem, "Everything".

Zhang Ye did not speak for a long while.

"Everything"? Why did it sound so familiar?

He was sure that he had heard this poem somewhere, but he could not remember it clearly. Hence, he said, "Can I have some water?"

"Yes." Wang Shuixin turned his head.

An interviewer threw a bottle of mineral water to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye used the time to drink the water and opened his game ring and bought a "Memory Search Capsule". He closed his eyes, pretending to be in thought. In fact, he had swallowed the capsule while drinking water. He was searching the memories in his brain, and finally Zhang Ye opened his eyes. He had found his memory and had finally remembered why this poem sounded so familiar!

What the f**k!

Wasn't this 's "Everything"!?

However, there were some slight differences!

For example in his world, Bei Dao had written, "Every fate is destined. Every cloud is fleeting. Every beginning is without an ending. Every search is brief."

As for Wang Shuixin's poem, it was "Everything is fated. Everything is

unreal. Everything has no end. Everything has no home to return to." It may look different, but the format and meaning were about the same. The core idea was similar. One of the lines, "Every faith comes with longing", was identical in both poems. There was not a single word different!

This world also had something similar to "Everything"?

However, there was no Bei Dao, but it was written by Wang Shuixin?

This was not surprising either. The two worlds' cultural backgrounds weren't much different. The Four Great Classical Novels, such as Romance of the Three Kingdoms and Water Margin, still existed. Maybe it was because the Four Great Classical Novels had too strong of an effect ingrained in the country, so there was no way of changing it. So it was not modified by the game ring. Then it was pretty normal to have similar literature works from both worlds. Of course, they were just similar. In Zhang Ye's world, Bei Dao was a very famous poet. In terms of text and profoundness, Zhang Ye clearly believed Bei Dao's "Everything" was much more excellent than Wang Shuixin's "Everything"!

This was the topic?

Zhang Ye laughed, for he could not control himself.

Bei Dao's "Everything" was considered quite famous, but the reason why Zhang Ye did not remember it to the point of needing to use the Memory Search Capsule to search his memories for it was because there was another poem that was more famous. It was written as a retort to Bei Dao's "Everything". It had completely negated Bei Dao's work, hence Zhang Ye and the people from his world had a deeper impression of that poem and had forgotten about Bei Dao's "Everything". Even if people from his world mentioned "Everything", it was to use it as a reference or backstory. It was as if "Everything" existed just to accentuate the other poem. Hence, no matter how well it was written, and had cried out the lives of people so perfectly, in front of that poem, "Everything" was just a supporting role, and

considered a sidekick. It could only be hidden under a shade!

"Are you done?" a woman urged.

"Can you begin?" a young interviewer was also turning impatient.

Seeing that Zhang Ye did not speak for so long, Hu Fei guessed that Zhang Ye was unable to follow up. He sighed in his heart. Zhang Ye had low odds of success, and it would have been impossible for him to be accepted by the Leader. Wang Shuixin's attitude was very clear. Now, by not being able to answer the interview question, the chances of hiring him were close to nil.

However, Hu Fei's love for talent was very deep. He was still trying his best to help Zhang Ye fight for it, "Director Wang. Little Zhang is still young, so no matter how much talent he has, he can't compare to you. This question is indeed quite difficult. Shall we change a topic and let Little Zhang have freedom to express a poem?"

"Brother Hu," a female interviewer said, "then what's the point of an interview? Anyone can write something freely. That's not ability."

Wang Shuixin also lightly laughed, "Old Hu, to speak the truth, I want to test Little Zhang's creative ability on the spot today. It seems all his poems in the past were created on the spot. As for the poem's quality and logic, I'll reserve my judgment. I don't believe those good works of his were written on the spot by Little Zhang. It doesn't agree with reason. Even if it was written on the spot, it couldn't be done without any stammering, right? And those poems of his had so much logic? And the parallelism was done so well? And since you appreciate this youth so much, I'm testing him this time. So I purposely used my poem to let him follow up. First, it's to see if he really can compose on the spot, and secondly, to see if Little Zhang really has as much literary skill as people say."

Hu Fei said, "But to follow up on a classic poem that even entered language textbooks, Little Zhang will..."

Wang Shuixin waved his hand to stop Hu Fei from continuing. He looked at Zhang Ye, "It's alright, Little Zhang. Take your time to think; there's no hurry. Hur Hur. At your age, you might not have heard this poem. When you were in high school, the materials for your language class might not have included "Everything". If you did not catch everything, I can recite it to you again."

A youth volunteered, "Since you already recited it once, why don't you let me, Director Wang?"

"Alright, Little Xu, you do it. Hur Hur." Wang Shuixin was in a good mood. He had been doing administrative work all these years, so for him to once again display his literary works was a rare event. Seeing Zhang Ye remaining silent, and his subordinates looking at him with admiration and respect, Wang Shuixin was very pleased.

The other interviewers and the youth completely ignored Zhang Ye. They knew that it was impossible for Zhang Ye to follow up on the poem. The only reason that they were still in here to interview Zhang Ye was to kiss ass and flatter the Leader. They wanted to see with their own eyes how their Leader defeated Zhang Ye, a newcomer who had been praised for his poetry. Besides, even without the flattering factor, Director Wang did have the absolute ability!

Zhang Ye? A newcomer!

Compared to Director Wang, what was he!?

He wanted to compete with Wang Shuixin in literature and poetry?
Wasn't this do something beyond his ability!?

Director Wang's "Everything" came about due to his using all his senses to come into maximum contact with the pulse of life. He had used his critical perspective to inspect the interpersonal moral and ethical relations, as well as the sparks that arose when people clashed. He had also subconsciously pondered above love, freedom, joy, suffering, hope and death, which were all common factors of human life. It was one of the best modern poems, and could be said

that he had written a poem of such a genre at its peak. Zhang Ye wanted to use the literary insight from "Everything" as a topic to exceed "Everything"? That was impossible!

Well, but it was not that the poem did not have its flaws. If one wanted to pick faults with it, it was probably the reason why it was eventually removed from the language textbooks. The poem was too dark and oppressive. There was no hope in it. This was also why "Everything" was criticized by some people. But the flaws could not obscure the splendor it possessed. This poem was still enjoying a relatively high status in the poetry world. It could be considered a "pessimism" masterpiece.

"Let me recite it, while you listen well." the youth said to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye ignored him, and already had his plans.

The youth frowned. You even turned haughty? Just because you were praised to the skies by people who did not know literature, you already forgot who you were? See, your original form has been revealed! I have no idea why Teacher Hu appreciated you so much. You can only have your way with Big Thunder and those slightly known poets in Beijing. But take a look; once you encounter a real master of literature, you have nothing against them, right?

The youth grunted and cleared his throat, "Everything is fated. Everything is unreal. Everything has no end. Everything has no home to return to."

Wang Shuixin squinted his eyes as he listened to his poem.

The other interviewers again revealed their reverence. Their mouths moved gently, as if they were tasting the poem, and were also reciting it along with the youth.

The youth carried on, "Every happiness doesn't come with a smile. Every suffering.."

But suddenly, a scene no one expected happened. Zhang Ye opened

his vocal cords and interrupted the youth, who was having a good time reciting, rudely!

Zhang Ye shook his head, "Not every tree has been broken off by the storm; Not every seed cannot find soil to root; Not every true feeling is lost in the deserts of human hearts; Not every dream wishes to be cut off at its wings. No, not everything... is like what you said!"

Hu Fei gasped. This...This poem...

Wang Shuixin and the other 7-8 interviewers were stunned!

Zhang Ye looked at Director Wang and then at a few interviewers, then began stressing his words, "Not every torch is burning itself, but not illuminating others; Not every star indicates darkness, but does not predict the dawn; Not every song passes through the ears, but does not stay in the hearts. No, not everything... is like what you said!"

The second paragraph was also out!

It was another massive parallelism! His tone also grew stronger!

Wang Shuixin's expression instantly looked ugly, but he made no sound!

However, Hu Fei got a kick hearing this. He clenched his fists and was so excited that he wanted to stand up to cheer for Zhang Ye. This was the first time that he had such a bright smile on his face. He was happy for Zhang Ye and also happy for himself. He had not evaluated Zhang Ye wrongly! He was really a remarkable talent of the age!

Zhang Ye scanned everyone with his eyes and purposely paused before reciting the last paragraph. For this paragraph, he wiped off the solemnity and seriousness, and changed it to that of a smile. There was even mockery in his smile, "Not every appeal has been dismissed; Not every loss cannot be compensated; Not every abyss is death; Not every grief lands on the heads of the weak; Not every

heart and soul are to be stepped on and buried in the mud; Not every consequence is blood and tears, but without mirth!"

"Everything in the present is creating the future!"

"Everything in the future is grown from yesterday."

"Hope, and to fight for it, please put all of them on your shoulders!"

The last shout was Zhang Ye saying it to Wang Shuixin, and could also be him saying it to himself!

Everything was darkness? Everything was suffering? Every success was accompanied by tears and sorrow?

Be it Bei Dao's "Everything" or Wang Shuixin's "Everything", Zhang Ye could not agree with them!

He knew that many people hated him, or had a grudge with him or disliked him. He also knew that he had not much hope for this interview, but Zhang Ye had never felt that his life was filled with darkness. He had never hesitated in his life. As long as he had a glimmer of hope, he would never give up!

That was everything?

Everything is like what you said?

No! Not everyone is like what you said!

At least, I am not! I, Zhang Ye, am not!

Chapter 93 - The Outcome of the Interview?

Everyone had their own recital style.

Some had highly exaggerated expressions. Some liked to use body language. Some had varying tones when delivering the recitals. And some did it with a straight face. There were all sorts of reciters. Those who were not skilled at recitals would always attempt to copy someone else's style or just not attempt a style at all and recite it just as it is. But someone like Zhang Ye, who was from a background of media arts, would always recite in their own style. This was his rice bowl; he would not lose to anyone in a basic skill like that. His recitals tended to be calmer. He was used to expressing his emotions through the subtle expressions of his eyes and the tonal changes in his voice, and did not use exaggerated body language like dancing and shouting.

From the results, it looked like he had done a very good interpretation of the poem.

These interviewers, each and every one of them had a shocked look!

"I've finished reciting it. This poem...is called 'This is also Everything'." Zhang Ye said lightly after adjusting his breath and looking at the interviewers.

Director Wang's "Everything"!

Zhang Ye followed up with "This is also Everything"!

The former was filled with the cries of darkness! While the latter was overflowing with the light of hope!

Zhang Ye's work was heard! The 8-9 interviewers looked at each other. They were thinking that this wasn't some poetry competition with Director Wang; it was clearly a smacking of face! You were clearly here to mess things up! They had initially thought that Zhang

Ye was unable to follow up, or even if he did, it would not have been good. As for a “pessimism” poem, “Everything” was impeccable! Using the line of thought of Wang Shuxin’s poem to carry on writing a pessimistic modern poem? He would never be able to write something better than “Everything”, no matter how much he tried!

However, no one had expected Zhang Ye to do the opposite. He did not follow the line of thought of “Everything”. He had instead used “This is also Everything” to lambaste this pessimistic view!

Not all!

Not all!

No, not everything... is like what you said!

A few lines of “Not everything” had gradually stepped up the mood of this poem and at the same time stepped down on “Everything”!

If this wasn’t face slapping, what was?

If this wasn’t a blatant challenge, what was?

But somehow, this blatant challenge had sent shockwaves down everyone’s spines. A few interviewers who had not thought much of Zhang Ye initially had been swept along with their emotions while hearing Zhang Ye’s poetry. A few lines of “Not everything” had convinced them as they maintained their stunned faces.

This is Zhang Ye? This was the Zhang Ye that they didn’t think much of? Director Wang had doubted Zhang Ye’s composing on the spot before this? He felt that his poems were all prepared beforehand to fool the listeners? And felt that Zhang Ye’s literary standards could only be compared alongside amateur poets? And if he met a professional poet, he would be exposed? Those who had thought this to themselves earlier were now blushing from embarrassment!

And they thought he was just so-so?

Or that he could not compose on the spot!

This was called a low literary standard that could only be compared to low-grade poets?

Zhang Ye's "This is also Everything" had made them swallow their words. Even the least literary educated person present could tell that Director Wang had been outdone by a newcomer! "Everything" had really been overshadowed by "This is also Everything"! And the gap did not feel like it was by a small margin. It was a crushing victory! There was no question about it!

Zhang Ye's poem had even answered the biggest flaw of "Everything" — Pessimism! It was full of optimism in "This is also Everything"! Full of positive influence on the people! No wonder "Everything" was only in the appendix of the high school textbook for a short one year. Compared to "This is also Everything", "Everything" was such a shallow and weak piece. Instead, Zhang Ye's poem looked like it should be added into the textbooks!

They all whispered to each other. All of them had been shocked by this poetry piece of Zhang Ye's!

But none of them knew. In Zhang Ye's world, this poem was precisely born because of Bei Dao's "Everything".

"This is also Everything" — This was a piece by a famous poet in Zhang Ye's old world, the writer Shuting's work. It was rumored that after Bei Dao's work was criticized for being too pessimistic, Shuting had also criticized something about it. Soon after, "This is also Everything" was born. From its words, parallelisms and thoughts, it could be seen that "This is also Everything" was targeted at "Everything"! So after Wang Shuxin had read his poem, Zhang Ye's immediate thought was this work of Shuting's!

Poetry competition?

This poem was made for it!

This was walking into the line of fire!

Hu Fei had given Zhang Ye a thumbs up in his heart. He looked over at the silent Wang Shuixin, "Director, Little Zhang has answered the interview question. What do you think?"

The others also looked over at Director Wang.

Wang Shuixin acknowledged, "It's matched pretty well."

How was it just pretty well! It was perfect! But of course they did not say that... No one was that dumb!

Hu Fei took advantage of the situation and asked, "Then about Little Zhang's recruitment?"

Wang Shuixin looked at Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang, stand up and let me have a look at you."

"Stand up?" Zhang Ye did so accordingly.

Wang Shuixin took a look and shook his head, "I won't comment on his looks since a minority of successful hosts and guests are lacking in that department, too. But your height is even more important compared to your looks. If I'm not wrong, after your shoes are off, your height is around 1.65m, right? That's too short; even with shoes on, you won't hit 1.70m. If you were onstage with other hosts or guests, your height would be a problem. If a female guest wears slightly higher heels, you'd probably be shorter by half a head or more. How can you become a host like that? It will affect the broadcast quality. If your looks are ordinary and you are lacking in height, then it certainly will not work!"

Great!

You couldn't find fault with my literary standards, so now you started picking on my height?

Zhang Ye was thinking that if he was f**king tall and handsome,

then he wouldn't be wasting so much effort here! He would have gone to become a singer or movie actor!

Hu Fei added, "Little Zhang can add insoles to his shoes."

"That at most will add 6-7cm to his height. Any taller than that and it wouldn't look natural. A look and you will know there's no conformity. What's the use of that 6-7cm? At most, he will be 1.7m tall with his shoes and insoles." Wang Shuixin was finding faults, "Our male hosts at the Beijing Television Station, which one of them doesn't reach 1.8m after wearing shoes? It is the minimum requirement to reach the height of 1.8 with shoes." After that, he also sighed, "Old Hu, I've seem Little Zhang's talent today. It's not bad. You didn't make a wrong choice, but his height is not enough. If his height can reach the standard, he can report to work after National Day! I wouldn't say anything else!"

He could be hired as long as he was taller?

But this was actually a load of rubbish!

Looks were not hard to change. There was plastic surgery. But how could one change one's height? Zhang Ye was already 23 years old. As the saying goes, one could still grow at 23, but no matter how much you grew, you couldn't go from 1.65 to 1.75! Do you think that you were sitting on a rocket!? That you could increase your height so easily!?

It was clear that he did not want Zhang Ye!

It was just a way of rejecting him by saying that he would be hired if he was taller!

Hu Fei was disagreeable with it. He strongly insisted, "Director, I really want to hire Teacher Little Zhang. My segment is about to begin recording. Little Zhang will be of great help to me, and will also greatly help the station." Saying this, Hu Fei said to Zhang Ye, "Teacher Little Zhang, why don't you go out to the resting area and

wait for a while?"

"Alright." Zhang Ye could only take his things and leave the room.

Outside, he could hear Teacher Hu fighting for him. Zhang Ye knew that there was no hope left. He could only take Teacher Hu's appreciation of him in his mind. He would return the favor in the future slowly.

After he waited for a while, no one came out.

Zhang Ye leaned on the windowsill and watched the traffic flow below. Suddenly, he saw a shoe shop across the road. Seeing this, he also wanted to try to see how much elevator shoes could increase his height. Who knew if he could reach the height of 1.8m wearing them? Zhang Ye had never tried them, so he quickly took the elevator downstairs.

On the side of the road.

It was a foreign shoes shop named HT.

"Sir, what type of shoes do you want to buy?" A female attendant came forward.

Zhang Ye asked, "Do you sell any insoles or shoes that can raise a person's height?"

The female attendant smiled, "There aren't insoles, but there are elevator shoes. This way, please." She led Zhang Ye over. "There are two styles. They are elevated leather shoes and can increase your height by about 5-8cm."

Zhang Ye tried them. Although he felt some discomfort in his heels, he was indeed much taller. However, it was clear that 8cm was an exaggeration. It was not that much, and was probably at most 6cm. With Zhang Ye's height, he could only reach 1.71m at most. He was still shorter than Wang Shuixin's lowest requirement of 1.8m by nearly 10cm. The difference was too great, and could definitely not

meet the requirement. Zhang Ye smacked his lips but still decided to buy the shoes. He did not wear his shoes and let the attendant remove the tags. He wore the new shoes and walked back to the television station, returning to the resting area.

Every bit helps in becoming tall.

Who knows... If Teacher Hu was helping him, maybe he might have a chance?

Hai, what was he thinking!? He was still having hopes when he knew there was no chance?

Right, why was he relying on others? He still had his game ring! He could try his luck at the Lottery!

Zhang Ye suddenly thought of it. Every time he faced a tough situation, he had used the magical items from the game ring to resolve them. Who knew if the Heavens would be standing on his side today?

The office on the other side was still having arguments. There was Hu Fei's voice, and the voices of the other interviewers. It did not seem like it would be over in ten minutes.

He did as he thought!

Zhang Ye immediately opened the game interface!

The menu opened, and a virtual screen was presented before Zhang Ye's eyes. Staff from the television station who walked past could not see it at all.

Then, a glance at the Reputation points he had accumulated over the past few days made Zhang Ye extremely pleased. His overall Reputation points had reached an alarming 930,000!

Chapter 94 - A Huge Discovery About the Lottery!

The explosive outbreak of “Dead Water”.

The receiving of the Silver Microphone Award.

The listenership ratings of the unstopped ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’.

The large scale promotions and sales of ‘Ghost Blows Out the Light’.

And even ‘Tribute to the White Poplar’ and various other contributions.

All these Reputation points that were accumulated allowed Zhang Ye to have more than 900,000 Reputation points at this moment. It looked like an exaggeration, but it was accumulated by Zhang Ye bit by bit through hard work. Every Reputation point increment was not easy for him. Of course, before the “Memory Search Capsule” that he had bought just a while ago, it had already exceeded a million.

The Lottery interface opened.

Zhang Ye decided to take a gamble.

He clicked on the Lottery and spent 100,000 Reputation points.
Confirm!

The wheel began to move. The needle began rapidly moving. As it was a bet, Zhang Ye decided to have Additional Stakes. After clicking the Additional Stakes button on the bottom right, he gave it some thought and added two Additional Stakes. After all, he needed to leave some Reputation to bet on the next chance. He could not use it all on one try.

The needle began to move slowly.

Special Category... Skills Category...

Stats Category...Consumption Category...

The needle began to slow down gradually. Finally, it stopped on the Consumption Category!

Zhang Ye did not have much hope, nor was he disappointed. This was because he did not know what items he needed at this moment. He was only trying his luck.

Three Treasure Chest (Small) appeared!

Zhang Ye brought them and placed them on a table in the resting area. He opened one after another. Since all the items that were obtained from Additional Stakes were the same, he just needed to see one.

[Lucky Bread] x 3!

He had previously obtained this prize before. And this was also the first time that Zhang Ye had obtained an item that he had received before!

However, Zhang Ye gave a wry smile. The Lucky Bread may be good, but it was not very useful for him now. Back at the award presentation ceremony, the Lucky Bread had expounded its miraculous effects, allowing him to magically receive the award. But it had a reason to. It was because of luck that the trophy and certificate both had problems backstage, which caused such an effect.

But this time, it was different. Luck was useless here. As it was not something that could change from subjective means. Wang Shuixin had objectively not wanted Zhang Ye. He had already said that Zhang Ye was not tall enough. So no matter how lucky he was, Director Wang would definitely not change his attitude.

He had lost the bet!

Hai, there aren't many opportunities left!

Zhang Ye was feeling down. He was already used to having items he received from the Lottery being of use. For example, the Save, the Unlucky Sticker, or the Memory Search Capsule, all of them were a great help to him after they were obtained. And even though the Lucky Bread from back then was not something that he had received on the spot and was something he had stored from a previous luck of the draw, it had been effective at the critical moment. Even the Unlucky Halo and the Invisibility Potion had their own usage.

However, this time it wasn't enough!

Zhang Ye no longer had the luck from before!

His hand nearly pressed down on the Lottery purchase button, but he paused and did not press down on it. Zhang Ye knew it was impossible. Actually, upon careful thought, the items he had received from the Lottery were not really just right for the purpose. For example, the Save... He might have used it, but if he had obtained the Memory Search Capsule, he could have also used it to help him recite from memory. If he swept through at a glance and used the Memory Search, Zhang Ye could similarly recite out 900 words. Furthermore, he could save the time he took to memorize it, and the accuracy would be even higher. And with the Unlucky Sticker, if he had obtained the Lucky Bread or something else, those items could probably create a similar effect, allowing Zhang Ye to get a program. Similarly, if he had used the Unlucky Sticker at the Silver Microphone Awards, giving Zhāng Yě bad luck, resulting in him being unable to receive an award, the award would have still ended up in Zhang Ye's hands.

It may be said that his luck was good when he had played the Lottery in the past, but it could also be said that the difficulty that Zhang Ye faced was relatively smaller. The difficulty range was much wider, which resulted in many items being able to be used as magical weapons. They could all help.

But this time is was different. Wang Shuixin had made his attitude clear. His requirement was on Zhang Ye's height. Hence, the items that he could draw that would be useful from the Lottery were extremely specific and limited. How could Zhang Ye have such good luck and draw whatever he needed at the Lottery? What a joke. Zhang Ye had never felt that he had good luck!

Eh, luck?

Wait a moment! Luck?

Zhang Ye was suddenly shocked. Then he excitedly stood up from the couch. Right, usually when he played the Lottery, he definitely could not obtain items he was in desperate need of, for he did not have the luck. No one in the world had such luck. Even if they had luck for a moment, it would not be for life. However, Zhang Ye had a sudden thought. So what if he did not have luck? This was not a problem! Without luck... He could create luck!

Lucky Bread!

He had just drawn Lucky Bread!

Zhang Ye's mind opened up. Previously, when he had received items from the Lottery, he had only thought about how he could use them in reality, but who made the rules that the luck from the Lucky Bread could not be used on the game's Lottery? The Lucky Bread's description said that it could increase the Luck stat of a player for five minutes. Since Zhang Ye's Luck stat would increase, then drawing at the Lottery was also within its range. He could completely use this to create luck, so as to obtain things he needed!

Could it work?

Even if it didn't, he had to try!

Zhang Ye felt that this discovery of his was too important. It would be very important for his future. If it was like his speculation, then whenever he was faced with a difficult problem, Zhang Ye would

have a chance and method to solve it. He did not need to bet on the so-called luck!

Zhang Ye immediately reached his hand into the game ring's inventory. He took out one of the Lucky Bread, and immediately ate it!

Lucky Bread in Effect!

Countdown, 4:59...

Zhang Ye was afraid that there was not enough time, so he quickly clicked on the Lottery and did not even wait for the needle to slow down as he gritted his teeth to have Additional Stakes. Seeing the needle pause temporarily, Zhang Ye immediately added all his remaining Reputation. Having just spent 300,000 Reputation points, and having spent 100,000 for the Lottery, he still had 5 more Additional Stakes left. Success was all counting on this. Without any hesitation, Zhang Ye spent nearly all of his Reputation points!

Additional Stakes completed!

The needle began moving again!

One revolution...Three revolutions...Five revolutions...

Then it slowed down, and the needle slowly moved towards the small region of the Special Category!

Zhang Ye was almost about to cry. If it was some normal time, he would love to have the Special Category, because he greatly had the need to be able to permanently purchase items in the Merchant Shop. It was unlimited purchase, and he did not need to draw at the Lottery. But now, he did not need it. Even if he had obtained the right to buy an item, he did not have enough points to buy it! He was only left with about 30,000 Reputation points, so even if he wanted to buy something, it would not be enough!

Move!

I don't want the Special Category!

A treasure mountain was right in front of him, yet Zhang Ye did not want it. This was the first time that he felt cheap. However, there was no other choice. He had to solve the problem he had now!

Move a little bit more!

Just a little bit more!

Finally, the Special Category was moved past. It did not stop there!

The Lottery wheel's category size was fixed. For example, the Consumption Category's probability was the greatest, while the Special Category was the lowest. Hence, the size of all the regions were the same every time. However, the placement of the regions were random. For example, the last time that he drew at the Lottery, the Special Category was between the Consumption Category and the Skills Category. But this time, the Special Category was now in the middle of the Stats Category and the Skills Category. After the needle moved past the Special Category, it immediately stopped at the Stats Category!

Bada!

Six Treasure Chest (Small) appeared!

At this moment, there was still one minute left for the Lucky Bread!

Zhang Ye did not dare to delay. This was because he was not sure if the item in the Treasure Chest was decided at the moment it was drawn or if the Lottery only fixed the type, and the specific item was decided only when the treasure chest was opened. Hence, he used the remaining amount of lucky time to open the Treasure Chest!

The first Treasure Chest opened – Fruit of Growth!

The second Treasure Chest opened – Fruit of Growth!

The six Treasure Chests all contained a small white fruit. It was basically round, but it was not uniform. It did not have leaves, but had a brown root zone.

[Fruit of Growth]: Effective upon consuming it. Activates the player's growth genes. Can be stacked repeatedly.

Growth?

Activates genes?

He got it! He really got it!

At this moment, the lucky effect ran out. Zhang Ye nearly cried out! His theory was right! The Lucky Bread really could be used on the Lottery system!

After a moment of excitement, Zhang Ye regained his composure. He quickly picked up a Fruit of Growth and ate it. He still did not know the effects of the fruit. Although the Fruit of Charm had already proved the effects of such Stats Category items, but what did growth mean? Where would he grow? Please don't make my chest hair grow? This bro doesn't need that!

After consuming it, his whole body heated up!

Zhang Ye nearly shouted out as he felt his bones crunching, as they sounded out!

After a few seconds, the strange feeling disappeared. Zhang Ye looked around and looked at his chest. Thankfully, his chest did not get any bigger.

But which part of him changed?

He could not detect it!

But when he looked at his pant legs, Zhang Ye was slightly surprised. His pants had been slightly longer, so that it would roll up above his

shoes. But now, the rolls had relaxed a bit more. What was the meaning of this? What did this represent? There was only one possibility presented. That was... Someone had secretly cut his pant legs with scissors when Zhang Ye was slightly distracted!

Alright, actually there was another possibility. It meant that Zhang Ye had grown taller!

Although it was just a tiny bit, but it no doubt made him excited!

Zhang Ye decided to consume the remaining five Fruits of Growth in one go. The sound of his bones cracking incessantly lingered on.

One centimeter...

Two centimeters...

Three centimeters...

Finally, Zhang Ye used the change in his pant leg's length to guess that he had grown about 5-6 centimeters taller! That was to say, every Fruit of Growth increased his height by nearly a centimeter!

Zhang Ye was overjoyed. His looks and height had always been a chronic problem for his development. He never expected one of them to be solved just like that!

The Fruit of Growth was too amazing!

Zhang Ye understood that this fruit probably did not increase his height directly. It had helped activate his potential within his genes. That was to say, Zhang Ye's genes should have allowed him to grow to that height, but Zhang Ye had grown up in relatively poor conditions. Without milk to drink, or eggs and much meat to eat, his poor nutrition when he was young stunted his growth. If he was properly fed and nourished when he was young, then he could definitely be like others. At least, he would have a good average height.

Now, the Fruits of Growth had remedied all of this!

Now, his height was 1.71 meters! He already entered a normal range!

Chapter 95 - You are Changing Persons!

Upstairs at the Beijing Television Station.

Today was National Day, so not many people worked. However, even the small number of people who came to work was definitely more people than people from other industries by several times. As this was a television station, it was similar to supermarkets or shopping malls. They were busier during this period. There were quite a number of people working overtime, who not far from Zhang Ye, who were looking at him.

"What was that sound just now?"

"I also heard it. It sounded like cracking."

"Did that youth come for an interview? What was he doing just now?"

"Yeah, why was there so much noise? Was he molting?"

A few people began discussing as they pointed fingers at Zhang Ye. They found him weird.

Actually, from a certain point of view, Zhang Ye had indeed "molted". His height was now 1.71m. If he wore the elevator shoes that he had just bought, he could barely tell from the receding of the pant leg that he was about 1.78m tall with the elevator shoes, even though he did not have a ruler on hand. He was about 2cm shorter than Wang Shuixin's minimum requirement.

Zhang Ye tried to find some paper to pad the bottom of his shoes, but it was obvious that it wouldn't work. Even if he could pad his height a bit more, it would not be natural. This was already a height increased by a pair of shoes. The heels were already very high, so by padding it with paper, his foot would probably come out of the shoe. There was no way that he could go on screen like that. Even if he went on screen, he was unable to walk, as the shoes would just drop

the moment that he walked. There were boots that could increase his height a bit more. However, it was autumn, and the weather wasn't cold yet. It was sometimes hot, so how could he go on screen with boots? This was also not practical. The interviewers would also not agree to it!

...

The other side.

In the office.

Wang Shuixin looked at his watch, "Old Hu, don't be in a rush. It's not that I don't believe in your judgment and professional achievements. Our station headhunted you because we appreciated your experience and ability. However, a host is a combination of various aspects. He can't just be accepted because of his literary foundation. Even if Zhang Ye was made a guest, he is also not up to it. I believe that you know the importance of a segment's host and its guests. If the audience doesn't like the visuals, the program will suffer a hit, no matter how good it is. It will also lose a large number of the audience members. I cannot gamble on this."

"If we are excluding Zhang Ye because of his height, it would be such a pity!" Hu Fei's eyebrows were knitted together. "This is too unfair to Little Zhang!"

Wang Shuixin said lightly, "The entertainment business has never been about fairness. Little Zhang's height is indeed not enough. I cannot give the go ahead for him alone."

Hu Fei said, "Weren't there also hosts who had heights around 1.6m in the past?"

"But were they ever popular?" Wang Shuixin retorted, "How many hosts of those heights managed to make it big? Also you are talking about some second or third tier cities' small television stations. Where are we? This is Beijing Television Station!" He stood up,

"Alright, Old Hu. There's no point in talking about this anymore. What time is it already? I still need to hold a meeting soon!"

"Director!" Hu Fei tried to speak.

Wang Shuixin interrupted, "I can lower my final requirement. He doesn't need to be 1.8m. As long as he can reach 1.78m with elevator shoes, I will immediately hire him! I will not say another word!"

"Brother Hu, forget it."

"That's right, Producer Hu. There are plenty of good seedlings."

The other interviewers also persuaded Hu Fei.

However, Hu Fei was thinking, "What was the difference between 1.78m and 1.8m? Zhang Ye was just 1.65. He wouldn't reach that height even if wore any kind of shoes! Unless he went on stage with stilts!"

...

Outside.

As the final exchange of words were done while they were approaching the door, Zhang Ye had heard the last line. He just needed 1.78m? Ha! I was just waiting for that word of yours! It looked like the twenty minutes that Teacher Hu had fought for Zhang Ye was not in vain! It had helped him a great deal!

The door opened and Wang Shuixin was the first to exit. He looked at Zhang Ye in the resting area. "Little Zhang, you can go back." It meant that the interview was over.

Hu Fei looked at Zhang Ye, apologetically shaking his head.

Zhang Ye gave Teacher Hu a "nevermind" look. He sat there and said to Wang Shuixin, "Director Wang, I think I have reached the standards you mentioned."

"What did you reach? Height?" A young interviewer was amused, "Enough. Go back."

Zhang Ye did not say anything further. He only slowly stood up from his seat.

A few interviewers were planning to leave, as they had been delayed for far too long. There were many programs for National Day that they had to busy themselves with. However, when they saw Zhang Ye stand up, a person who was about to turn and leave was suddenly stunned. He immediately turned back with his eyes staring widely!

Several others also stared widely with their eyes!

Holy sh*t! Your height, why... Why does it seem...

Zhang Ye walked closer and let them take a closer look, "Does this height meet your standards?"

Wang Shuixin was also dumbfounded. He patted his forehead and also rubbed his eyes. He felt as if his eyes had gone blurry before looking at Zhang Ye again, "You..."

Taller!

This person was actually taller!

During the interview, Wang Shuixin and a few interviewers remembered clearly that Zhang Ye was about half a head shorter than many of them. Although they were not very tall, they were about 1.7m tall. But now, twenty minutes later, this person was no longer shorter than them, and was instead... He was instead taller than them by a lot more!

Shorter by half a head to taller by half a head?

Are you doing magic?

They could hardly believe their own eyes!

After his surprise, Hu Fei quickly said, "Little Sun, bring a measuring tape!"

A youth looked at Wang Shuixin and seeing Director Wang nod his head, he quickly left and came back shortly after with a retractable ruler.

"Teacher Little Zhang, please stand nicely." Hu Fei gestured.

Zhang Ye held his back to the wall and stood very straight.

Hu Fei personally measured him and then looked at the marks on the ruler. He turned with a look of surprise and said to everyone, "1.78! Exactly 1.78!"

Someone did not believe it and also measured Zhang Ye, but the result was also the same!

The female interviewer nearly fainted on the spot!

Wang Shuixin also never expected such a situation!

A young interviewer said with fear, "How, how did you do it?"

Zhang Ye pointed to his feet, "I changed my shoes. I just bought them!"

Wang Shuixin, "..."

"How could this be possible!? Where was there such elevator shoes that could increase that much height!?" the youth exclaimed.

"It could increase more than 10 centimeters? And not a trace of it can be detected? Not unnatural at all? What sort of shoes are those?"
Another interviewer nearly cursed vulgarities!

Go to hell!

How are you changing shoes here?

You are f**king changing persons!

Hu Fei did not care about this. He treated it as if there was such a magical shoe, for technology had developed so much. He stared at Director Wang, "Little Zhang has reached 1.78m with the shoes, and you said previously?"

Everyone else looked at the Director.

Wang Shuixin was really... This guy really did it? He had originally found a reason to reject a problematic person like him, as he did not want him. However, the outcome was too surprising! What should he do now? He could not rescind his words, and furthermore he had said it in front of so many people. He was also the Leader...

After a long silence, Wang Shuixin looked at Zhang Ye, "Report to work next week." After saying that, he turned and led the others away.

He had entered the television station!

He had finally entered the television station!

Zhang Ye suddenly felt like all the hard work had paid off!

Chapter 96 - Face Smacking Specialist!

Evening.

The sun had set, dying the sky red.

Zhang Ye had returned to his rental place. After taking the elevator, he did not return to his house, but followed the aroma from the landlady's house. The door was open and the sound of oil splattering could be heard from the kitchen. At a glance, the little rascal Rao Chenchen was in the living room, doing her homework.

"Chenchen, are you busy?" Zhang Ye smiled as he entered the house.

Chenchen immediately shouted to the kitchen, "Aunt! Zhang Ye is here to scrounge for food again!"

Zhang Ye nearly planted himself on the floor, "This unlucky child. I treated you well for nothing."

Chenchen gave her trademark smile, "Hur Hur." Then she lowered her head and carried on doing her homework.

Rao Aimin from inside probably heard this. She opened the kitchen door and did not look kindly at Zhang Ye, "You really came on time. Is your Chinese Zodiac a dog? You followed the aroma over?"

Zhang Ye was also not mad, for he had already adapted to her vicious tongue, "I worked so hard for Chenchen, and you said the last time that my food for these days will be settled by you."

"You only know how to eat. Did you not eat in your last life?" Rao Aimin's mouth was vicious, but she was soft-hearted. "Wait a while. I'll cook another two more dishes!"

"Thank you, Landlady Auntie!"

"Make sure that Chenchen does her homework!"

After the small rascal did her homework, the table was already filled with dishes.

Rao Aimin threw a pair of chopsticks at Zhang Ye, "You sure look happy today! Did you pick up a wallet? Eh, wait a moment. Come over and let me take a look. Why are you so much taller?"

Zhang Ye smiled, "You finally noticed it. I'm wearing elevator shoes."

"Oh, I was just wondering. Alright then, let's eat!" Rao Aimin sat down and handed a bowl and chopsticks to Chenchen.

Actually Zhang Ye was not wearing his elevator shoes, but his own normal shoes. He had said that for fear of not being able to explain it. After all, he had grown so much in a blink of an eye. No one would believe him if he said it. Hence, he decided to use the reason of elevator shoes to let others be used to his height. When people were accustomed to it, then there would not be a problem. Well, actually it was not something new for a person to grow 5cm overnight. At least in Zhang Ye's world, he had frequently heard of such miraculous things happening, such as waking up to realize that one had grown 6cm, or how family members heard his bones crackle at night while he was sleeping. When Zhang Ye heard of this, he was skeptical, but people growing tall overnight was indeed a fact. There were more than ten such cases in the world as examples, but the reasons were still unknown. Hence, Zhang Ye did not have any pressure. Even if others questioned him on this, he could use this as an excuse.

"Landlady Auntie, I'll tell you something." Zhang Ye told the good news, "Just now, I was hired by the Beijing Television Station. I will be either a host or a guest after National Day."

Rao Aimin said, "Oh, you sure can create miracles in life. That can even happen?"

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes, "I'm using my strength! Absolute strength!"

"Stop bragging." Rao Aimin laughed, "Chang'e 4 just went up into

space, and was taken down by your bragging!"

Chenchen swallowed the celery in her mouth, "...Hur Hur."

Zhang Ye curled his mouth, "Keep trampling on me. When I become famous, I'll let you open your eyes!" After the meal, Zhang Ye was feeling bloated. He was too lazy to go home, "Let me borrow your computer."

"Go home and use yours!" Rao Aimin said impolitely.

"I can't even move. I'm too bloated." Zhang Ye ignored her.

Rao Aimin smacked her lips, "It's upstairs. Use it yourself." She went to wash the dishes.

Zhang Ye clutched his belly as he walked upstairs with great difficulty into the landlady's bedroom. The moment that he opened the door, he was caught off-guard. A dazzling array of underwear and fall clothing assaulted his eyes. There were clothes of Big Sister Rao's on the bed. There were about 20-30 pieces. It was obvious without asking that Rao Aimin was clearing her closet in the afternoon. She was keeping her summer clothes and preparing to wash and dry her autumn clothes. But before she was done, she had to cook. Hence, there was a bunch of clothes left on the bed and balcony. This made Zhang Ye's heart race!

Floral print dress.

Hollow flesh-colored underwear.

Black silk stockings with decorative patterns.

There was white underwear that had just been taken off.

Zhang Ye looked behind to make sure there was no one before closing the door. He could not help but pick up a few pieces of Rao Aimin's underwear and examine them before throwing them back. This Big Sister Rao was seriously too much. She was too careless.

Forget it, let's look at my computer. Actually, just like Rao Aimin's vicious tongue, Zhang Ye was also slowly getting accustomed to Old Comrade Rao's careless demeanor. She had always been like that and never took heed about their difference in gender. But she had to be such a unkempt big sister, yet she made amazingly delicious food and was particularly good at taking care of others.

People were just so strange.

At times, there were such contradicting amalgamations.

Switching on the computer and going online, Zhang Ye was initially intending to check the current events and entertainment news. But he habitually first logged in to Weibo. He discovered that his poem had been posted online!

"Let me post a poem. I happened to hear it while chatting with a friend at the television station. The original author should be Zhang Ye."

"The title is 'This is also Everything'."

"Not every tree has been broken off by the storm."

"Not every seed cannot find soil to root."

Finally he concluded, "I was very excited after hearing it, so I posted it to share with everyone!"

Zhang Ye looked at the discussion and messages below. It had already broken 1,000 views, and there were numerous messages!

"Teacher Zhang's new poem?"

"Holy sh*t. I remember there's a poem called 'Everything', right?"

"Yes. It's 'Everything' written by Wang Shuixin. It even went in textbooks. This poem is clearly targeted at 'Everything', rejecting everything in it!"

"Haha, this poem is so great!"

"As expected of face smacking master Zhang Ye's work!"

"Wow, everyone take a look quickly. Face smacking specialist, Teacher Zhang Ye has a new work!"

"You don't say. This really is a smack in the face. Every line contradicts 'Everything'! Teacher Wang Shuxin is probably crying! To encounter such a face smacking specialist!"

"But 'This is also Everything' is really much more suitable as a language education material than 'Everything'. I pity Zhang Ye. Why can't such a good poet like him enter the Writers' Association? There is no official recognition of his position in literature."

"@BeijingWritersAssociation."

"Who told Teacher Zhang to trample on the people from the Writers' Association!?"

"Supporting Teacher Zhang's entry into the Writers' Association. Or providence would not forgive!"

"That's right. It doesn't make sense. Can the Beijing Writers' Association respond? Why isn't Teacher Zhang invited into the Association? Just because cultured people tend to scorn each other?"

"Summoning the Beijing Writers' Association!"

"Teacher Zhang is impressive! He has to enter the Writers' Association!"

Everyone stood in solidarity. Zhang Ye's works came one after another, and each one was more interesting and wonderful than the last. It made people feel disappointment that the Beijing Writers' Association did not have any response!

But what Zhang Ye was most concerned about was his nickname and

description!

Face smacking specialist?

Your sister's a face smacking specialist!

Why is my nickname so terrible!?

Chapter 97 - Night!

It was very late.

Other households were slowly switching off their lights.

Zhang Ye was still online. When Rao Aimin returned back to her small duplex bedroom on the second floor, she pushed the door open and frowned. She began to keep the clothes on the bed, hanging them up, and those that could not be hung up were thrown into the washing machine. She turned back and said unkindly to Zhang Ye, "You, I'm speaking to you. Look at the time. Quickly grab your stuff and get lost. It's time for Chenchen to sleep. Go back to wherever you came from!"

She was wearing a very homelike sportswear. It looked old on her, and the colors did not look good. It was probably worn when she cooked.

Zhang Ye glanced at her and said, "Oh, alright. I'll be done once I finish reading this."

It was news related to the first day's sales of "Ghost Blows Out the Light". Although there were no specific numbers, and the publisher firm had not made it public, by analyzing the numbers from various bookstores, there was only one conclusion, and that was that "Ghost Blows Out the Light" had a craze-like sale. Except for a few large bookstores who had still one or two copies of "Ghost Blows Out the Light" left, as they had a large inventory, the other smaller bookstores that ordered fewer copies were completely sold out!

This was just the first day!

The initial printing of "Ghost Blows Out the Light" was just 100,000 for one volume, and 200,000 for two volumes!

And almost half of it was already sold out? In recent years, very few

books would have such crazy sales. They could be counted on one hand, not to mention a niche supernatural genre like "Ghost Blows Out the Light"!

After reading the news, Zhang Ye closed the page.

At this moment, Chenchen was walking heavily up the stairs. She came and took a look at Zhang Ye. In her tiny pajamas, she slipped into bed.

"I'm going, little rascal." Zhang Ye bade her farewell.

Chenchen looked at him, "Zhang Ye, tell me a story."

Rao Aimin was done packing her clothes, and she said, "Your Uncle Zhang needs to go home and sleep!"

Chenchen ignored as she looked at him with silent big eyes, "Zhang Ye, tell me a story, or I won't be able to sleep. My aunt doesn't read me stories."

Rao Aimin mumbled, "How old are you to still want to listen to stories!"

Chenchen reached out her tiny hand to grab Zhang Ye's big hand, as if she did not want him to leave.

Zhang Ye had no other choice but to sit on the bed. Seeking the opinion of the landlady, "Then I'll tell Chenchen a story?"

"Read it, then. I'll go shower." Rao Aimin did not care and went into the bathroom and closed the door. A moment later, the sound of flowing water could be heard. Maybe she was feeling the comfort of showering, which resulted in the whistling sounds of Rao Aimin coming out of the bathroom.

"Zhang Ye!" Seeing him wandering with his mind, Chenchen called out very unhappily.

"Oh. Oh, alright." Zhang Ye asked, "Have you heard my fairy tales? Which ones have you listened to?"

"Our school has read your 'Little Bunnies Be Good' and 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarves'." Chenchen closed her eyes as she lay in bed.

"Alright, then. I'll read you 'The Wizard of Oz'." Zhang Ye began reading. After speaking for so long, he also ended up tired. He ended up lying on the perimeter of the bed, with his shoes off and the blanket over him, as he carried on narrating to Chenchen.

However, this little thing got more spirited the more she heard. Her large eyes grew brighter, and all the sleepiness had disappeared from her eyes.

The landlady had finished her shower and, seeing that Zhang Ye was not gone, she looked at him, "Still reading?"

Zhang Ye gave a wry smile, "She doesn't want to sleep."

Chenchen insisted, "I still want to listen."

Zhang Ye said, "Let's do it tomorrow. I'll read to you tomorrow."

"No, I must listen to it today." Chenchen said, "We don't have classes on National Day. I can sleep later."

Rao Aimin may look like the devil daily who stops people and grumble daily, but whoever had long exposure to her would realize that she was a very careful and soft-hearted big sister. "This child is so disobedient. Let's see when this aunt of yours will beat you up one day." After saying these ruthless words, she added on, "Alright, alright, keep listening." Then she said to Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang, I'm not going to care about you. I'm tired, so I'll sleep first."

"Uh, alright." Zhang Ye said.

Rao Aimin tightened the towel on her body and went to the other

side of the bed and slipped into it. Then she turned with her back facing them, "Keep it down. Don't disturb me."

Chenchen said like a small adult, "Sleep then. Cover your blanket well. Good night, Aunt."

There were three people in bed. Thankfully, the landlady's house was big, and her bed was big, too. It was not crowded at all. Now, Zhang Ye and Rao Aimin took up both sides of the bed, with Chenchen in the middle. This scene looked like a family, making Zhang Ye feel some warmth.

"Zhang Ye," Chenchen said softly.

Zhang Ye then said, "Alright, I'll carry on."

He read from 9:30 to 10, and then from 10 to 10:30.

When it was nearly 11, Rao Aimin turned around in a sleepy daze in an annoyed fashion, "Why are you still reading the story? Quick sleep!"

Chenchen did not answer, for she was already sound asleep.

Only then did Zhang Ye notice. He was also extremely tired. He was too lazy to make a move, so he just slept where he was in the bed.

...

Note: *The following parts and the next chapter have been by the author. The part after this is supposed to be rewritten by the author, but he has not done so. It is provided as is. However, note that the events can be considered as filler.*

The next day.

The morning of the second day of National Day.

There were a lot of sparrows here, so they began chirping the moment the day broke.

The soundly sleeping Zhang Ye felt hot, so he kicked the blanket off him, then he turned sideways to find a comfortable position. He even lifted his legs over. He had the habit of hugging his blanket in his sleep.

Oh?

Why was there the scent of a woman?

And it was the special body smell of a mature woman?

Zhang Ye was a bit more awake, and he finally recalled that he did not sleep at home last night. Hence, he opened his eyes to take a look and was covered in sweat!

This was the landlady auntie?

Man! Why am I cuddling her!?

Zhang Ye was still wondering why he could feel the touch of flesh on both his hands and legs. Chenchen had somehow crept to the end of the bed, and was near Zhang Ye's feet. Without any barrier in between him and Rao Aimin, Zhang Ye might have not been a honest sleeper, for he had snuck towards Big Sister Rao!

Rao Aimin was still sleeping, but after a night of tossing and turning, the red towel on her body had unwrapped. Most of her shoulder was revealed. Her thigh was just barely covered by the towel, concealing the most critical region. The remaining two firm long legs were left revealed outside. He could see a tiny trace of flesh-colored cotton underwear on her right most side. Clearly, this was revealed when Zhang Ye kicked the blanket previously. The three people were in bed, but now, Big Sister Rao had been exposed!

And it was not only that!

The scene gave too much information!

Zhang Ye's legs were lifted above Rao Aimin's buttocks. Her knees

were fixed there and his knees moved floated up and down as Big Sister Rao's body breathed. What was most worth mentioning was Zhang Ye's hand. This pair of unlucky hands had happened to snuck into Rao Aimin's towel when he turned his body. His hands were located very close to her chest. Zhang Ye had never really touched females before, so he was not sure what the feeling was on his hands. He was not sure if he had touched things he should not have touched!

Things were not good!

Zhang Ye's sweat began streaming down his head. He did not dare to stay a second longer, nor did he dare to appreciate the soft touch. He quickly pulled his hand out a bit.

But this made Rao Aimin wake up!

It's over!

Bad things are going to happen!

Zhang Ye's face was green. He recalled the glorious deed of Rao Aimin beating up the two young renters in the past. Big Sister Rao was a powerhouse in the entire small district. Who wouldn't know this story? "Woman challenges two hooligans. Hooligans beaten up badly." was even the title of the article that had appeared on some small unknown newspaper! Rao Aimin had gotten fame from that one fight. Her fighting prowess was well known by everyone in the small district.

At this moment, Zhang Ye suddenly recalled his home country, recalling the parents he left behind in the far countryside. He recalled of his long lost child... Alright, it was just an artistic exaggeration.

Anyway, he was just scared out of his wits!

Zhang Ye remained motionless, hoping for a miracle to appear. He hoped Rao Aimin would not realize it and would go back to sleep.

But Rao Aimin was still awake. Zhang Ye was already prepared to get beaten, but... The development was completely different from what he thought!

"Oh?" Rao Aimin uttered.

Zhang Ye did not dare breathe. His hands were still by her chest, and his leg was still on her hips.

Rao Aimin smacked her lips, "What are you doing?"

Zhang Ye did not know how to answer, so he did not speak.

"Don't go around touching and sleep." Rao Aimin reprimanded with a sentence.

Zhang Ye's body had been tightened, awaiting the fury of the landlady, but he never expected those words. What did it mean? Why didn't you beat me up? Why were you so calm?

Rao Aimin turned around, and her back faced him. The towel on her body slipped even more. Now her entire smooth back was revealed. She carried on sleeping.

When she rolled over, Zhang Ye's hand had also slid off from her body, and fell onto her waist.

Zhang Ye's heart was beating, but he was also emboldened. This time, he began touching on purpose. He was moving his palm on the landlady's waist!

Flesh!

The feeling was really good!

Rao Aimin remained motionless, but she said, "Sleep. Stop messing around. I'm sleepy."

She was still not mad? Zhang Ye was excited as he emboldened himself further. He knew such an opportunity did not befall him

usually. He slipped his hand downwards and touched the landlady's thigh. At first, he did not dare to move much, but after observing Rao Aimin's reaction, he noticed that Rao Aimin did not say a word this time. As if he was given permission to continue, Zhang Ye shifted his body closer, sticking himself to Big Sister Rao's body. Then he began to carefully touch her!

What about below?

What should he do next?

Zhang Ye did not know. He had no experience in this at all!

...

Chapter 98 - The Landlady's Loss

Note: This chapter has been retconned by the author. This chapter is supposed to be rewritten by the author, but he has not done so. It is provided as is. However, note that the events can be considered as filler. It is likely that the author is retconning the perverted personality of Zhang Ye also due to .

In the bedroom.

A picturesque scene.

The landlady did not make any obvious rejection, and didn't even reprimand him with any harsh words, so Zhang Ye did not stand on ceremony. He used the principle of "you are an idiot not to take advantage" to explore the landlady. Zhang Ye, who was a person who had never had a relationship before, obviously had never experienced such a scene. He could only move steadily. This ambiguous atmosphere made Zhang Ye agitated. He felt like his entire body was almost melted by the landlady's flesh and mature body scent!

This was a memorable occasion that made Zhang Ye want to give a song of love.

You are my little, dear little apple*!

Lighting my life's fire fire fire fire!

Forget it, it spoils the atmosphere a bit. It's best not to sing it!

Anyway, Zhang Ye was now feeling very daring. He felt life was pleasant.

But when Zhang Ye wanted to change his position, with his palm preparing to attack the landlady's seductive ass, Rao Chenchen suddenly woke up!

The little rascal said in a daze, "Aunt, I'm hungry!"

The landlady said gracefully, "Got it."

"Aunt, I'm hungry." The little rascal constantly nagged with her eyes closed. "I'm hungry. I'm hungry."

Suddenly, Rao Aimin was awake. Her body suddenly stretched and in a blink of an eye threw away Zhang Ye's unmannerly hands!

Before Zhang Ye could even react, his wrist was pinched by Rao Aimin!

His eyes went blurry and his head went dizzy. Zhang Ye had no idea what had happened. He only felt the world spinning, and even the ceiling and the ceiling lights and pictures on the wall had flashed past him. Then, his ass was thrown off the bed. Only then did he feel the intense pain!

"Aiyah, hey!" Zhang Ye screamed.

Rao Aimin looked at him from the bed, "So it was you! What were you doing on the bed!?"

As Zhang Ye moaned, he said, "Of course I'm there. Ah, wasn't I telling stories to Chenchen yesterday. I was also sleepy and then I fell asleep!"

Rao Aimin stared at him, "Then what were you touching me for!"

Zhang Ye was dumbfounded, "You did not know I was around?"

He finally understood. Damn, the landlady had not quietly allowed him to take advantage of her, but it was because she had been sleeping with little Chenchen these past few days, so she had treated him as Chenchen? She thought the person touching her was her niece? Hence, she said, "Stop messing around." Just now, when Chenchen shouted that she was hungry, the voice came from the other side of the bed. Only then did Rao Aimin realize? And then

threw Zhang Ye off the bed!

It was a misunderstanding!

Your sister, it was a big misunderstanding!

Zhang Ye felt like crying his heart out. He laid on the ground, without being able to get up. It was too painful. He didn't even know what had happened. He had been thrown off the bed with a single hand of the landlady. Big Sister Rao! Goddess Rao! How much strength do you have? You did a over-shoulder throw with one hand? That was too crazy! But since Zhang Ye was initially the one at fault, he could only be the first to complain despite being the one to offend. He lain on the ground screaming, "I can't take it anymore! Aiyah! I'm dying! My waist has broken! I can't take it anymore!"

Rao Aimin glanced at him, "Who let you grope!? Fine, stop screaming. Treat it as I mistakenly overused my strength!"

Zhang Ye was embarrassed, so he shouted even louder, "Oh, my elbows! Aiyah, my knee! Aiyah, my disc!" It was quite a catchy phrase.

Rao Aimin wrapped the towel on her body again, then stepped off the bed with her bare feet. She squatted down and touched his elbow, "Is there pain here?"

Zhang Ye said, "It's not painful here."

"What about here?" Rao Aimin examined his knee.

"Ah, it's not painful here, too," Zhang Ye said.

"What about here?" Rao Aimin pressed on his intervertebral disc.

"Also not painful," Zhang Ye said.

Rao Aimin kicked him in the ass with an unhappy face, "Damn kid, if it's not painful, why are you screaming? Quickly get up. It's no big deal!"

Zhang Ye's screams became worse, "I can't get up, I can't move!"

Rao Aimin curled her mouth and stretched her arm underneath his waist. And like she was lifting a bag of rice, she threw Zhang Ye onto the bed. It was unknown if she knew traditional Chinese medicine, as Rao Aimin checked his pulse. She then firmly said, "It's alright. You just have some muscle injury. Lie down. I'll give you some medicine!" Turning towards Chenchen, she said, "Bring my medicine box over. It's at the bottom of the cabinet."

Chenchen gave a nonchalant, "Oh." and went to take it.

Zhang Ye was still shocked that he had been thrown by Rao Aimin with one arm, "Landlady Auntie, have you practiced kungfu before?"

"Why do you care?"

"Then why are you so powerful?"

"Don't mind my business."

"...Oh." Zhang Ye did not ask again.

With the medicine box brought over, Rao Aimin took a bottle of safflower oil. It was one of those especially old bottles. Right, it was like those sesame oil bottles.

"What's that?" Zhang Ye complained, "Will it work?"

"Are you just full of nonsense? Lie down and stay still!" Rao Aimin pricked him with a sentence. She then spread the safflower oil on him and massaged him, "Tell me where it hurts!"

After seeing this, Chenchen went downstairs. She was probably too hungry, so she went searching for food.

After rubbing him a few times, Rao Aimin went onto the bed with her bare feet. It was likely because her pose was not conducive for her to use her strength, and it was also uncomfortable. She crouched

beside Zhang Ye's side and massaged his back. This allowed her to use more strength.

"It's painful here, it's painful here!"

"Got it."

"It's painful here, too!"

"...Alright. Bear with it."

Rao Aimin must have definitely learned before, for her technique was very good. She was more professional than a professional.

Zhang Ye's pain was slowly alleviated. What replaced it was more and more pleasure. It felt so good! It was too comfortable! Zhang Ye enjoyed it while closing his eyes!

"Still painful?"

"Painful."

"Why don't you look like you are suffering to me?"

"No, it's especially painful!"

Rao Aimin did not say anything more. She carried on massaging his back and thigh. She even grabbed his ass and gave him an angular massage.

Suddenly, Zhang Ye turned his head and saw a flowery scene. As the landlady was crouching on the bed and her body was wrapped in a towel, the opening to the towel by her thighs was undefended. As Zhang Ye's position was low, so he could clearly see what was underneath! As he was afraid the landlady would discover it, Zhang Ye did not dare to keep looking. He looked away, but after waiting a while, he turned his head to sneak a peek.

Ten minutes later.

Rao Aimin patted his ass, "Alright, it's done."

Zhang Ye sat up and stretched, "Why do I still feel sore?"

"Of course. You should be happy that it was just a simple muscle pull after being thrown by me. If I had really gone all out, it would be a light injury if you forearms and calves were only fractured." Rao Aimin chased him off the bed, "Hurry up and get lost. Be more honest when you sleep and don't go groping around!"

"I haven't eaten breakfast." Zhang Ye looked at her.

"None! Go home and make your own!" Rao Aimin said.

Zhang Ye could only hobble downstairs to return to his home.

Yes, this is the end of the chapter. Why? You asked why the title is called "The Landlady's Loss"? Alright, it's because I wrote the wrong word. The title should be "The Landlady's Mistake"!

Hai, actually, it's about the same.

*This song is "", a Chinese song by the Chopsticks Brothers that went viral in 2014. It was also remade into a , sung by Korean girl group, T-ARA

Chapter 99 - The Five Million Copyright Fee has been Banked In!

Home.

After returning from the landlady's house in the morning, Zhang Ye crashed back into bed. There was nothing he could do about it. Rao Aimin's throw had caused him to go into a daze. He had still not recovered from it. Of course, the landlady was not easily taken advantage of. He had been taught a lesson, a bloody lesson!

Beep, beep. A short message was received.

Zhang Ye twisted his arm while feeling the pain and tapped on the phone. However, the next moment, he could not be calm. His waist did not ache, and his legs were no longer painful!

It was a notification from the bank!

He had received the copyright fees! There was more than five million Yuan!

Excluding taxes, this was the amount Zhang Ye received for selling "Ghost Blows Out the Light" and several of his fairy tale stories!

His cellphone vibrated. A call was coming in. It was a call from the man from the Beijing Education Publishing Firm, "Hello, Teacher Little Zhang. Haha, did you received the royalty fees?

Congratulations! The sales for 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' yesterday was a huge success. No, I should say it was an unprecedented success! In all these years, our publishing firm had never, besides non-commercial publications, had a first day sales record of 90,000 copies!" He was very excited, "To be working with you, it is our honour. All along the way, you have been a man of miracles!"

Zhang Ye laughed, "You are generous with your praises, I'm not that great. It's great due to your sales promotions."

"But this sales figure is certain to decline; it won't be able to hold at such high numbers going forward. Our most conservative estimates say that we will hit at least 700,000 copies per series this year. The next year estimates will likely increase very little, but we will still reprint. I think that with time, to break through a million copies sales per series should not be a problem at all." said the middle-aged man excitedly.

This sales figure was also within Zhang Ye's own estimates. It wasn't too much of a surprise to him, "How about the fairy tale stories?"

The middle aged man reported happily, "We have already started on the promotions. When some of the bookstores and web stores knew that we were going to publish a compilation of "Snow White", "The Wizard of Oz" and other fairy tales, many of them approached us to make pre-orders. The pre-order figures are already over 30,000. We have also put a priority on this publication. The firm's Leader has already decided to speed up the publication of your fairy tales for release in a short time!"

They hung up.

Zhang Ye was still a little worried, so he went online to check his bank account. There was indeed 5 million more in his account. This large amount of money made Zhang Ye dizzy. When had he ever seen so much money?

I'm rich!

Time to buy a house and car!

Zhang Ye first thoughts were to buy a 3 bedroom apartment within the 2nd Ring Road of Beijing City. Then what next? Then what's left to buy? Cough, cough... All you can buy is a fart, because you still have to pay it in installments after that! 5 million and you want to buy a 3 bedroom apartment within the 2nd Ring Road of Beijing City? That is something that would only happen in the New York Times and the Washington Post!

At once, Zhang Ye opened up Weibo to interact with his followers. This was an activity that he liked doing very much recently because his followers had increased to around 89,000 odd people. He had found out that he could increase his Reputation this way, too. As long as he posted something interesting or something that left them in admiration, he would gain a certain amount of Reputation. After all, this was also a form of social media, not unlike that of a radio or TV station.

After posting: Received the royalty fees, but after doing some calculations, I'm still far from buying a house. Forget it; I won't be buying one after all.

Unsure if ZhangYeNumber1Fan had been on standby for Zhang Ye the whole day, immediately after it was posted, the first to forward and comment on it was him, "That can't be? Teacher Zhang also cannot afford a house?"

"How much is the royalty fee? Requesting for insider news!"

"Definitely on the level of a million. 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' is too hot!"

"How can it be just a million? It has to be at least a few millions to do justice to a work like this!"

"Haha, Teacher Zhang is deliberately playing dumb again. But honestly, property prices are getting expensive. I doubt I will ever be able to afford one in my lifetime. I can only afford to rent."

Everyone was busy discussing.

Suddenly, a nasty comment appeared, "Is this Zhang Ye retarded? How are property prices expensive? It's cheap enough. If you can't afford it, it's because you are useless. Don't complain. Even though I can't afford one myself, the people around me have all bought one and have paid in full. And they're even in the top-tier cities!"

This poster was nicknamed "I'mTheBest".

Someone below replied, "Are you for real? Paid in full? Top-tier city?"

"I'mTheBest" replied "Of course. Those are even houses in the city. It's not difficult!"

"Laughable." Someone retorted, "Do you even know how much property prices are right now? Don't you watch the news?"

ZhangYeNumber1Fan was speechless, "This person watches the news, but I bet it's News Simulcast*!"

After following Zhang Ye's Weibo, many of these followers were "fighters". This challenge had provoked a war. Everyone was now arguing!

All of these comments were posted under Zhang Ye's Weibo post, so, of course, he felt helpless and irritated. Scolding me? Even saying property prices are cheap? So he followed up with a post "Everyone, don't argue. Actually, 'I'mTheBest' has a point there. I also know a friend who paid in full for a house in a top-tier city, too. It's not impossible. You can still work for others and be able to afford a so-called luxury home. This is not an impossible dream."

"An employee can afford a luxury home?"

"How's that possible!"

"Eh? Why is Teacher Zhang talking for that guy?"

"There's can't be any logic in this? Even a fool knows how high property prices are!"

"Teacher Zhang's gone crazy today, right?"

The masses were now questioning Zhang Ye. Some of their comments were very nasty.

Zhang Ye replied, seemingly unaffected "Listen to my friend's story first." He had randomly remembered a very popular story from his

old world.

"Tell us!"

"How is this not bullshit!"

"I would like to see how you explain yourself out of this!"

A lot of people began to talk down to him.

Zhang Ye posted "Five years ago, my friend Xiaoke ran into walls when he was seeking employment. In the end, he found a job as a small-time programmer in a small IT company in Beijing. After half a year, Xiaoke felt that he could not continue on like this anymore and came up with a plan to buy a house within five years. Every step was carefully planned and followed! 'At first, it was really difficult. I could not do any social or entertainment activities.' Xiaoke related. 'From the start, I used any free time from work to study financial planning and programming courses to increase my knowledge.' Just like that, Xiaoke took all sorts of IT certification exams and got his company to give him yearly raises in increments of 3%. 'I even applied for management courses and got to know many outstanding industry people.' Using such networking, Xiaoke slowly built up his contacts. Finally, with the five years of accumulated savings of 50,000, adding on the 7.95 million that his parents gave to him, Xiaoke managed to buy his first ever house. It's even a house in Beijing City's 2nd Ring Road area. 'Having a dream that can be turned into reality is the most beautiful.' said Xiaoke with determination in his eyes."

At first, everyone was still seriously reading, trying to understand Xiaoke's miraculous plan to buy a house and learn from it. But when the story ended, everyone passed out!

"Pu!"

"Hahaha!"

"That was a godly reversal!"

"This is definitely Teacher Zhang's style!"

"Teacher Zhang is too cute! That was such a tease!"

"This is what a master is. A short story can be written with such sarcasm and depth!"

"Turns out to be ironic! I had thought that Teacher Zhang went crazy! I quickly apologize! I'm ashamed to have treated Teacher Zhang wrongly! I will definitely support you in the future!"

"This story has written out our voices and frustrations!"

"This is what a writer should be, at least to me. Look at Teacher Zhang; he can write modern poetry, ancient melody poetry, novels, fairy tales and even such thought provoking and humorous short stories. The Beijing Writers' Association must be blind. Are you sure that you won't be admitting Teacher Zhang Ye into the association?"

This story had actually been so overused back in Zhang Ye's old world. If you surf the internet often enough, you'd have heard of this story before. But it has never appeared in this world before, so everyone's curiosity was piqued and they laughed so hard at it. Then came the forwarding and dissemination of the story!

A simple short story like that had now been voted to rank 9 of the main page!

An explosive viral effect had been achieved within such a short time!

This also made Zhang Ye secretly shocked. The power of the masses was indeed great. The number of Weibo fans and his Reputation points were both increasing! It seemed like he had to do such things more often in the future. He could not give up any opportunity to be famous. His goal was to be the world's number one superstar, so naturally, he had to grab every opportunity. No matter how small a mosquito was, it was still flesh. If he could go onto the front page of Weibo or make the headlines, it would greatly increase his popularity. And the poems, novels, passages and essays in Zhang

Ye's mind were what he relied on greatly. He was not lacking in knowledge!

*News Simulcast () is considered to be a government inclined news outlet.

Chapter 100 - Buying a Car!

Afternoon.

The landlady auntie did not cook for Zhang Ye anymore. He grabbed something to fill his stomach before going online to transfer 100,000 Yuan to his father. It was an instantaneous transaction. After the transfer was made, his mum called him with her cellphone.

"Son, did you transfer money to your dad?" his mum asked with some surprise.

"Yes, my royalty fees have been paid, so I transferred 100,000 over to spend first." Zhang Ye said like he was a nouveau riche, "When you finish spending it, you can ask me for more! We are not short on money!"

"You are really my good son." Mom said happily, "Is the money for me or your dad?"

Zhang Ye did not know to cry or laugh, "Isn't it the same who I give it to? Alright, alright, it's for you."

Mom seemed to be showing off at Dad on the other side of the phone, "Heard that? Our son is giving it to me. Don't you touch the money. In a while, I'll go buy some jewelry. Our family has been suffering for so many years, and we have finally reversed our situation. Ha, my son is indeed capable. Mom did not work for nothing by feeding you through sh*t and pee!"

So, I grew up being fed sh*t and pee?

Then everyone, please be careful when you are close to me!

Recalling how others talk about their youth, they would say stuff like, "thinking back to my innocent childhood", and then say how it was, but when it was my turn, it's "thinking back to my days of being fed sh*t and pee childhood"? Just this impressive opening speech would

make people listen to his childhood stories with their noses pinched!

Zhang Ye grumbled to himself a little, then finished up the conversation with his mother before taking an afternoon nap.

.....

In his dreamlike state.

Bang, bang, bang. Someone was knocking on the door.

"Brother!"

"Brother, open the door!"

"We know you are home!"

Zhang Ye was awoken by three chattering voices. He knew from their voices at once that they were his cousins, "Coming, coming!" After putting on his clothes, he went to open the door.

three nice-smelling girls streamed into the room.

The slightly more reserved eldest sister, Cao Dan, stuck out her tongue, "Brother, I was pulled over by the both of them."

The second sister, Cao Tong, smiled and put her arms over Zhang Ye's shoulder, "We heard from First Aunty about your new book. It earned a few million?"

"Is that so? Why do I not know about it?" Zhang Ye played dumb. He thought to himself that he had been utterly defeated by his mum. His mum's loud mouth was really strong. Oh, it's only been an hour and the secret is out? Did everyone in the family find out, too?

The third sister, Cao Mengmeng, pouted cutely, "Brother, you are already a big time author. How can you be so stingy? We already know and you still don't want to admit it?" She shamelessly sat down on Zhang Ye's bed, not even removing her shoes before she laid down, "I don't care. In any case, I want the newest model of a Phoenix

laptop, the ultra thin type. If you don't buy it for me, I will not leave." She rascally kicked her feet in the air.

Phoenix laptop? It should be a brand of this world, since Zhang Ye has never heard of it.

Cao Tong also laid down on the bed, "I'm not leaving either. I want an OC business class laptop!"

"Their eldest sister, Cao Dan, looked at Zhang Ye and coughed, "Brother, I also lack a laptop. Any type is fine, as long as it's usable."

Zhang Ye seemingly scammed, "Sure. If you aren't leaving, I will."

"Brother, you are bullying us!" Cao Mengmeng's eyes turned red. Don't even mention that acting, "When I go back, I will tell First Aunt and Uncle that you bullied us!"

When a hard stance doesn't work, try the soft way.

Zhang Ye was just the type to fall for emotional blackmail, "What are you doing? What are you crying for!"

Cao Mengmeng said with tearful eyes, "You are earning so much money, yet you won't even spend some to buy things for your sisters. Aren't you ashamed to be our brother? Not ashamed?"

The hypocrite rascal Cao Tong also joined in the pitiful nagging, "Brother....."

Cao Dan, witnessing it all, said, "Why not you buy it for them both; they need it for their studies. Forget about me."

"I can tell that you three are here to rob me." Zhang Ye laughed bitterly. He knew that he could not escape this, so he said, "Alright, alright. Buy it; I will reimburse you all!"

Cao Mengmeng immediately stopped crying and jumped in excitement, "Long live Brother!"

Cao Tong had wanted to buy a laptop since a long time ago. She went over to give Zhang Ye a peck on his cheeks, "I love you to death, Brother! My sister is included too, right?"

"Yes, yes. There's one for everyone." Zhang Ye helplessly said.

The three sisters were all very happy at this time. They hugged together and cheered!

Zhang Ye was also happy to see them so joyful. They quickly pulled him out of the house to go with them to the mall to buy the laptops.

Sigh, I can't help it that I'm their brother. Let's go!

.....

At Yintai Mall beside Jiaomen subway.

"Brother, this is the laptop that I want!"

"Buy."

"Brother, that is the one I want."

"Buy."

"Brother, I want this laptop."

".....Buy."

"Brother, can I also have a bag? It's only 800. Not really that expensive."

".....Buy."

"Brother, I would like a pair of sunglasses and also, you are now a famous author; you will need one too. This is a unisex design. One for you and one for me, okay?"

".....Buy."

Outside the mall, the three sisters had theirs arms full and took the subway home.

Zhang Ye's mouth complained, but he did not feel sorry at all. He was more capable now, so taking care of his little sisters was the normal thing to do. He was really not feeling sorry, only that his heart was bleeding a little. This trip had cost him over 10,000. The blood was splashed all over!

These three prodigal women!

I will definitely not let them enter the door in the future!

Wearing his new sunglasses, Zhang Ye wandered around in the streets. He walked until he came upon a large 4S shop. (4S – Sales, spare parts, service, survey. An integrated auto shop.) Zhang Ye no longer wanted to buy a house. Although he was usually stingy, there were things that he wanted only the best of. For example: a house. He couldn't buy a large one with only five million. It wasn't too bad where he stayed now, so why not be a little cautious? But a car? That he had the capability to buy. It would be more convenient and besides, he will be starting work at the TV station in a few days, either as a guest or a host of a show. If he were to continue taking public transport, that would somewhat be belittling his status.

He went inside.

A female shop assistant came over, "Sir, which price range of a car would you like to look at?"

"Show me around. I want to see if there's any I like, thank you." Zhang Ye had a passion for cars. He was a man, after all. He was all excited since stepping foot in here.

"Sure. This way, please." The female shop assistant in her high heels said, "What do you think of this sedan model? It's an imported Reizi, top of the range. 4T, and is selling very well right now."

Reizi?

What the hell was that brand!

Zhang Ye waved his hands, "I don't really like it."

"How about this model? It's a J-Bond, imported from Europe. It's a seven seater, very suitable for the family outings. It is very spacious. It's also very suitable for businesses." The shop assistant introduced.

J-Bond?

Why don't you call it a Durex instead!

Zhang Ye continued to shake his head. He was not interested in this world's new car manufacturers. Although these brands may not be "new", Zhang Ye still had totally no concept of them. He still preferred the manufacturers of his old world, maybe because he was nostalgic, or because he was used to them. Or maybe even because those were the only things that reminded Zhang Ye that he did not truly belong in this world.

Eh! He saw it!

BMW! There's "Don't Touch Me" (**B** ie **M** o **W** o) over here, too!

Upon going further over to the other side, he saw the logo of Mercedes-Benz, too!

There weren't many brands that this shop was selling, so he could only find two brands that were exactly the same as the ones back in his world, "What about the BMW?" He wanted to know whether BMW was also a high-end manufacturer here.

The female shop assistant blinked, "BMW is an international brand, but it's quite expensive." She looked at Zhang Ye's dressing, obviously thinking that Zhang Ye could not afford it.

"Can you tell me more about it?" Zhang Ye didn't mind.

The female shop assistant said okay and pointed at one of them,

"This is the BMW 3 series, recommended selling price is 320,000, but there's a promotion right now and the price is lower by 10,000. This is the BMW 5 series...."

After understanding the situation, Zhang Ye found out that the BMW here and the BMW from his world were almost exactly the same. The models, configurations, exterior and interiors were hardly different. He was immediately relieved. He thought about it, and felt that he was more inclined towards BMW's SUVs. They were larger, more stable and looked more impressive!

If he was buying, make it a good one!

X5 or X6? Which is better?

X6 look more stylish. It was sportier. X5 was much more stable and had an air of dominance.

Zhang Ye eyes swept over them several times. He had taken fancy to the X5. He pointed to the X5 far away at the display window, "How much is that?"

The female shop assistant hesitated slightly, "That model is not a conventional X5. You should be referring to the one over here." She pointed at an exactly same looking black X5 beside her, "This one with a lower configuration is 804,000. There is ready stock available."

Zhang Ye said, "The two are not the same, right?"

The female shop assistant smiled wryly "They look the same, but the one you pointed out earlier, that's the bulletproof version of the X5. It's the current year upgraded version of the bulletproof X5. The recommended selling price is 4,720,000. With a full configuration, it would be slightly above 5,000,000. It's the most expensive BMW model here."

Bulletproof vehicle?

Upgraded version?

There's even the bulletproof X5 in this world?

When Zhang Ye heard that, he got excited. They had this over in his world, too. It was also released this year. He remembered that when he was lucky enough to have a ticket to see the International Security Equipment Expo at the Conference Center, a promotional video for the X5 bulletproof vehicle caught his attention. He swore at that time that if he ever became a superstar, he would buy one for himself. Now that his dream was right before his eyes, Zhang Ye was trembling!

Five million?

Zhang Ye clenched his teeth and forced himself to point toward the armored vehicle, "I will take that!"

"Ah?" The female shop assistant was dumbfounded, "Are you sure about that?"

"I am very sure. Do you have available stock?" Zhang Ye inquired.

"There's no available stock, you have to place a reservation. We have to transfer the stock from another location. You can collect the car in about two days. It doesn't take too long." The female shop assistant, upon realising that Zhang Ye was serious about buying, became excited, too. This was the most expensive car in their shop and had been on display for several months without selling, even though there were a lot of curious viewers. She wouldn't have thought that a car worth over five million would be sold by her, a rookie employee. She felt happy to death about the successful sale!

"Okay, then I will pay the deposit first. Please expedite the transfer of the car." Zhang Ye exhilaratingly followed the shop assistant to make his payment.

This world's right to obtain a license plate was also through a . At least, the machine that did it was stricter than Zhang Ye's world. The probability was very tiny, but there was a government policy that if

any local family did not have any member who had a car under their name, they did not need to participate in the lottery the first time they bought a car. As such, Zhang Ye fulfilled that criteria.

Translator's Note: Zhang Ye buying a bulletproof car was foreshadowed in Chapter 5, "Rolls Royce car? Can you not be so humorous!? Can you really not be so humorous!? If I don't sit in a bulletproof car when I go out, what happens if I get targeted for assassination?"

Chapter 101 - One Day at the Television Station

A few days later.

The long National Day holidays were over.

Now, Zhang Ye was already so poor you could hear his coins jingle. However, when he woke up to go downstairs to the BMW X5 in the parking lot, he felt that it was all worth it. He had obtained his driving license when he was in his fourth year in college when there weren't many classes. Yesterday, the car had already been brought back by Zhang Ye. After settling the procedures for his license plate, he drove with an air of dignity out of the parking lot.

4.4L!

330kW!

Turbocharged!

Its external appearance looked similar, but the inside was different. The configuration of a bulletproof X5 was completely different from a normal X5. Even if it did not compare with the ordinary X5's low configuration, even comparing it to the X5's high configuration, the bulletproof X5 was better than it by a mile. It was definitely worth its price!

It was extremely cool!

People in the community raised their eyebrows. Some were envious, some twitched their mouths, and some looked at it respectfully.

When he went passed his block, Rao Aimin happened to be throwing out the trash. Her eyes were sharp and saw the car, "Eh, Little Zhang? You bought a car?"

Zhang Ye braked and lowered the windows with a smile as he patted

the steering wheel, "How about it, Landlady Auntie? This car is not bad, right? Ha, you don't have to say. You must think this is a normal X5, right? Let me tell you that it is definitely not. It looks the same, but my car..."

Rao Aimin glanced at him, "It's just about five million. Look at your smug look."

Zhang Ye said, "Ah, you know this is a bulletproof car?"

Rao Aimin mocked, "You think you are the only one who can afford it? I previously drove this before. But it was not an upgraded version. I drove a normal bulletproof X5."

Zhang Ye perspired. He had bragged to the wrong person!

Your sister! Only now did he recall that the landlady owned several residential apartments in a certain level of a certain building in his district. Just any two small apartments would already cost 5,000,000. If she had bought the larger ones, it would exceed 5,000,000. And this was just buying at a whim. Who knows if the landlady had other property and savings? Zhang Ye estimated that even if he sold another ten copyrights to "Ghost Blows Out the Light", each selling for 6,000,000, he would not have a chance to compete with a female tycoon like the landlady. He was far from it!

Forget it; I'll not compete with you!

If he couldn't compete upwards, he could compete downwards!

Zhang Ye drove to work grumpily.

En route, Zhang Ye had purposely driven slower. He drove slowly, so as to enjoy the attention from others. Actually, this was nonsense; he couldn't drive fast even if he wanted. This was the Third Ring Road, and it was during rush hour; how could he drive fast? That must be you dreaming while driving due to fatigue! In Beijing, even if you had an Alto, you could not push it to its maximum horsepower. If you ignored your safety and sought a thrill? Then there's no need to ask;

when you take out your cellphone from your bag, there would definitely be a short message waiting for you: Hebei Mobile welcomes you!

.....

Beijing Television Station.

Arts Channel, station logo, BTV – Arts.

In the past, Beijing's channels were represented by numbers. For example, BTV-2 (the Arts Channel from back then) and BTV3. Now that they had been changed to text across the board, making it more convenient.

The Beijing Television Station Arts Channel had the purpose of "Broadcast the Strengths of an Era to Serve the Capital's People". It adhered to correct guidance of public opinion, and used existing resources to its maximum effect, creating a new literary entertainment image. There were 11 programs in all, including celebrity interviews, film and television special topics, variety interaction, cultural information, etc. All of them were artistic programs with different styles and themes. In fact, to put it plainly, it was pretty similar to Zhang Ye's previous job at the radio station's Literature Channel. However one was an audio media, while the other was a television media. The size of the audience base differed greatly.

Arts Channel D office.

30+-year-old Hou Ge (elder brother Hou) smiled, "I heard that we will be getting a rookie?"

"I heard that, too." Another, Hou Di (younger brother Hou), who looked exactly the same as him said, "I think it's either a host or guest? Dafei, did you hear about it?"

Dafei seldom listened to gossip, "No idea."

Hou Ge asked, "Xiao Lu? Do you know?"

The lady sitting behind said, "I'm a newcomer; how would I know?"

"Fine. You think all of us are old people?" Hou Di was using a razor to shave somewhere he had missed shaving, "We are newcomers, too. At most, we were hired a few days earlier than you. My brother and I came from making television dramas. Dafei does movie scenes."

Xiao Lu said, "I was previously from a newspaper editorial. I knew Teacher Hu a long time ago, and thanks to Teacher Hu appreciating me, I came over."

"Everyone is the same." Hou Ge said.

Hou Di said, "Right. We must communicate more often in the future."

"We are now all considered old people." Hou Ge suggested a bad idea, "When the rookie comes, we should put him in his place. As a host, his status is higher than us, so when he gets arrogant, and starts ordering us around, it wouldn't be good."

Xiao Lu raised her hand in support, "Agreed."

Dafei quietly said, "...Nothing better to do."

The Arts Channel's D office, with D representing the program time slot. This office was also for programs of a certain time slot. As the program for that time slot was still being broadcast, and their program team had just been established, everyone here was a newcomer. It was considered a program team that Hu Fei had formed himself. Some of them may have dabbled in television, or movies, or editorials, but no one was a layperson. All these skills were portable. They must have had excellent results in their own fields to obtain Hu Fei's appreciation.

"Hey, there are footsteps."

"Someone is coming, someone is coming."

They looked towards the door.

At this moment, Zhang Ye was brought in by Hu Fei into the D office area. Although it's described as an office area, it was actually just a bit bigger than a fart. It was very tiny. There were six to seven desks and four people.

Hu Fei smiled and explained the situation, "This place is different from your radio station. Every channel will have its program teams separated into different offices. Our program will still take some time before it gets broadcast, so there aren't that many people. When the program is done planning, the personnel and equipment will increase. But for now, if we want to record a program, we still need to get other personnel from the station to help. It's quite troublesome."

Zhang Ye smiled, "It will be better in the future."

"Yes, with Teacher Little Zhang joining us, we are like tigers that have gained wings." After that, Hu Fei introduced the people inside, "These are Hou Ge and Hou Di. They are twins. Of course, these aren't their real names. But to distinguish them better, we call them this way. Their position is that of program director. This is Dafei; he deals with program design and the scene. In terms of technology, he is also very proficient. This is Xiao Lu, a text editor. She's an elite in the industry. I spent a lot of effort to headhunt Xiao Lu over. Anyway, all of us here are elites. The general team will be this. In the short-term, I do not have plans on adding others. After all, we are doing some history- and educational-related program. We do not need as many people as the variety shows do. For example, for lighting and cameras, the station has a complete set mechanism, so we just need to borrow people when the time comes."

Hu Fei was the program's overall-in-charge and overall-director and overall-producer and executive producer.

Man, he had so many positions and led five staff members? It was indeed a bit shabby.

Although the Arts Channel's signal could not cover the whole country, and could at most cover the capital's region, its ratings were pretty good. It was considered quite a popular channel in Beijing, and the local audience were very loyal. For example, Zhang Ye and Zhang Ye's parents had grown up watching the Arts Channel. But why were there so few people? It was probably because Hu Fei was new here after having job-hopped, so he did not want others to meddle in his core team. So he was more focused on quality than quantity? Allowing him ease to express himself?

Zhang Ye immediately shook hands with everyone, "Hello, everyone. I'm very pleased to meet you. I'm Zhang Ye."

Hu Fei said, "Let Little Zhang introduce himself. I have a meeting to go to, so I'm leaving first. Communicate well, and do the program design again."

After he finished speaking, he left.

Left behind were Zhang Ye and four others.

Xiao Lu glanced at him, "Zhang Ye, what did you do in the past?"

Zhang Ye said, "Oh, I was a radio anchor."

Xiao Lu was curious, "It seems Brother Hu appreciates you greatly. What sort of results did you have in the past?"

"Nothing spectacular." Zhang Ye said modestly, "Just some trivial stuff. Brother Hu was too kind."

"A radio anchor can come over to be a host?" Hou Ge blinked, "How old are you? Should we call you Little Zhang in the future? Come sit here. This is your desk."

"Alright, thank you Hou Ge." Zhang Ye smiled and didn't mind it. He took his things and sat over there.

Seeing that Zhang Ye was a person who could communicate easily

with them, Hou Ge began to take advantage of his seniority, "Little Zhang, in the future, we must communicate more often. If you have anything you do not know, ask me. Although my brother and I were not in the television business, we have still done many years of television dramas, so we are definitely more experienced than you."

Zhang Ye said, "Sure, I'll consult with you if I have anything I do not know in the future."

He finally understood. These colleagues of his were not exactly people of his industry. They had come from other industries over the past few days. It was no wonder that they did not know who he was. In the industry, few would not know of Zhang Ye, especially in the Beijing Television Station. Any veteran or person who had paid attention to the Golden Microphone Awards, or had heard chatter from colleagues, would definitely know about Zhang Ye.

This was good, too.

He was able to get along much more easily.

After Zhang Ye got used to it, he was quite pleased with his environment.

From another side, Dafei looked at him, "If you have a problem with computers, look for me. There's nothing I can't handle." Then, he handed over a document in a strictly business manner, "This is our program's planning. Everyone has one. I'll lend you my copy. I'll make a copy for you in a while." Saying that, he lowered his head and worked on his computer.

"Thank you, Brother Fei." Zhang Ye said.

Hou Ge stared at Dafei. They had already agreed to put the newcomer in his place, so why were you in a hurry? Hence, he said, "Little Zhang, we have unwritten rules that when a newcomer just arrives, he is in charge of cleaning and pouring water."

Zhang Ye was amused, "Alright, I'll do it. Who wants water?"

"I'll have one." Xiao Lu raised her hand, "Thanks."

"I want one, too. Thanks for the hard work." Hou Ge said.

Hou Di did not feel like it was right to get one, but Zhang Ye still poured a cup for him in the end.

Chapter 102 - Car Was Smashed by a Flower Pot!

Before noon.

Arts Channel D Office.

After he finished reading the program plans, Zhang Ye did not give any suggestions. He only absorbed the information and familiarized himself with the environment. He also built ties with his colleagues. This was the mission for his first day at work. After finishing the matters on his hands, Zhang Ye took the initiative to get up and went to a worker's room at the end of the corridor. He found a broom and dustpan to begin sweeping up the office. He was diligent and did the job well. He even cleaned the corners, which were a bit more dirty. Finally, he even used a cloth to wipe the window panes happily.

One pane...

Two panes...

Zhang Ye did not complain at all.

Xiao Lu took a glance and said quietly, "Were we too much?"

Hou Ge laughed, "Not at all. We are putting the rookie in his place. Everyone has to go through this initiation process. It's very common."

"But no matter what, Zhang Ye is a host, and Brother Hu appreciates him so much, so..." Hou Di also could not bear this any more.

Xiao Lu coughed, "Why don't I wipe, too?"

Hou Ge stopped her, "No, or this will be all for naught. Let's just order him around today. We'll return to usual tomorrow."

Xiao Lu could only say, "Alright."

Dafei expressed his attitude once again, "Nothing better to do."

Hou Ge rolled his eyes, "What do you know? In the future, you will thank me. Rookies need to be suppressed a bit, or they will revolt!"

Hou Di sighed, "I'll listen to my elder brother."

.....

Lunch break.

Zhang Ye had finished his chores and wiped his sweat and cleaned his hands. He was prepared to head to the cafeteria for his meal, but he was not sure where it was. "Hou Ge, shall we eat together? Where's the cafeteria? Do we need to make a meal card?"

Hou Ge laughed and patted him on the shoulder, "Little Zhang, since it's your first day, why don't we have a meal outside? Why bother with the cafeteria?"

Zhang Ye said, "Oh, sure. I didn't think that far ahead."

Xiao Lu's eyes lit up, "Where shall we eat?"

Hou Ge said, "We don't have to go to too good a place. Just any restaurant will do. Let's have a welcoming meal for Little Zhang. I heard there's a restaurant at Guomao that's not bad. The food is cheap and delicious." Saying that, he added on, "Little Zhang just graduated from college, so he can't have much money. We should help him save."

Hou Di was also hungry, "Alright."

"Dafei, are you going?" Hou Ge glanced at him.

"How can I not go, with all of you going?" Dafei put down his work.

The group of people left the small office and walked downstairs.

However, on the way, they met many employees of the television

station. Some of them were from the Arts Channel, while others were from other channels. What made them surprised was that when many people saw Zhang Ye, they gave off the feeling like they had jumped out of their skins. Some even flitted a glance at Zhang Ye, while some were even worse. They tried to avoid him as far as possible. And when Zhang Ye walked past them, they would all turn back and look at him. They would also enter into whispers and point at Zhang Ye.

"It's him."

"I saw him."

"He really came to our unit?"

"It can't be? Why did the Leader hire him?"

"It can't be? It's really him? Did you see wrongly?"

Out of the television station, Hou Ge was curious, "Little Zhang, why were they all looking at you?"

"That's right, that's right." Xiao Lu was also very surprised. "Aren't you a rookie? And yet people know you? The radio station doesn't show your face, but only your voice, right? That can't be!"

Zhang Ye laughed, "How would I know? They might not be looking at me."

"They must have recognized the wrong person." Hou Ge concluded and then said, "Right, my car can't be driven today. Which of you drive? We can't all be taking public transport there, right? Then we wouldn't be back in time in the afternoon. It will be too slow."

Zhang Ye took out his keys, "I drive."

Hou Ge was surprised, "Eh, you even have a car? Not bad, Little Zhang. Looks like you work very hard. You can buy a car just after a few months? Eh, this key..." He said in surprise, "BMW?"

Dafei seemed very interested, "Which series?"

"X5, I just received it yesterday," said Zhang Ye.

"Not bad, even the low configuration of the X5 costs hundreds of thousands," said Hou Di.

The few people came to the parking lot, while Zhang Ye drove to pick them up. Everyone got in the car, and the five people filled the car perfectly. As the space inside the car was very large, it did not feel crowded.

Dafei acclaimed, "Nice car."

Sparks flew out of Xiao Lu's eyes, "When will I be able to buy such a car that's worth hundreds of thousands?"

Hou Ge smiled, "Little sister Xiao Lu, my car is also a high configuration Reizi. The entire thing costs 700,000-800,000. If you like it, I'll let you drive it for a few days." He and his brother had a good job for the past few years, and their salaries were high. Hence, they gritted their teeth to buy a good car, so as to flaunt. Compared to the X5, their car was in no way inferior. Even its performance was slightly better than the X5, and was cheaper.

Just hundreds of thousands?

Hur Hur.

Zhang Ye did not say a word and just drove to their destination.

Xiao Lu was excited, "You said it, Hou Ge! That's great!"

Hou Ge waved his hand, "No problem at all. My car is your car. Drive it as you wish!"

"Hou Ge sure is chivalrous." Immediately, Xiao Lu no longer put too much thought on Zhang Ye's X5.

Even Dafei's eyes turned clear, "Hou Ge, lend it to me, too. I don't

have as much money as you. Lend it to me to have a thrill, too."

"Not a problem, not a problem." Hou Ge enjoyed their reactions.

Hou Ge was bragging about his Reizi along the way, saying how it was better than a BMW, and how the configuration was good. Everyone was listening to him.

Dafei said, "Indeed, the Reizi's performance is far better than a BMW. At the same price, its functionality and performance capabilities are about the same. BMW is really just selling its brand." Saying that, he paused and looked at the interior of Zhang Ye's X5, "But why do I think this BMW is a bit different? Is this really a X5? I've seen a few versions of the X5. My friend is in the car business, but why is the interior slightly different? And this glass..." He knocked on it, "Why is it so thick? The sound also doesn't seem right. Did you modify it?"

"No." Zhang Ye said.

"Then that's weird." Dafei gave a touch.

Hou Ge chuckled, "What's different? It's just the lowest configuration. I saw a 4S shop's price. It's 800,000, right, Little Zhang?"

Zhang Ye smiled, "About there."

"See? I'm right!" Hou Ge said, "It's just slightly inferior to my car."

Xiao Lu was impressed, "Hou Ge has the money, indeed."

Zhang Ye only focused on his driving. The restaurant recommended by Hou Ge was just in front, so he drove forward to search for parking. As the roadsides were full, Zhang Ye parked his car beside the restaurant's wall.

But suddenly, an accident happened!

Just as Zhang Ye stopped his car, and when his colleagues were about to alight, the sound of children's laughter came from the

windows on the fifth floor of the restaurant. Maybe they were messing around, but suddenly, a ceramic flower pot that contained Mo'orea flowers fell from the sky, smashing straight at the BMW X5!

"Ah!"

"Don't touch the flower pots!"

"Xiaotong, come down!"

"Oh, no! Oh, no! It fell down!"

"Those people downstairs, dodge!"

The voices of adults came from the fifth floor to warn the people below.

Hou Ge raised his head and was scared out of his wits, "Mommy! Run!"

Then, the flower pot slammed loudly into the rooftop of Zhang Ye's BMW. The flower pot was smashed into pieces, and the soil was scattered everywhere. The force involved was clearly great!

Hou Di shouted, "Hey!" He quickly got out of the car.

Dafei was also feeling sad, "This is a car that Zhang Ye just bought! This..."

Xiao Lu opened the door and shouted upstairs, "Who the hell lacks public courtesy!? Come down! What the heck!? Do you want to kill people?"

The staff from the restaurant were also worried. A few employees standing by the door rushed forward, "Is everyone okay? Is everyone okay?"

"We are fine!" Xiao Lu said angrily, "But the car..."

Dafei said, "This is a new car!"

The employee immediately said, "Sorry, sorry. We will settle it immediately. But the children upstairs are naughty, so..." He looked at the terrible state of the flower pot, and could imagine what the state the car would be after the impact. This was a BMW. If their restaurant had to pay the cost, they would...

Suddenly, a bunch of adults pulled their children downstairs.

A middle-aged woman came forward with an apologetic face, "Sorry, sorry. It was carelessness on my child's part." Seeing that no one was injured, she was relieved. But when she saw that a car had been smashed and the brand of the car, the middle-aged woman turned pale, "BMW? This... We can't afford to pay for it!"

A boy and two girls knew that they had made a mistake. They cried out loud.

Xiao Lu said in a hurry, "Just because you can't pay for it, that's the end? It's the fifth floor. With this impact, who knows if the car can still be driven. Maybe even the ignition has been destroyed! It's a new car!"

The few colleagues were worried for Zhang Ye.

However, the car owner, Zhang Ye, was very calm. He alighted from the car without any hurry, as if nothing had happened.

The middle-aged woman's eyes were red as she looked at Zhang Ye, "Sorry. We are really sorry. We did not do it on purpose. This car..."

The three children were crying loudly, looking very sad.

Zhang Ye smiled and touched the children's head, "Don't cry. It's alright." He looked at the woman, "Big Sis, go on up and have your meal. It's alright."

"But the car..." The woman was nearly on the brink of tears.

Zhang Ye said kindly, "Go back. You don't have to pay. My car is fine."

Dafei said, "What do you mean it's fine? The ignition might even be destroyed!"

Xiao Lu also pulled on Zhang Ye, "Why aren't you making them pay? Are you dumb!?"

Many of the people present did not know why the car owner was so calm. Did this person turn dumb from the impact?

However, Zhang Ye lightly walked before his car and used his hands to slowly wipe away the flower pot's fragments and soil. When everyone looked carefully at this, they were dumbfounded!

The roof was damaged?

The ignition was destroyed?

Your granny is destroyed! The car's roof was not damaged at all!

There was not even a scratch or mark! Even the f**king paint had not been chipped off!

Chapter 103 - Colleagues Realize Zhang Ye's Glorious Deeds!

This scene shocked everyone!

Hou Ge's eyes nearly popped out, "Your car...Your car is fine?"

"Impossible! Impossible!" Hou Di refused to have his beliefs shaken as he rushed forward to examine the car!

Dafei and Xiao Lu also rushed over. They touched the roof that had been smashed by the flower pot. Then they touched the front windshield that had also been hit by the fragments of the flower pot. Then they looked at each other in shock. They did not know what to say anymore. They looked like they had seen a ghost! Regardless if it was seen far away or up close, or even if it was touched with one's hand, the car's roof and the glass were completely intact!

This was from the fifth storey!

A fifth storey that was more than ten meters high!

A flower pot filled with soil was not light. Furthermore, with acceleration from gravity, a normal car would be dented from the smash. A small dent or even the hood flipping open would be expected, even for European cars with thicker shielding. The X5 was no exception!

But Zhang Ye's car was fine!

It was as if the thing that came crashing down was a bubble wrap!

The mother of the children that caused trouble, the middle-aged woman, also came forward in a daze together with her relatives to confirm. Finally, she looked at Zhang Ye, "Little brother, your car..."

Zhang Ye waved his hand, "I said that my car is fine. You don't have to pay. However, take care of your children. Thankfully, we got lucky;

if it had hit someone, it would be no trivial matter."

"I know, I know." The middle-aged woman said excitedly, "Thank you. Thanks."

Then she quickly got her children to apologize to Zhang Ye.

The child said with tear-stained cheeks, "Uncle, sorry."

Zhang Ye patted him on the head, "It's alright. Be careful next time."

Although the matter was settled, everyone still remained. More people crowded around the car. Many of them had been eating in the restaurant or had happened to walk by. They had witnessed it with their own eyes, and did not know what had happened. Why was this car...

Suddenly, Dafei thought of a possibility, he exclaimed, "Holy sh*t! Zhang Ye! This car of yours is not a regular X5! This is a X5 bulletproof car!"

Hou Ge was stunned, "Bullet, bulletproof car?"

Hou Di and Xiao Lu said, "Ah, that can't be?"

"Why not!?" Dafei slapped himself in the forehead, "I was already saying that it didn't feel right when sitting inside. The engine's sound was not the sound of the horsepower from a low configuration. It did not sound so thick, and the interior has slight differences from a normal X5. Also that glass... It clearly gave a heavier thud than normal glass-reinforced plastic. And one can tell with the naked eye that it's much thicker!"

Xiao Lu said with a daze, "It's really a bulletproof car?"

"Definitely! I dare to swear!" Dafei had done research on this as he vowed, "This came out this year! And it might even be an upgraded X5 bulletproof version! No wonder it was fine, even after being smashed by a flower pot from the fifth floor! This is a bulletproof car

worth about 5 million Yuan! It can even resist bullets! What more a tiny flower pot! I heard that they had tested it overseas. As long as it's not too close to an exploding hand grenade or rocket-propelled round, this car can protect the safety of the people inside!"

Hou Ge said in horror, "How, how much did you say?"

Dafei glanced at him, "The base price is 4+ million. The entire set is slightly more than 5 million. There's no doubt about it. My friend had even specially asked about it. This car is being sold in several places in the country. It's just that the supply is quite low. Usually, one has to preorder it before the shop will do the necessary arrangements. It's not easy to buy. Most places don't even have it, so it's not even wrong to say that it's a limited edition car!"

More than 5 million to buy the car?

And it was a bulletproof car?

When the surrounding people heard this, there was an uproar!

The few children and the middle-aged woman stared with their tongues tied!

After Dafei finished, he turned towards Zhang Ye, "Zhang Ye, was I right?"

"I guess so." Zhang Ye did not acknowledge or deny it, "Let's go. Let's eat first, or we might not be able to return in time for work." Saying that, he entered the restaurant under the watchful gaze of everyone.

.....

After lunch.

Zhang Ye went downstairs to drive his car.

The few colleagues also boarded the X5 again. Their expressions this time were completely different from before.

Dafei could not help but touch the car's interior. He liked it very much and kept praising, "Nice car. It's really a nice car!"

Hou Ge, who spoke a lot, no longer made a sound. He was about to cry at any moment. Just recalling the words he had said en route made him feel like his face had swollen. A low configuration X5? A car that cost just hundreds of thousands? And to say it was inferior to his Reizi? 800,000, your ass! He met a master today!

Xiao Lu was curious, "Zhang Ye, is your family rich?"

Zhang Ye shook his head, "No. My parents are from the working class."

"Then how did you buy such an expensive car? Didn't you only work for a few months? Didn't you just graduate from college?" Hou Di asked in bewilderment.

Zhang Ye did not say much, "I was lucky enough to make some money."

The twins, Hou Di and Hou Ge stared into each other's eyes. They began to feel that this person was a bit mysterious.

.....

The car reached the television station.

When they got out of the car and entered the station, they saw a similar scene from before. When a few people saw Zhang Ye, it was as if they saw a ghost from a supernatural novel. They were shocked and frightened.

"I'll go to the restroom. You guys go ahead." Zhang Ye left first.

Seeing people still pointing at Zhang Ye's back, Hou Ge finally could not resist and went forward, "Brothers, what's up with that person?"

"Ah? Weren't all of you together?" a television station employee

asked.

Hou Ge blinked, "We are together. He is our colleague. But why are all of you looking at him? Did you know him previously? Who is he?"

Another employee gave a wry smile, "Still colleagues? You don't even know Zhang Ye? Even if you didn't go to the Golden Microphone Awards in person, you should have heard of this name. Are you new here? And you were not part of the radio and television circles?"

Hou Ge, Xiao Lu and company never expected to be read in a glance.

Hou Ge said, "Eh, how can you tell?"

The employee said, "Who can't? Few people in this circle would not know Zhang Ye. Since you don't know, I'll tell you. This person is no ordinary person. He wrote a novel, 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', and has written many poems, such as 'Flying Bird and Fish' and some 'if you are living well, then the skies are clear', and that 'See Me or Not' and that 'Shuidiao Getou', and that "This is also Everything". Right, recently there's a very popular funny short story about working hard to buy a house that was also written by him."

Hou Ge exclaimed, "'Ghost Blows Out the Light' was written by him? What the heck! I just bought the hard copy book yesterday! That novel is too awesome! I, I didn't notice the author's name!"

Xiao Lu's eyes dimmed, "He wrote 'Flying Bird and Fish'? It's that 'The furthest distance in the world'? What the f**k! I love that poem so much! Why is it written by Zhang Ye!?"

The employee was speechless, "If it's not written by him, then who wrote it? The things that happened at the Silver Microphone Awards just a while ago.. I guess you have not heard of it?"

"No, we just started working a few days ago." Hou Ge quickly asked, "What happened?"

The employee explained, "Zhang Ye is famous in the system not

because of his well-written novels and poems, but because of his guts. During the award acceptance speech at the award ceremony, Zhang Ye had used a 'Dead Water' poem to publicly curse his unit and Leaders. He offended people greatly. He even made one of the unit's Leaders faint on the spot. It took all day to revive him. So do you think such a divine person can't be famous? So when we saw Zhang Ye at our television station, we were all surprised. I still want to ask you. Why did the station hire him?"

.....

Afternoon.

Work time.

Zhang Ye went back to the small office in the Arts Channel from the restroom. He sat down and busied himself. But even after waiting for a while, his colleagues still had not returned. He did not know what they were doing.

Only ten minutes later did they return to the office.

Zhang Ye looked up and went to the water dispenser, "Do you want to drink cold or hot water?"

Hou Ge nearly jumped up and hurried forward, "Don't move, don't move. I'll do it, Little Zhang... No, Teacher Little Zhang. You sit down, you sit down!"

Zhang Ye tried to do it, "No, I'm a newcomer. This should be done by me."

Xiao Lu also came to pull on him, "Teacher Zhang, please sit down. Let me do these chores. Don't put us to shame. We failed to recognize a great person. You aren't a newcomer. It's just the ignorant us that haven't heard of you because we aren't from this circle."

Zhang Ye was not used to it, "Please don't. I'm not famous. Even if I

am, it's just notoriety."

"What do you mean, not famous?" Hou Ge said, "I've been reading 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' for the past two days and two nights. It's too awesome. Yesterday, I even told my brother that the person who wrote 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' was too formidable. I never expected to meet you today. Hai, it was all my fault previously. Please don't fault me!"

Now, they had completely understood Zhang Ye's deeds and knew why Hu Fei valued Zhang Ye so much that he would pull in a person with such average looks onto his team. So this person had so many "glorious deeds" in the past. The person that they thought was a rookie, a rookie they wanted to repress, a rookie they wanted to order around to do chores, was actually this famous!

Suppressing a rookie?

Teaching a rookie a lesson?

Afraid he would revolt?

Just thinking of his initial thoughts made Hou Ge feel at a loss of whether to laugh or to cry. With Zhang Ye's qualifications and bad temper, who knew who was the one trampling on who. Thankfully, they had realized this early. If they had offended Zhang Ye later, just a casual poem by him would make them famous, as they would be damned to death!

Who was Zhang Ye?

He was a person who dared to curse his unit and Leaders!

They had even just searched online for Zhang Ye's information and realized that the newest "This is also Everything" was specially used to smack their Arts Channel's Wang Shuxin. The person known as the "Face Smacking Specialist" was him! He even dared to trample on Director Wang! Who else did he not dare to trample on?

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The next day.

The clouds covered the sky.

Today, Zhang Ye was , so he had to leave his car in the parking lot. He took the subway alone to work. There were quite a lot of people there, so he failed to board the first time. He was late by a few minutes by the time he reached the office.

"Morning."

"Teacher Zhang, you are here?"

"Teacher Little Zhang, good morning."

Hou Ge and Xiao Lu greeted him. Yesterday, when Zhang Ye first came, they had called him by his name or "Little Zhang", but now after knowing the awesomeness of Zhang Ye, they all changed their form of salutation. It changed from "Little Zhang" to "Teacher Little Zhang". They were very polite. Be it an institution, commercial business, private business or the entertainment industry, it was all the same. As long as you had sufficient experience and great ability, with your fame, no one would dare to disrespect you.

Xiao Lu took the initiative to pour a cup of water for Zhang Ye, "Here you go."

"Thank you. I'll do it myself." Zhang Ye did not want to impose.

Hou Di smiled, "Right, Teacher Zhang. Just now, Brother Hu came over, but didn't find you. Maybe the higher ups have a meeting that Brother Hu wants you to join."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "Aye, why was I late? Where's Teacher Hu?"

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"Brother Hu's office is here, too." Hou Ge chuckled, "He will be here in awhile."

Just after he finished speaking, Hu Fei walked into the office.

"Teacher Little Zhang, follow me for a while." Hu Fei smiled, "The channel has a meeting. Since I don't have an assistant, go with me, too. Hur Hur. I'm not treating you as an assistant, and roping you in is not just to make you be in the front stage; your literary qualities can always shine backstage."

Zhang Ye asked curiously, "Teacher Hu, what sort of meeting is it?"

"A public service advertisement. Let's go. You'll know when we arrive." Hu Fei led him upstairs. While they were in the elevator, he explained, "The higher-ups sent a policy down last month, and it can be considered a media policy. They wanted our Arts Channel to produce an electricity-saving public service advertisement. But we have not finished it after a month. Actually, it's not that we haven't done it, it's just that the higher-ups did not pass it. Seeing that tomorrow is the final deadline, our channel's Leader is extremely anxious. So he gathered everyone to help in planning and discussing the details of the advertisement."

Zhang Ye was enlightened.

.....

A small meeting room upstairs.

There was a long table, with not more than twenty seats.

By the time that Zhang Ye and Hu Fei arrived, the room was nearly full. A few people-in-charge and employees from the various segment teams from the Arts Channel had filled the room. Zhang Ye saw a few familiar faces here. There was a youth and a woman, who were his interviewers from the previous day.

Seeing Zhang Ye, these people only gave him a glance.

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"Old Hu, Hur Hur. You are the slowest." a middle-aged man greeted him.

"Isn't the Leader not here yet? It's fine, as long as we aren't late. Old Wang, this is our segment team's Teacher Zhang Ye. Please take care of him in the future." Hu Fei seemed familiar with him.

The middle-aged man said in amusement, "He's your man. I can't take care of him, even if I wanted to. However, I have long heard of Little Zhang's name. What is his position now?"

Hu Fei said, "Guest host. I might also get Little Zhang to do some of the documentation work for backstage work. There's no other way, since my segment isn't as large as others. With few people, everyone has more responsibilities."

The woman, who had interviewed Zhang Ye, smiled, "It's also quite suitable for Little Zhang to do documentation work. Few in the channel can match him in their literary skills. A capable person has many responsibilities."

Everyone sat down.

Hu Fei introduced people to Zhang Ye in whispers.

Zhang Ye knew that the middle-aged man's name was Wang Meng. He was an overall Director-in-charge of the trending music segment team. The woman who had interviewed him was Jiang Fen, an overall Director-in-charge of entertainment and literature news reporting.

At this moment, about 5-6 people came in from inside. One of them was the head of the channel, Wang Shuixin.

Director Wang did not look happy today. He walked straight to the seat of power. Without saying anything first, he drank all the tea in his cup. He looked like he had just scolded someone, so his throat was dry. After finishing it, he put down the cup and said, "Alright, let's begin. I believe that everyone knows what the details of today's meeting are. We need to fix the public service advertisement, and it

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has to be done by today. We need to finish its production by this afternoon in order to submit it to the higher-ups for approval. After the approval, tomorrow will be the final deadline, where it will be broadcast on television. We don't have much time left!"

The people who came in after Director Wang were probably employees that did advertisements for the television station.

An employee handed over a draft, or it could be precisely said to be a writeup, "These were the two ideas that we came up with last night during overall time."

Another employee distributed copies to the others.

Zhang Ye also obtained a copy. He flipped it open and took a glance.

After giving it a look, Wang Shuixin threw the writeup on the table, without reading it carefully, "You call this creativity? This is your so-called creativity?" Wang Shuixin rapped on the table, "Everyone is responsible for saving electricity! Saving electricity begins with everyone! Is there anything fresher?"

The employee from the advertisement department said, "Leader, all the public service advertisements in the country are like that. It's easy to understand. If not, it will be shouting a slogan. Or it could be some shocking statistics, saying how many people don't have access to electricity, saying how much loss results from every watt wastage. We want to be creative, too, but it can't be done. This is already the limit of public service advertisements!"

Wang Shuixin said furiously, "Even if you can't do it well, you have to do it well. Why are you making excuses?"

The person remained silent for a moment, "Leader, it's our responsibility. We will think of something again."

"There's no time anymore! Didn't you hear what I just said? There has to be an outcome today, and it has to be done today!" Wang Shuixin said, "I know that public service advertisements are at a bottleneck,

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but only with a bottleneck can you break through. The higher-ups have such a request for our channel. This is a policy-based advertisement; there can be no mistakes! I'm not asking about anything else, nor reasons. I just want to see a result. I want to see creativity! Or else the higher-ups will not pass it!"

It was pointless pinning his hope on the advertisement department. They had handed more than ten drafts over the past month, but all of them were rejected by the higher-ups. Wang Shuixin said to everyone, "I called everyone here to help brainstorm. Whoever has a good idea or creativity, you can speak up!" It could be seen that he was anxious, too. If they could not complete a task that had governmental implications, then everyone would suffer when the higher-ups demanded an answer!

Jiang Fen asked, "How many seconds does it need to be?"

Wang Shuixin said, "There's no restriction, but according to usual practices, it has to be within 15 seconds. If it is a longer public service advertisement, it's best it doesn't exceed 20 seconds."

Jiang Fen suggested, "Why don't we be creative on the advertising tagline? I have a pretty good one, 'Saving, the path to the continuation of life'."

Wang Shuixin shook his head, "No, that's still too common."

Wang Meng said, "What about a witty tagline? Gentlemen have manners; be a man when using electricity."

"It's too uncommon." Wang Shuixin said, "The higher-ups want creativity, not something uncommon. Creativity is something that will light up the eyes of others, or something no one can think of." As he spoke, he got irritated, "Can you broaden your minds? We have so many capable people in our Arts Channel, yet we are stumped by a public service advertisement? Can't you come up with any good ideas?"

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Another segment team's person-in-charge gave a wry smile, "Leader, we do administrative work. Creativity isn't our forte. If the advertisement department can't think of something, there's not much hope for us."

Wang Shuixin said angrily, "You have to think of something, even if there's no hope! Are you going to be shouldering the responsibility for failing the task?"

The person-in-charge had been joking, but with this retort, he did not dare to say another word.

Following that, others from a few segment teams suggested their ideas, but Wang Shuixin was unsatisfied by them. They were all denied. No creativity!

However, everyone felt helpless.

Freshness?

Creativity?

How could one be creative for the theme of electricity saving?

After so many years, all sorts of tricks had been used by all the different television stations!

Wang Shuixin looked at Hu Fei, "Old Hu, only your segment team has not contributed an idea. We invited you here to come up with ideas, not to just sit there and drink tea!"

Hu Fei had never done public service advertisements, and he had no ideas either. He had similar thoughts as the others. Public service advertisements had been done to the point of flogging the dead horse. It had long ago reached a bottleneck. Everything followed the same line of thought, to the point where they had to do so. As there was no way to be creative in public service advertisements, what was there to be creative about? Could you exalt an advertisement regarding electricity savings to the heavens?

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Just as Hu Fei was not sure how to answer and the other people-in-charge and employees were unsure what to do, Zhang Ye spoke.

"I have an idea." Zhang Ye's words shocked everyone.

Hu Fei's eyes lit up upon hearing this. That's right. He suddenly thought of Zhang Ye. The person beside him was an effective writer, "Teacher Little Zhang, please say."

Wang Shuixin looked on with a complicated look at Zhang Ye, "Go ahead."

Seeing everyone look at him, Zhang Ye cleared his throat. Public service advertisement? Of course, he did not know about them. This fellow was a broadcasting major, so how could he learn anything about advertising? Although he did not know, the masters of his world knew. He had also seen quite a number of public service advertisements from this world. From the exposure to television, there was no way that he would not have seen it. Hence, he had some understanding of it. The public service advertisements from both worlds had their strengths. This world emphasized on the details and words said. In this area, they did especially well. Some of the advertisements' tagline had shocked Zhang Ye. This world was much better than his world in that aspect. However, the public service advertisements from his world had its advantages. It had creativity. This was the only thing about the public service advertisements of his world that was much better than those in this world!

Who made the rule that public service advertisements could not be creative?

How could this be difficult for me? I'm going to be the pirate king... I mean.. I'm going to be a superstar!

Translator's Note: Zhang Ye was not permitted to drive on certain days due to a regulation in Beijing. Read here for info on

Chapter 104 - The Crisis for the Television Station's Public Service Advertisement!

Chapter 105 - An Excellent Advertisement Exalted by the Masses!

A small meeting room in the television station.

Everyone was looking forward to see what idea Zhang Ye could come up with. They wanted to see how capable this notorious, esteemed writer was. Everyone present knew Zhang Ye. They had all gone to the Golden Microphone Awards. About half of the people in the room knew that he was a thorn among thorns. They also acknowledged his literature standard as passable, but literature was literature. Creativity was creativity. There was not much of a relationship between the two.

You have an idea?

You can open a new field for public service advertisements?

A few people had their doubts.

There were a few people from the advertisement department who did not even doubt him; they only treated it as if Zhang Ye was joking. They were in the advertisement business, and they were the professionals, yet a layperson like you could be so sure of yourself? Isn't this a joke? Do you think you are the only intelligent and capable person in this world? What a joke! This was a problem that no one in the country had managed to overcome. Even among those who had come up with a creative public service advertisement, the focus was on the creativity itself and they were criticized badly because creativity and public service didn't mix. If it did, then it wouldn't be considered a public service advertisement. They were not optimistic about Zhang Ye!

"Little Zhang?"

"Please share with us?"

"Yes, what idea do you have?"

"Another one that just involves changing the ad catchphrase?"

"If it's just changing the ad catchphrase, then don't bother saying it."

Seeing Zhang Ye keeping his silence, some people became impatient.

Hu Fei frowned and said, "You have to give Little Zhang some time to conceptualize his presentation. How can it be so fast!"

Earlier, there were many people giving suggestions, too, but everyone listened attentively. At most, they gave some comments after the suggestions were given. But it could be seen how many people were unhappy with Zhang Ye. They were suggesting ideas all the same, but everyone's attitude towards him was totally different. They couldn't help it. Zhang Ye had attracted too much negativity during the Silver Microphone Awards and, on top of that, he rejected Wang Shuixin's poem with a work of his own. It would be odd if he was liked by the others.

Zhang Ye didn't mind; he was used to it.

He was actually thinking of which public service advertisement to use!

Which one from his world? There were a few good ones, but he felt that they were not going to stand out; they didn't stand out in the creative portion.

Saving electricity.....

Saving electricity.....

Got it! Haha! That's the one!

Zhang Ye suddenly remembered a very famous Russian public service advertisement from his world. How famous was it? It didn't

just get attention in Russia; it was also rebroadcast in China. There was a textbook in China that Zhang Ye did not remember if it was from a university class about advertising. However, the book was basically an introduction on public service advertisements. It cited advertisements as a successful examples. It could be seen then how famous it was; it had even gathered many honors and awards.

And clearly, in this world, that advertisement had never appeared before!

Zhang Ye had happened to see it once, and it had left a deep impression on him. After he looked at everyone, he spoke lightly. He first introduced the setup of the advertisement. "The advertisement I'm speaking of will use an animation. Of course, real people can be used, too. That isn't important. 15 seconds for the advertisement should be sufficient."

Wang Shuixin wasn't too worried, "Carry on."

Previously, people had said they had something creative, but it turned out that their ideas were not creative. They did not qualify, so no one believed that Zhang Ye could come up with something.

Zhang Ye ignored their thoughts and with his eyebrows straightening, he said with a solemn expression, "In a room, a couple are having a fierce quarrel. The wife points at the husband, scolding him. Note that there will not be any words spoken or vulgarities. Just the animation or the mouthing of real people to express it is fine. The audience can tell at a glance that the wife is being unreasonable. Well, then the husband finds it unbearable, and he packs his clothes to leave the house. The wife then realizes her mistake. She hugs her children and cries loudly. Then suddenly, the door opens. The husband appears in the doorway."

What?

What and what?

Wang Shuixin frowned even more. He was very unhappy!

Jiang Fen and the other employees were nearly falling asleep from this!

A couple quarreling? Are you talking about a public service advertisement? Even if they quarrel to the edges of the universe! Even if they f**king quarreled to the Milky Way! That had nothing to do with saving electricity!

Hu Fei kicked Zhang Ye's feet, "Little Zhang."

Zhang Ye was oblivious to it. He remained serious, "The husband is back! The wife thinks that he has forgiven her rashness and rudeness. Just as she runs to hug her husband amidst tears..." Then, the dull atmosphere changed. Just as people were feeling Zhang Ye's idea was extremely boring and Wang Shuixin was about to interrupt him with a scolding, Zhang Ye's last line reversed the entire situation, "Without any forewarning, the husband reaches out his hand and flips the switch on the wall, turning the lights off. Then he closes the door and leaves. The room is suddenly dark."

Everyone gaped!

This was still not the end. Zhang Ye had not forgotten the key slogan at the end. "After the room goes dark, a subtitle appears: Conserve electricity. Lights off with people gone!"

Conserve electricity?

Lights off with people gone??

Holy sh*t! What a godly statement! It was definitely a godly statement!

Especially that 'lights off with people gone'. Not only did it fit the feeling, it also fit the scene. It was a slogan with multiple meanings!

An advertising professional who had been doubting and looking

down on Zhang Ye a few seconds ago sat up straight, "This... This advertisement..."

Zhang Ye asked, "Can this work?"

Can this work?

This works too well!

What was creativity? This was f***ing divine creativity!

The few employees from the advertisement department were stunned. They knew for the first time that a traditional public service advertisement.. could be done like this?

Momentarily, everyone stared at Zhang Ye. What sort of brains did this person have? He could even do that? He could even think of that?

Even Wang Shuixin was secretly impressed. He slammed on the table, "Good! Good! Good!" After saying 'good' thrice, he said, "This is the creativity I needed! We'll be using this!" He said to the people from the advertising department, "Do it now! Follow Little Zhang's case! Immediately!"

Jiang Fen, "But the approval..."

Wang Shuixin interrupted, "We'll do it and directly send it for approval. If this case doesn't pass, then there won't be a case that can pass! Quickly prepare it!"

The advertising department people obeyed the order and went to busy themselves.

"Let's end the meeting." After resolving a tricky matter, Wang Shuixin was feeling pretty good.

Hu Fei grabbed the opportunity, "Director, I did some calculation of the funds allocated to us, and we still lack some funds. After all, we

need to invite some professors and scholars that will need money."

Wang Shuixin waved his hand and said without a thought, "I'll approve another 500,000 to you!"

Hu Fei was overjoyed, "Then I'll thank you, Leader." Then he patted Zhang Ye on the shoulder. Well done!

After the meeting ended, people also began leaving the office.

Wang Shuixin recalled something when he walked quite a distance. He suddenly turned back and glanced at Zhang Ye. He knew Old Hu had not chosen a wrong person. This Little Zhang was indeed very talented. But to Wang Shuixin, such a disobedient, but yet genius, thorny person was someone he had to love and hate at the same time!

Chapter 106 - The Heavenly Queen Comes Again!

Hou Ge was chatting with Xiao Lu.

Hu Fei brought Zhang Ye into the office and laughed, "Xiao Lu, in a while go to Finance, and settle the program's finances."

Xiao Lu exclaimed, "They gave in?"

"We got an extra 500,000." It looked like Hu Fei had been having a headache about this sum for a long while.

Hou Ge said in surprise, "How? The last time I discussed with Finance all day, and didn't you even go? They refused to grant it then, but today they did?"

Hu Fei patted Zhang Ye on the back, "It's all thanks to Teacher Little Zhang. He helped the channel resolve a major problem. He suggested an advertisement idea to Director Wang!"

"That public service advertisement?" Hou Di knew about it.

Dafei said in admiration, "Teacher Zhang, other than novels, poems and prose, you can do advertisements, too?"

Hu Fei laughed, "It's an awesome advertisement. It can be said the best public service advertisement that I have seen all these years. You will soon see it, at the latest, tomorrow afternoon, and at the fastest, tonight!"

Xiao Lu was full of admiration as she walked over with a smile. Pretending to have a microphone in her hand, "Teacher Zhang, can I interview you? Why are you so awesome? Do you have a secret to your success? Can you reveal it to us? Is there some trick?"

Zhang Ye did not hesitate to say, "There's a trick."

Xiao Lu was stunned, "Really? Tell us quickly! I want to learn, too!"

Zhang Ye said, "There are two tricks. First, read through the entire Chinese dictionary, memorizing every single word of them seriously. It's best if you can memorize and recite most of the text and phrases. It should reach an extremely familiar stage, where you have them at your fingertips."

Xiao Lu nodded, "Memorize a dictionary? That makes sense. What's the second point? What's the second point?"

The others also listened in as they focused over, hoping to hear the trick to Zhang Ye's success.

"The second trick is..." Zhang Ye chuckled, "Memorizing is useless!"

Xiao Lu was stunned before bursting out in laughter, "Even so, it's useless? Then why did you say it!"

Hu Fei was also amused as he laughed heartily, "Teacher Little Zhang is just teasing you. Accumulation, experience, talent. You can't lack any. How can there be a trick?"

.....

8:30 P.M. at night. Off work.

Zhang Ye worked overtime quite a bit. The reason was that the public service advertisement was, after all, his creation and proposal. He was most familiar with it. The advertisement department also contacted Zhang Ye for help and gave it to him for review. After Zhang Ye displayed his capabilities, the advertisement department did not dare to look down on him. They respected Zhang Ye's instructions for every detail and suggestion. Some was not changed at all, but some had major changes according to Zhang Ye's instructions. Only when the animation public service advertisement was done did Zhang Ye leave.

Entering the district.

The sky was already dark.

A lamp along the corridor was not working. Zhang Ye had to blindly grope his way home. Hai, do you think this bro is having it easy? I have to work so busily everyday, and even had to work for the advertisement department. However, capable people have a lot of responsibilities. Zhang Ye was not displeased with this, and in fact liked it a lot.

Why? Just because he could become famous. He was always chasing towards that goal with no intentions of retreating. What about doing advertisements? If a public service advertisement was done well, it would clearly result in a one-time increase in his fame. He never looked down on the opportunity for a tiny fame increase that other popular celebrities looked down upon. Even if he did not increase his fame greatly, Zhang Ye would not miss the opportunity. As he had a limitation to his external looks, he could not be picky about things other people looked down upon. Maybe this was the struggle and determination of a small figure.

He was hungry.

What should he eat?

Zhang Ye rummaged through the house and there was only one packet of instant noodles and a chicken egg. Just as he was about to light the fire to cook the noodles and egg, the telephone rang!

Seeing the number, Zhang Ye could not believe his own eyes. After repeatedly confirming it, he knew it was true!

Zhang Yuanqi had called!

The extremely famous S-list Heavenly Queen!

Zhang Ye quickly picked up, "Hello. Teacher Zhang?"

"Are you home?" Zhang Yuanqi's tone was very cold.

"I'm home. I just came home and am preparing to eat." Zhang Ye was baffled, "What's the matter?"

"I haven't eaten, too. Make some for me, too." Saying that, she then hung up.

Zhang Ye failed to react in time. Make some for you, too? You mean... When the noodles were just done, the doorbell rang. Zhang Ye opened the door to a woman wearing sunglasses. Without any question, she was Zhang Yuanqi. Her outfit today was very weird. Sunglasses, face mask and a hat. She looked like she was afraid of catching SARS, but as a huge celebrity like Zhang Yuanqi, she had no choice but to do so. If she did not take protective measures, she would be easily recognized with just sunglasses on the street. She was too well-known and everyone was very familiar with her!

Without a word, Zhang Yuanqi entered the room. Glancing at the open kitchen, she frowned, "Instant noodles again? Don't you have anything else at home?"

Zhang Ye closed the door, "May I know why you have come?"

Zhang Yuanqi threw the plastic bag from her hands onto the table. The bag was translucent and there was a bottle of wine inside. "Other places are too noisy. Your place is quiet."

Zhang Ye recalled Zhang Yuanqi saying that there were two places that allowed her to reveal her temper. One was her parents' place, and the other was Zhang Ye's place. It was probably the reason why the Heavenly Queen came to his house again. From this point, Zhang Ye was somewhat flattered and also quite pleased. He thought to himself, "Look, take a look. The renowned Heavenly Queen Zhang came to my house to scrounge for food. She had to beg me for a meal. I'll see who dares to challenge me in the future. Who dares say I'm not famous!"

"There's only instant noodles. Are you eating?" Zhang Ye asked.

Zhang Yuanqi unscrewed the wine bottle, "What can I do if I don't eat?"

Zhang Ye scooped the noodles and divided it into two bowls. "Let's each have a bowl. Make do with it. There was only one packet of instant noodles at home. Right, let's also split the egg."

Zhang Yuanqi graciously poured him a glass of wine, "Give me the egg."

Zhang Ye flipped his eyelids, "Why? I'm hungry."

Zhang Yuanqi glanced at him and said nonchalantly, "Because I'm your senior. I entered the industry earlier than you and am older than you. And compared to instant noodles, I prefer eating eggs."

"Fine, fine, fine. I'll give you, I'll give you." As a man, Zhang Ye did not want to fight with women. He handed the egg to her. "Thanks for the Silver Microphone Awards nomination the last time."

Zhang Yuanqi ignored him. Crossing her legs, she began eating and drinking wine.

This was the true character of the Heavenly Queen after she peeled off her outer skin. She would only speak when she wanted to. When she didn't wish to speak, it would be as if she did not hear.

"How's the taste?"

"..."

"Are you staying here tonight?"

"..."

"I'm working at the television station now. The program will be aired in a few days. I'll be either a host or a guest. For me, it's a huge opportunity."

"Oh."

Zhang Ye liked to show off. He could not say some things to his colleagues or people would think he was not being low-key. However, he could say anything with Zhang Yuanqi. He began bragging about the matters that had happened to him the past few days.

Sometimes, Zhang Yuanqi would answer with a "Um" or "Oh."

Sometimes, she would appear like she didn't hear it. Thankfully, Zhang Ye was already used to her temperament. He did not mind and continued speaking excitedly.

Zhang Ye got a kick from saying all that. He then began eating his instant noodles.

Eh, to become a big superstar? This was him walking closer to the path of an Instant Noodle Hero.

But thankfully, there was a heavenly beauty like Zhang Yuanqi accompanying him to eat. Zhang Ye did not find the instant noodles revolting, for good looks replaced meals.

Chapter 107 - The Commotion Caused by the Advertisement!

9 P.M.

They finished eating the noodles.

Zhang Yuanqi didn't bother cleaning up the dishes. She leaned on the bed with a cup of wine in hand, "Little Zhang, TV."

Zhang Ye snorted. He unwillingly grabbed the remote control beside him to switch on the television for her, "Which channel?"

Zhang Yuanqi answered plainly, "BTV – Arts Channel."

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "You watch this channel? I work there now."

Suddenly, the telephone on the table began to vibrate. Zhang Ye was wondering who it was so late at night. He picked it up.

"Teacher Zhang." It was a man's voice. "I'm the Little Wang from the television station's advertising department. We met about two hours ago. I called you to inform you that the public service advertisement that you came up with and supervised will broadcast soon. In at most five minutes, once this segment ends. It was also approved by the higher-ups, after they deemed the effects to be very good. And since the part about switching off the light isn't very suitable for an afternoon broadcast, they decided to push it forward to tonight."

"Alright, I got it."

"We passed the verification. Thank you."

"You worked hard, too. You're welcome."

After putting down the cellphone, Zhang Ye quickly increased the television's volume, "Teacher Zhang, once this music shows ends, I'll have something to show you."

Zhang Yuanqi did not ask either. She just kept drinking.

A few seconds later, the program ended. First a cosmetics advertisement was broadcast. And the next moment, an animated advertisement was aired. It was the scene of a husband and wife quarrelling!

Zhang Ye quickly said, "Look, look!"

Zhang Yuanqi couldn't tell, "Why an advertisement?"

"You'll know once you watch it. Haha." Zhang Ye was full of anticipation.

Following that, the husband left after being scolded by the wife. Just as the wife was crying in regret, the husband came back. Bada! He switched off the light and left.

The screen went black.

The subtitles appeared – Conserve electricity. Lights off with people gone!

Zhang Ye had interacted and supervised it with the advertisement department. It was basically following the original Russian version from his world. There were nearly no changes.

Seeing that, Zhang Yuanqi was stunned. She had probably never expected such an amazing ending, "This is a public service advertisement? It can be done this way? The country still has such a good and creative public service advertisement?"

"This must be the first time you are seeing it, right? Come over here." Zhang Ye was very pleased. He switched on his computer and found the television station's website. After clicking it, he called Zhang Yuanqi over to see the production credits.

Supervisor: Zhang Ye.

Planning: Zhang Ye.

Idea Provider: Zhang Ye.

About half of the seven to eight names on the credits list were Zhang Ye's name.

"This is your production?" Zhang Yuanqi looked at him.

"That's right. I suggested it and it was also supervised by me." Zhang Ye said, "How was it? Not bad, right?"

"Yes, not bad." Saying that, Zhang Yuanqi returned to leaning on the bed, ignoring him.

Zhang Ye also did not care about her. He opened the television station's official discussion board.

"The electricity conservation public service advertisement was awesome!"

"Hahaha. I also just saw it. I'm dying of laughter!"

"Divine idea! Divine creativity! Divine twist! Divine ending!"

"Whose idea was it? I never expected public service advertisements could be made this way!"

"Heavens, Zhang Ye? The idea provider, the supervisor and several other roles in the credits list are all Zhang Ye? It can't be the Zhang Ye I know, can it?"

"Who is Zhang Ye?"

"I don't know which one."

"Ai, this name has a link on it. Let me see."

"Holy sh*t, after clicking it, there's the person's information. It's that Teacher Zhang Ye. Although there's no picture, just look as his

resume. Previous Beijing Radio Station broadcasting host, now employed at the television station, BTV-Arts Channel. Teacher Zhang Ye has started work at the Beijing Television Station!"

"Is that true?"

"Congratulations to Teacher Zhang for his success!"

"I thought that Teacher Zhang had been banned. He actually progressed another step!"

"Isn't Teacher Zhang a broadcasting host? Why did he make a public service advertisement? Furthermore, he did it so well! There's no other public service advertisement that is better in the entire world! The creativity is good and the connotations are all world-class!"

"Who is Zhang Ye?"

"Go check on the web. You don't even know him?"

.....

At the same time.

A large number of audience members who were watching BTV Arts Channel in Beijing had seen the advertisement. There was no credits list after the public service advertisement. It was only released on the website. Hence, many people did not know whose production it was. Even if they knew, many did not know of Zhang Ye. His popularity was still in a very small circle. He was not that famous. But even so, it did not prevent people from being shocked and amazed by this advertisement!

"Haha! I'm dying of laughter! I'm dying of laughter!"

"It's really amazing! This public service advertisement is amazing!"

"I'll watch it again in a while. I want to watch it again. It's so humorous!"

.....

"Darling, come over here!"

"What?"

"Stop washing your face. Quick, watch this public service advertisement!"

"What's so nice about a public service advertisement? Do you have nothing better to do?"

"Damn, you came late. It's over. What do you know? This isn't any ordinary public service advertisement. F**k, it was such a reversal!"

.....

"Director Zheng, who did this advertisement? It's too perfect!"

"Beijing Television Station? That can't be. Their television station doesn't have such a talent!"

"That's right. I'm curious. There are only a few people in the industry who do public service advertisements that are famous. No matter how I look at it, they don't work for the Beijing Television Station. But just watching this advertisement, I know it is the work of a master. Did they headhunt someone? Which famous advertisement planner did they grab over?"

"There's no news."

"Let's check the production credits on the web."

"Ah, I found it. Zhang Ye? Who's Zhang Ye?"

"Never heard of him. There's no such person in the advertising industry."

.....

That night, quite a number of households in Beijing began discussing this Public Service advertisement. The advertisement's effectiveness was unbelievable. It was a great success. In half an hour's time, the discussion of it had exploded on the web. It could be said that no public service advertisement had ever been this popular!

Laymen watched the buzz, while professionals examined the skill!

The greatest impact was on the professionals in the advertising industry!

This industry was neither too big, nor too small. Even if they had never met, they would all know each other. They even had such interactions with people inside and outside the country. This public service advertisement had caused numerous discussion first in this country, and were later shared with several foreign friends who were in the advertising industry. In the end, many people in the advertising industry outside of the country were greatly surprised that night, itself!

Everyone was trying to find out who was the one who did the planning for the advertisement!

Finally, when they obtained the answer, they were at a loss of whether to laugh or to cry. The person who had planned the advertisement was not from their circles. It was a f**king broadcasting host!

Immediately, several people in advertising felt a sense of defeat. The bottleneck of public service advertisements had troubled the industry, both domestic and foreign, for half a year. No one had been able to reverse the situation. But now, a broadcasting host, who did not work in this line of work, had managed to conquer this problem? This idea was too new and had an enlightening effect. It seemed like it had opened a door for the people in advertising. They were suddenly overjoyed.

A new textbook entry to creativity in public service advertisement!

This reputation did not sully Zhang Ye's production at all!

Chapter 108 - Where did this Zhang Ye appear from?

At home.

It was getting later and later.

Zhang Ye still did not know how big a name he had made for himself in the advertising circles, both foreign and domestic. He was not even looking at the computer, despite it being in front of him. He had opened the game ring's virtual interface. He was staring with surprise at the Reputation points surging upwards on the menu!

+266!

+7692!

+2103!

At times, it increased by the hundreds, while at other times, it increased by the thousands!

Just before the advertisement was broadcast, Zhang Ye's had recalled taking a look in the afternoon. His overall Reputation points had been 290,000. Some of it was left from the interview, and the other 200,000+ were from the sales of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' over the past few days. But today, just after a small public service advertisement, in a short time span of an hour, Zhang Ye's overall Reputation points had reached 470,000!

480,000...

500,000...

And it was still growing nonstop!

It was estimated that after tomorrow, it would at least increase to 800,000!

Zhang Ye had another deep understanding of the game ring. That was that the works he produced could keep increasing his game Reputation points, even if the audience did not know Zhang Ye's name, so long as they satisfied the respect and amazement requirements. How could he tell?

The public service advertisement did not have a credits list. No commercial would list it. Only a small number of people will check on the official television website to find out that it was Zhang Ye's production. The numbers were so small that they were negligible, yet Zhang Ye's Reputation was increasing nonstop. This explained the problem.

With this rule, Zhang Ye looked at such sideshows with more importance. No, to be exact, this public service advertisement was no longer a sideshow. With so much attention focused on it, and it earning him so much reputation, how could it be considered a sideshow anymore?

At this moment, the Arts Channel's late-night program had just ended. It now broadcast again the public service advertisement.

Zhang Yuanqi put down her wine glass and looked over. She looked at it fully before saying, "You seem to be multi-talented. In the future, when I have any advertisements or endorsements, you can do the planning for me."

Zhang Ye laughed, "Endorsement, advertisements? Don't they have professional production companies?"

Zhang Yuanqi answered coldly, "They can't do it as well as you can. The direction is a little stiff."

Advertisements and endorsements... They not only bring in the money for the celebrities. If an advertisement is done well, it has another advantage. It can bring up the visibility of the celebrity, which is very important. But if an advertisement is done poorly and the product performs too lously, then even if they paid a lot, no big

time celebrity would endorse it.

Zhang Ye promised, "Sure. Let's discuss about it again sometime."

"What else do you know?" Zhang Yuanqi switched over her crossed legs.

"I know everything, I am an original producer. You can't do without me." Zhang Ye started bragging, "Oh, yes. I remember watching a news article about you. In your acting career, no one should be comparable to you; you are considered to be a top star, right? But in your music career, it seems to not be such smooth sailing? Why did the news mention that you are no longer getting ready for a concert anymore? Will you be focusing on movies instead? After conquering the domestic market, you will aim for the international market?"

Zhang Yuanqi said unfeelingly, "I have no good songs."

"Let your team spend some money then." Zhang Ye said.

"A good song is not so easy to find. Sometimes you think it's good, but after people listen to it, no one approves of it." Zhang Yuanqi related calmly.

Zhang Ye blinked, "Okay, if I have time, I will write you a song. With this song, I can guarantee that you will get back your place in the music industry."

Zhang Yuanqi didn't think much of it. She looked at her watch. Probably thinking it's late, she switched on her cellphone.

When it turned on, a pile of message tones played. Then a phone call came in, probably from Zhang Yuanqi's assistant or manager.

"Sis Zhang! My Big Sister Zhang! You are finally answering the phone!" It was a woman's voice.

"Hur Hur, my phone's battery was flat just now. It was charging." Zhang Yuanqi expression had changed, a total difference from the

one she wore when she interacted with Zhang Ye.

The woman brushed her off, "You.... Right, who are you trying to bluff! The other time you had disappeared for a night! This time you disappeared again? Sis Zhang, are you in a relationship? At your boyfriend's place? Let me tell you first, the company's regulations state that our artistes are not allowed to be in a relationship. Even if they want to be in one, they have to go through the company, get permission and report about it. Of course, the company will not dare stick their noses in too much for someone like you, but you can at least inform me first, right?"

Zhang Yuanqi laughed "You're thinking too much."

"I hope that I'm overthinking it, too. If you really had a boyfriend, how many people's hearts would be broken? It would surely affect your acting career." The woman said worriedly.

Zhang Yuanqi laughed, "You have really been overthinking it. Alright, I will go back now. Please wait at my home. We will touch on tomorrow's commercial performance tomorrow."

The woman replied, "I've been at your house waiting. I waited for the whole night."

"Alright, then please wait for me. It's been hard on you. I will bring some food back for you. I know you love curry beef rice a lot." Zhang Yuanqi said kindly.

The woman softly said, "You are always like this, placating me after disappearing. I don't even have the chance to be angry. Okay, so I will wait for you."

The phone was hung up.

Zhang Ye asked, "Going off?"

"Going off." Zhang Yuanqi took and wore her blazer, then put on her sunglasses and face mask.

To mention it, when the Heavenly Queen was around, Zhang Ye was a little annoyed. The main issue was that her attitude was bad, with that uncaring attitude of hers, but yet she treated her assistant in such a gentle manner. But when it was time for Zhang Yuanqi to leave, Zhang Ye felt a little reluctant, "It's already so late. Why don't I send you back?"

Zhang Yuanqi said, "I drove here."

Zhang Ye said "Oh, then, then alright. Drive safely."

Zhang Yuanqi did not answer. She took her stuff and left in a hurry.

Zhang Ye said to her back, "Come over when you have time."

Zhang Yuanqi did not look back, but replied, "If we won't be having instant noodles again, I will consider it. Bye."

Zhang Ye happily said, "Sure, we will order takeouts next time."

After closing the door, Zhang Ye couldn't help but smile. His relationship with the Heavenly Queen was a little unclear. Were they friends? They could not be considered to be friends, as she had only come over twice and they hadn't spoken much. Zhang Yuanqi's replies were mainly uhms and ohs, or silence. But if we were to say that the two of them were strangers? You can't say that either; strangers don't go to each other's house late at night, do they? She is a female comrade, and even a well-known celebrity. So, their relationship could be considered as something very subtle, yet special.

Forget it, I'm not thinking anymore.

Zhang Ye went back to his computer.

On Weibo, a number of people started to @ Zhang Ye.

"This public service advertisement is really Teacher Zhang's work? I'm again impressed by Zhang Ye's artistic foundations!"

"@BeijingWritersAssociation @ them once everyday"

"Help Teacher Zhang into the writers' association,
@BeijingWritersAssociation !"

"We have mentioned them for so many days. Why is the writers' association not replying? Are they such petty characters? If they are inferior to Teacher Zhang Ye, they should learn from him how to write poems. Why are they ostracizing him instead? Such pettiness! If they are like that, then it's better that Teacher Zhang be not admitted!"

The voices calling for Zhang Ye's admission into the the association were getting louder and louder.

But there were also some voices that were focused on the public service advertisement.

A long Weibo post was written specially to Zhang Ye. The poster was called Hundred Year Tree "Teacher Zhang, I have been your loyal fan since I heard of your melody poems. Only after seeing everyone's discussion did I realise that the public service advertisement earlier in the night was made by you. That 'Lights off with people gone!' is a real classic; it's really great. We are also having some worries over an issue here at our unit, so we would like to seek your advice."

His Weibo verified status was as an employee of the Beijing Taoran Pavilion Garden Park, "I am an employee with the garden parks. During the November long holidays when there are more tourists, the cases of stepping on lawns have become our nightmares. A lot of the grass lawns have been destroyed due to all the trudging. 20% of the whole park's lawn areas have been destroyed and the percentage is ever-increasing. Are you able to help us come up with an advertisement tagline to discourage such unethical behavior?"

"Support!"

"Yea, the ethics of many tourists these days are getting low!"

"We would like some advice. Are there any creative slogans?"

There were many replies below, especially from employees of the garden parks and their related industries.

Concerning this request from his fan, Zhang Ye thought for a bit and replied, "Okay, let me think a little."

"Haha, Teacher Zhang actually responded!"

"Sitting here waiting for Teacher Zhang's advertising slogan; I hope it's aggressive!"

"Right, it needs to stop people from stepping on lawns just by seeing it!"

When this discussion came up, many advertising professionals who were lurking at his Weibo suddenly paid attention. They had all just found out about Zhang Ye's name and searched for his Weibo. They were just in time to see him giving a creative brief for another public service advertisement, so they immediately kept their eyes peeled on his Weibo!

"Old Zhou, quickly come and look at this Weibo!"

"Teacher Sun, that creative who made the 'conserve electricity public service advertisement', Zhang Ye, is preparing another advertisement. It's on Weibo!"

A few creative people informed their friends, some over the phone, while some @ them over the internet. In the end, more and more people gathered to observe.

Zhang Ye was a mysterious person to the advertisement professionals' circle. He had no industry experience, nor any results or reputation, but somehow his first production had given the creative world a light of innovation. Everyone was curious about this person, about whether he had the ability or if it just a fluke. Was he the real thing? This resulted in advertising professionals from

Beijing, outer provinces and even foreign countries staring at Zhang Ye's Weibo and awaiting his new idea.

Love the lawn?

These days, on the PSA taglines were all "Love the lawn; be responsible." What else could be a new idea? If it's nothing more than just changing the slogan, the effect will be the same! If a person was ethical, even without a warning, they would not step on the lawn. Those without ethics, even if you told them off for half a day, they will ignore the warnings.

This was too difficult!

Everyone wanted to see what Zhang Ye, the man who made a public service advertisement miracle, would come up with.

Zhang Ye made an announcement a short while later. He wrote very simply, a single line for a slogan. When the Garden Parks employees wanted him to be more aggressive, the first thought that came to his mind was a popular phrase concerning lawn protection from his world. Aggressive? There was nothing more aggressive than this!

Zhang Ye typed: "Lawn slogan: Stepping on me today, growing on your grave tomorrow!"

The moment it was posted, Weibo nearly exploded!

"Pfft!"

"I burst out!"

"It's too damn fierce!"

"Hahaha, I've gone mad laughing!"

"If this slogan is used, who would still dare step on lawns!?"

"The fiercest advertisement slogan this century! Verification completed!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye is always so humorous! I love him so much!"

"You may say say so, but I think it's really good. I think we should try it!"

The Garden Parks employee who had posted before said, "Haha, thank you, Teacher Zhang. This slogan is too good. Why didn't I think of it? In a while, I'll try submitting it to the higher-ups. Uh, but I guess it won't be approved."

This slogan was placed on a property in a tiny city in his world. It had not been greatly promoted. But when the slogan was made known, it caused a stir online. Everyone was shocked. The person who had come up with the slogan was too talented!

If Zhang Ye had used it in this world, the effects would be similar!

Some people treated it as a joke, while others didn't. For example, those people in the industry or famous or obscure advertising professionals saw a different scene! Honestly, from a certain angle, this slogan was offensive to the public's morals. As there were some morally degrading words, it was unlikely that it could be widely publicized by garden parks, not to mention publicized openly. It was a slogan that could not be used!

But so what if it could not be used?

So what if it couldn't be publicized openly?

This slogan had lit up a light for everyone in the advertising industry. It made many of them curse in their hearts. Your sister, who knew that a slogan for caring for the grass could be written this way?

They had gained a lot!

Zhang Ye had really given them a lesson!

Who was this person? Where did this Zhang Ye appear from?

Momentarily, an advertising professional who was rather famous in the industry sent Zhang Ye a private message on Weibo, "Teacher Zhang, are you interested in coming to the advertising world to develop yourself? If you are interested, you can contact my company. We can discuss the remuneration."

Zhang Ye received the message and was at a loss of whether to laugh or to cry.

Following that, another person sent Zhang Ye a private message, "I'm from Aide Advertising. Teacher Zhang Ye, our company welcomes you with open arms. Please give us a line of contact."

Zhang Ye very politely rejected them.

Make advertisements? Forget it. Doing it for fun to gather some fame and reputation was nice, but to do advertisements professionally? Zhang Ye was not so free!

Chapter 109 - Calligraphy Skills Experience Book!

The next day.

At the new unit.

Zhang Ye had arrived very early for work. When he entered the office, he grabbed a broom to begin cleaning; he was very hardworking.

It was different from when he first arrived at the radio station; the colleagues here treated him with respect. Of course, this was also because Zhang Ye had fought for it with his reputation. Even though others were polite to him, that was their initiative. He could not be big-headed, otherwise it would be difficult to maintain their relationship as colleagues. After all, he was still a rookie and he was considered the youngest here, too. There was no harm at all in doing more chores. This would partially contribute to his self-cultivation. It was a necessary step of valuable mental training on his path to success.

After the chores were done.

Zhang Ye checked the game ring for his Reputation. As expected, it was as he had guessed yesterday; his Reputation had reached over 700,000, being just short of 800,000.

+23 !

+11 !

+9 !

His Reputation was still growing, albeit slowly now after yesterday's peak.

After waiting for what seemed like half a day, his total Reputation

had reached exactly 800,000. This made Zhang Ye's hands itchy for a draw at the lottery. There was no point in saving it without spending it. Anyway, the Reputation was a one-time windfall and was unexpected "side-pocket earnings", so that he didn't feel bad about using it.

Also, at this time, Zhang Ye only had 2 Lucky Bread left in his inventory from the last Lottery draw. He definitely would like to have more items stored for times when he might need them. It would be better than the last time, when he was blindly forced to draw for something. With some insurance, it would be better. This was all to ensure that Zhang Ye's stardom dream would be smooth sailing, so he would definitely be motivated and not slack.

He clicked on the lottery draw!

As usual, he spent 100,000 to start the pointer moving for the draw!

Zhang Ye did not plan to place Additional Stakes this time because he wanted a few more draws to receive more items, or maybe, if he was lucky, try his luck at getting the Special Category Treasure Chest. Of course, this was what he had planned. But when the pointer was slowing down to a stop, Zhang Ye realized that the pointer was now in the Skills Category; in fact, it had just moved into the Skills Category portion. Although the pointer always spun at different speeds, Zhang Ye was still 90% certain that this was where the needle would end up pointing!

Skills?

He had never drawn this category before!

Zhang Ye immediately changed his mind and clicked on the Additional Stakes, thinking that it was a rare chance, so he might as well go for it.

Add seven Additional Stakes!

Pour all of his Reputation into this round!

As to why 100,000 Reputation was not reserved as a backup for a Memory Search Capsule, it was because the public service advertisement was still running and the internet would still be discussing about it for another one to two days. It might not be able to add much more Reputation, but 100,000 a day shouldn't be an issue. Moreover, the book sales for "Ghost Blows Out the Light" was still booming; for every book sold, he would receive one additional reputation. Therefore, he staked everything!

There was another reason for doing so. From the game's introduction, Zhang Ye knew that many of the Skills Category and Stats Category items were stackable. For example, the Fruit of Growth and the Fruit of Charm; these could both be used without limitations. Eating one would add onto the stat. The Skills Category was the same. If he used a single skill book, the effect would be too small to be noticeable. From the Fruit of Charm, we could see that the effect was minute; eating one did not make much of a difference. This was also the reason why Zhang Ye put in all his reputation for the Additional Stakes. Only if the quantity was enough would the effect be noticeable; otherwise, he would be better off not using them.

The needle stopped!

It wasn't a surprise that it landed over the Skills Category.

8 Treasure Chests (Small) were added automatically into the inventory. Zhang Ye took them out one by one and placed them on the computer desk. The Treasure Chests were not big; it was a (Small) item after all. But on the desk, it was crowded all the same.

Let's open them!

Zhang Ye opened them all at once!

It was an ancient-looking book. It was a little old, and neither thin, nor thick.

"Calligraphy Skill Experience Book" (7)

Item description: Takes effect after reading. Increases player's calligraphy skill experience. Stackable usage.

This was the first time that Zhang Ye had received such an item. He did not know how to use it. Will it take effect after being read? He still had to read the whole book? Zhang Ye tried to open the book, but realized that he had overthought the process. The moment that he flipped the book, a white flash of light appeared, the book dissolved, and the contents surged into his mind. It made his brain go into a mess momentarily, as if something had grown in it, but yet he could not explain it. Just flipping through it once and it was done? It's just like the skill books in games? That's convenient!

Calligraphy?

Does it have to be the brush type of calligraphy?

That shouldn't be; ball point pen or fountain pen writing should also be considered a form of calligraphy!

Zhang Ye used a pen to test it out. Since he had started school, his penmanship had not been too good. Sure, it was pretty standard. But you know guys; people with good handwriting were still in the minority, so it was nothing strange. But when Zhang Ye's pen landed on the back of the unit's work file, the written word gave Zhang Ye a minor shock. He swore that he was still writing in his original style and it did not feel any different. Somehow, the moment when pen was put to paper, his brain had an especially vivid memory of writing; when he wrote it, it would automatically adjust to his memory!

His writing was good!

It was really better-looking; at least, it was not messy. It was much more organized than before!

Even if it was just a slight improvement, Zhang Ye was delighted.

This showed that the “Calligraphy Skill Experience Book” had a visible effect. After that, he did not need any further explanation. He just flipped open all of the remaining experience books.

1 book.....

3 books.....

5 books.....

After eating these skill experience books, Zhang Ye had wanted to try out his new writing, but a colleague had just arrived. He raised his head and, from that point on, did not manage to test it out.

“Teacher Zhang.” Dafei arrived.

Xiao Lu also followed closely behind, “Yo, Teacher Zhang. You are so early.”

“Good morning.” Zhang Ye greeted them, too.

Xiao Lu gave him a thumbs up, “I saw your public service advertisement; it was so awesome, too awesome. I swear, I have never seen such an interesting public service advertisement!”

Dafei’s praise was even much higher, “This advertisement was.....marvelous!”

Hou Ge and Hou Di had arrived too, looking at Zhang Ye, Hou Ge was very excited, “Teacher Little Zhang, must you be so talented?”

Yesterday, Brother Hu said your idea was very good, and I still didn’t know what was going on. I was still having my doubts. But last night, when I saw the advertisement, my brother and I were dumbfounded.”

Hou Di added, “He’s not exaggerating; we really were dumbfounded!”

“I cannot get tired of watching this advertisement! When I watched it again during the rebroadcast, it was really better than the first time;

the feeling builds up!" Hou Ge said admiringly.

Soon, Hu Fei came into the office, "Yo, everyone's here?"

Xiao Lu laughed, "Brother Hu, we were just chatting about Teacher Zhang's creative ad; it's too interesting!"

Hu Fei laughed and looked over to Zhang Ye, "You saw it yesterday, too, right? I thought that the ad was good, but didn't expect that it would cause such a sensation and response. Did you all know? Little Zhang created a miracle; during the public service advertisement's second broadcast, the ratings surpassed the official programs before and after it. Haha!"

Hou Ge was shocked, "What?"

Hou Di was also amazed, "The ad's rating was higher than the official programs?"

"It's because of the first broadcast's good response, so once the program ended, to make way for the advertisements, everyone waited for it. This created such a miracle." Hu Fei sighed, "This advertisement has really gone viral. The feedback from the audience was not only good. Many said it was fresh and creative, and many people even expressed that after they watched the advertisement, they would definitely have their 'lights off with people gone'. Hur Hur. We have gotten the recognition and praise from the television station's higher management. Little Zhang, I happened to bump into Director Wang Shuixin upstairs. He had named you in his praises. Your bonus this month definitely can't be low. Check it out yourself when that happens."

Zhang Ye humbled himself, "I was just lucky."

Hu Fei waved his hand, "There's no point in being humble. This isn't luck. Why aren't we lucky? Why were so many advertising professionals not lucky at all over all these years? This is your ability!" Saying this, Hu Fei's expression suddenly looked odd and

also a bit funny. He said to Zhang Ye, "There's another interesting thing."

Zhang Ye blinked, "What?"

Hu Fei said with amusement, "After you were hired, wasn't your resume posted on the television station's official website? Many domestic advertising professionals found you through your resume. I received two phone calls last night, and one this morning. All of them were requesting your contact information from me, hoping that you could go to their company or their television station's advertising department for further development. One of them even has quite good a relationship with me. Hur Hur. One of them even offered a 500,000 annual salary to headhunt you. He even tried his best to convince me to let you go. This is the salary of their company's upper management. See how much they value you?"

Zhang Ye immediately made known his stand, "Brother Hu, I'm not going."

Xiao Lu and Dafei were also worried. They did not want Teacher Zhang to be headhunted, for their relationship was getting more harmonious over the past two days.

"Haha, I was just waiting for you to say that." Hu Fei pointed at Zhang Ye and laughed, "Even if you wanted to, I wouldn't agree to it. I used so much effort to rope you in against all odds. Who dares rob you from me? I'm the first to reject! No way!"

Zhang Ye was relieved, "Don't worry. Even if they gave me a 5 million Yuan annual salary, I would definitely not go, let alone a mere 500,000!"

Xiao Lu giggled, "That's right. Teacher Zhang's car is a 5 million X5 bulletproof car. Does he lack that hundreds of thousands of salary?"

Hou Ge laughed, "Indeed. Teacher Little Zhang looks wealthy from any angle. They sure dared to name their price."

Hu Fei was shocked, "Bulletproof car? The bulletproof version of the BMW? People actually buy that car? I thought not a single one would be sold!"

Xiao Lu said, "Brother Hu, you may not know. When we went for lunch, a flower pot even smashed into it from the fifth floor. We were all dumbfounded. But in the end, Teacher Zhang cleaned off the pot fragments in a relaxed manner. Guess what we saw? The car's paint was not even chipped off! It was in perfect condition! That car was too awesome!"

Hu Fei said, "Really? Then I must try it the next time. I doubt I can earn that much money in my entire life. I'll try to rub off some of Teacher Little Zhang's greatness. Hur Hur. But indeed, Little Zhang won't covet that tiny bit of money, so I was not afraid of them poaching. Teacher Little Zhang can casually write a 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' and earn millions of royalties, right? If he really wanted to make money, he would have gone into writing books and poetry. Why would he need to trouble himself making advertisements?"

Xiao Lu was also curious, "Teacher Zhang, then what are you doing this for?"

Hou Ge was also quite concerned, "That's right; you aren't short of money, so why did you come to the television station? The salary here is pathetic. You may earn a bit more as a host, but it can't exceed 20,000, right?"

Zhang Ye gave some thought and declared, "I am for the transmission and development of Art. I dedicate my strength for national education. Social harmony and national peace are things I spend my efforts researching on. Only the television station can express my greatest ideals..."

Hu Fei rolled his eyes, "Speak normally!"

Zhang Ye was helpless, "Alright; I can become famous here!"

Xiao Lu also burst out in laughter, "Hahaha!"

Hou Ge and Hou Di were also amused!

In this line, they either wanted to make a name for themselves or make money. They were all the latter, doing it for a living. However, Teacher Zhang Ye was clearly a level higher. He was in pursuit of the former!

Was it embarrassing?

What was so embarrassing about it!?

Everyone had desires. However, many people had used it as a derogatory word. It could be a bit ridiculous, but if desire was said in a different way, it was motivation!

This was the power and source of success!

Chapter 110 - Beijing Couplet Competition Begins!

Afternoon.

Zhang Ye was discussing with Xiao Lu about the program recording in a few days time, when suddenly, some people from the advertising department came.

"Teacher Zhang," a youth said politely.

"Oh, Teacher Liu." Zhang Ye went over. He had seen these people before. They had worked together on the public service advertisement.

"Don't, Hur Hur, don't call me Teacher. Although I'm older than you by about three years, I do not dare to be addressed as Teacher in front of you. Well, the results of the advertisement are out. The reception was extremely good. I believe that you must have heard of it. We came over to thank you. Thank you for all the help," the youth said in friendly manner.

Zhang Ye smiled, "You're welcome. It was nothing."

Another lady chimed in, "If we encounter a tough problem in the future, we might even consult you. Please don't be stingy when the time comes and give us your guidance."

Zhang Ye replied helplessly, "I'm just a layman. How can I give any guidance?"

The third youth gave a wry smile, "If you are a layman, then no one in the country is a professional. I also saw the slogan for the lawn on your Weibo. Although it cannot be used, it was really well-written. Also, the electricity conservation public service advertisement's creativeness are things we need to learn from. I don't think that it is too much to write them in advertising textbooks. You have opened a

new path for creativeness in advertisements. It is extremely meaningful!"

Zhang Ye waved his hands, "You are putting me on a pedestal. There's no need. Really, there's no need."

After the people from the advertising department gave their gratitude, they left.

Xiao Lu gave him a big thumbs up, "Teacher Zhang is indeed Teacher Zhang. This is the first time that I have seen people from the advertising department seeking someone from the program teams for advice."

"Stop making fun of me." Zhang Ye returned to his seat.

"Hey, look at Weibo!" Hou Ge shouted out suddenly. As he was very loud, no one was prepared for it, so they were greatly shocked.

"Weibo?"

"You gave me a fright."

"What's on Weibo, Hou Ge?"

A few people asked.

Hou Ge pointed to the computer, "I followed Teacher Little Zhang's Weibo yesterday. I saw that many of Teacher Zhang's fans were @-ing the Beijing Writers' Association, right? They wanted to get him into the Writers' Association, and there were people questioning why the Writers' Association did not let Teacher Little Zhang join. It seems like it has been stirring quite a buzz for days. Look, the Beijing Writers' Association's official Weibo account has replied. They said that they have the intention of inviting Teacher Zhang to join and were doing the final inspection and approval. And the Beijing Writers' Association's official Weibo even posted an invitation. It invited many people. Probably in the tens, and the last one is Teacher Little Zhang."

"Entering the Writers' Association is good. With Teacher Zhang's ability, he should have entered long ago. What's there to inspect? There's no need to inspect. Anyone with eyes knows Teacher Zhang's literary foundation!" Xiao Lu said in a displeased manner.

Indeed, although this world's Writers' Association's admission criteria was stricter than in Zhang Ye's world, with the minimum criteria very high, with Zhang Ye's poems, essays, novels and fairy tales, the minimum criteria was not something that could faze him. Besides, the Beijing Writers' Association was just a province's Writers' Association, so was there a need for them to take so long before they announced their intentions of inviting him? There was something subtle with their attitude.

"Invitation?" Zhang Ye was concerned about something else.

"What invitation?" Dafei also asked.

Hou Ge was unable to explain it properly, "Aiyah, just check yourselves."

Zhang Ye and the rest opened Weibo and understood!

The annual Beijing Couplet Competition was being held tomorrow. It was held in Beijing University's newly renovated hall. It was a grand couplet competition, jointly organized by the Beijing Couple Organization, the Beijing Writers' Association and several other organizations. Every year, the leaders of the broadcasting companies, officials from the Beijing Education Ministry, members of the Couplet Organization and Writers' Association, etc would be invited as guests or competitors.

What was a couplet competition?

To be simple, they were to match verses!

There were all sorts of one-to-one correspondence in matching the number of characters on a line, etc. It was very profound and had many rules to adhere to. It was a traditional component of Chinese

literature and had more than a thousand years of history.

The traditional Chinese literature of this world may be inferior to commercial entertainment programs in terms of popularity, but compared to Zhang Ye's original world, it was much superior. Chinese literature received a lot of attention. Although Zhang Ye's world would have couplet competitions or poetry meets frequently, where they might even be on a national level, organized in various states, their scale was very small.

It was done very simply. Sometimes it would even be held in a crappy classroom with about 20 people participating. Even if it was a couplet competition at a provincial level, there were not many who paid attention to it. However, this world was different. The number of people who paid attention to it was considerable and the scale was large. It was held in Beijing University's hall, and the entire process was broadcast live online. It was considered an annual grand meet in literature in Beijing. At least, many professionals paid a lot of attention to it.

Big Thunder?

Zheng Anbang?

Seeing nearly a hundred members invited as competitors, Zhang Ye could recognize a few old familiar names with his sharp eyes. Alright, they were considered old enemies. They were those people from the Beijing Writers' Association who had gone to the Beijing Radio Station to trample on Zhang Ye, but ended up being smacked in the face by him!

He did not know any of the other contestants.

Many of them were from the Beijing Couplet Organization or were grassroot members.

Zhang Ye finally saw that the last person to be invited was him!

"But I didn't register! Why are they inviting me to be a contestant?"

Zhang Ye frowned slightly. Do you really not care about me? When you ignored me, you ignored me. When you cared about me, you didn't ask for my opinion to put my name in there? Do you know what respect is?

Xiao Lu said, "Who cares? You should go."

"That's right. It will be interesting. We can decide when the time comes whether to participate or not." Hou Ge encouraged him too, "This is a grand literature event. It is much more important than the Mid Autumn Poetry Meet that you participated from before. Not just anyone gets the participation qualification. Even the entry tickets for spectators aren't easy to get."

With a smile, he said, "Teacher Little Zhang, aren't you fighting for fame? This would suit you perfectly. This is entirely broadcasted live on the internet. Not many people watch it, but the numbers definitely aren't low. If you can enter the final round and show your face, it can increase your fame. If your fame increases, it will help our new program, too."

What he said was right.

But... I don't f**king know couplets!

It wasn't that he didn't know. He only knew the couplets from his world. He had no idea what the situation and foundation of the couplets for this world were!

Zhang Ye suddenly thought of something. F**k, could the bunch of people from the Writers' Association know that he did not know couplets, resulting in them putting him on the invitation name list without asking him? They had lost in the poem competition last time, with the entire Beijing Writers' Association losing to Zhang Ye. They were indignant about it and wanted to take revenge? They wanted to use a literary area that Zhang Ye did not know to ridicule him? Put him to shame? Regain their reputation?

It seemed highly probable!

With the Beijing Writers' Association's Vice President Meng Dongguo's personality, what wouldn't he do!?

Ring, ring, ring. A phone call came.

Zhang Ye picked it up, "Hello. Who is this?"

"Teacher Zhang Ye?" It was a middle-aged woman's voice, "I am an employee of the Couplet Organization. I want to confirm your invitation for tomorrow's Beijing Couplet Competition. Do you have time to participate in it? If you do have time, I will inform my colleagues from the Beijing Writers' Association to print a contestant pass and entry pass for you. You were recommended by them. Tomorrow, you can just go to Beijing University, and someone from the Writers' Association will attend to you."

Zhang Ye hesitated for a while before saying, "Alright then."

So what if he joined? He would analyze the situation first. If the Writers' Association had really planted a trap for him, or this world's couplets were things Zhang Ye did not know, then he would give up and not bring ridicule to himself. Of course, if he had a chance to show his strength, Zhang Ye would definitely not grab the opportunity to show off. Being an E-list celebrity could not satisfy him. His goal was even higher and further. He would grab tightly at every opportunity that could make him become famous. Writing novels? Writing poems? Writing stories? Writing essays? Making advertisements? Match couplets? He was never picky! He would devour them all, despite what they were!

Outside.

Hu Fei, who was carrying a bunch of stuff, entered.

Hou Ge was the closest, so he rushed up, "Brother Hu, let me do it."

"Alright. Thank you." Hou Ge gave him the box. It was the information

and documents needed for work. However, after Hou Ge took it away, Hu Fei reached into the box and took out a few tickets placed at the top. Then he said to everyone, "Tomorrow, the Beijing University will have a Couplet Competition. It is very grand. The Couplet Organization has invited us from the television station to spectate it. They are middle row tickets. They are hard to get, but I managed to grab five of them. Tomorrow is Saturday; let's go together."

"Five tickets?" Xiao Lu asked in a baffled manner, "Aren't we short of one? With Brother Hu, we have a total of six people."

Hu Fei pointed to Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang doesn't need it, right? I heard that the Beijing Writers' Association has recommended Little Zhang to compete in the competition. All contestants have an entry pass, so he doesn't need a ticket to enter. Is that right, Little Zhang?"

Zhang Ye nodded, "Yes, someone from the Couplet Organization just called me."

Xiao Lu was happy, "That's good. Then, let's go tomorrow. Anyway I have nothing to do at home."

Hou Di snapped his fingers, "Right, we'll go tomorrow to cheer for Teacher Little Zhang. Do you think we should make a banner? With 'Teacher Zhang Ye, We Love You' on it? Pretending we are his fans? With that, it can show how popular Teacher Little Zhang is and how many fans he has!"

Dafei wiped his sweat, "...You really have nothing better to do."

Hou Ge also slapped his brother in the neck, "Does Little Zhang need to fake it? He has no lack of fans!"

Everyone happily chatted together. They came up with plans and joked around. Yes, they were actually too free. After being hired for so many days, their program had not begun airing. Since the planning for their segment had been mostly completed, they did not have much work to do. So whenever something interesting

happened, they would be extremely passionate about it. They didn't feel good about not having anything to do all day, so naturally they had to find something to do!

Translator's Note:

Legge here. I hope you have enjoyed the releases so far for I'm Really a Superstar! I have enjoyed reading it myself and happy that you could enjoy the translated version too.

When I agreed to work on this with CK, we had some initial doubts on how we could make this work (fair translation to author's and the works featured in this story)

We had identified that the upcoming couplet arc would be the most challenging to translate. In Mandarin, all of these couplets are super interesting and meaningful. So to actually make it work in English, we had to rack our brains together and try to present it well enough for the reader to feel the satisfaction of a couplet duel.

I had a good time researching on them, learning lots in the process. No ready English resources were harmed in the process of translating (They weren't available anyway) So we would like to ask for some tolerance if we didn't do well enough. If you think that there were mistakes, feel free to contact CK, or actually feel free to discuss about the couplets if you know Chinese on Reddit, various novel forums or in the comments section.

Please do take time to read the couplets rather than skim through it. It would make us feel that our efforts were worth it. Our methods might be a little unorthodox this time. (you will find out why later)

As for what couplets are, please read the extract below, taken from .

In Chinese poetry, a couplet is a pair of lines of poetry which adhere to certain rules. A couplet must adhere to the following rules:

Both lines must have the same number of Chinese characters.

The lexical category of each character must be the same as its corresponding character.

The tone pattern of one line must be the inverse of the other. This generally means if one character is of the level (平) tone, its corresponding character in the other line must be of an oblique (仄) tone.

The last character of the first line should be of an oblique tone, which forces the last character of the second line to be of a level tone.

The meaning of the two lines need to be related, with each pair of corresponding characters having related meanings too.

The characters must have opposite meanings of each other, especially the last character.

Chapter 111 - The Preliminaries Begin!

Saturday.

The weather had turned chilly.

Entrance to Beijing University.

Today, the school was sealed off. It only allowed the school's students and teachers, as well as the Couplet Competition staff and contestants, to enter. Hence, all of the other entrances to the school were closed, leaving only the main gate and the largest side gate open. There was even a sign erected. The side gate was for students and teachers, while the main gate was used for the admission of the Couplet Competition's relevant personnel and spectators. There wasn't a lack of security. Many of the school's security guards were gathered here, and there were more than ten people. Because there were more extreme events happening frequently in society these days, the security check was done more strictly.

Zhang Ye was also being inspected.

"Hello. Please show me your tickets," a Couplet Organization staff said.

Zhang Ye, who had come early, took advantage of not needing to line up to enter the school, but he was stopped. He said, "I'm a contestant."

The youth looked at him, "May I know what your name is?"

"I'm Zhang Ye. Please check for me. The Writers' Association should have given me a pass," Zhang Ye said.

"Alright, let me take a look." The youth immediately called out to a colleague to bring a suitcase over. Inside were the contestant passes. "Zhang Ye...Zhang Ye..." After rummaging for a while, the youth frowned, "Sorry, there's no contestant pass with your name."

Then looking at the name list, "Zhang Ye, right? The contestant name list submitted by the Writers' Association doesn't have you. Sorry, but I won't be able to let you in."

"It doesn't have me?" Zhang Ye could not stifle his laughter.

The people from the Couplet Organization thought that Zhang Ye was purposely here to mess things up and enter, so they ignored him and checked the tickets of others.

Zhang Ye could smell a rat at this moment. Was it really as he had guessed? The Beijing Writers' Association inviting him was a scheme to pay him back with his own coin? They were determined to make things difficult for him and disgust him? But aren't your methods too low-class? Or could it be that he was an eyesore to a minority of people from the Writers' Association, so they had schemed against him? And the people from the upper echelons of the Writers' Association and the Couplet Organization were uninformed of this? He felt this was most likely. Anyway, no matter what, someone had definitely done something behind the scenes. They had made an error, forgetting Zhang Ye's contestant pass? This possibility was almost zero!

The official admission time came.

There were quite a lot of people lined up at the school gate. They were beginning to enter.

Hu Fei brought Hou Ge, Hou Di, Dafei and Xiao Lu with him, and they just arrived. The moment they reached, they noticed a gloomy-looking Zhang Ye nearby.

"Yo, Teacher Zhang!" Xiao Lu shouted.

Dafei also waved his hands, "Teacher Zhang, over here!"

Zhang Ye walked up, and Hu Fei and company walked over too. Hu Fei asked in surprise, "Little Zhang, why haven't you entered? The preliminaries have already begun, right? Contestants like you should

enter much earlier than us."

Zhang Ye threw up his hands, "I can't get in. The Beijing Writers' Association did not prepare a contestant pass for me. Although they invited me, my name isn't on the invitation list."

"What? Such a thing can happen?" Hou Ge immediately turned angry.

Hou Di also understood immediately as he gritted his teeth, "F***, aren't they being bullies?"

They had recently gotten to know of Zhang Ye's previous matters. They knew that he had offended quite a number of people from the Beijing Writers' Association, including its Vice President Meng Dongguo. However, in their opinion, the Writers' Association was such a big organization that wouldn't be so petty. Since they had invited Teacher Zhang Ye, they were probably making leeway in order to then rope Zhang Ye in. That was the reason why they had encouraged Zhang Ye to join the competition yesterday. However, who knew that they were too naive? They had invited Zhang Ye, but would not allow him entry? Were they bent on disgusting him?

On the web, many of Zhang Ye's fans knew that he was participating in the competition. Many of them were full of anticipation, waiting in front of their computers for the live stream to begin. In the end, Zhang Ye did not even enter the gates? If someone asked, would the Beijing Writers' Association just explain it away with, "Zhang Ye gave up on his own accord"? That would make the fans grumble at Zhang Ye and, at the same time, strike a blow to his reputation. If someone investigated, the Writers' Association could simply say, "Oh, a subordinate made a mistake and did not process the contestant pass." They could push the blame just like that? It was too despicable!

"Those bunch of grandsons!" Hou Ge cursed!

Hu Fei's face was also sullen, "Little Zhang, have you called the person who contacted you?"

"Well, I was just about to call." Zhang Ye called the woman from the Couplet Organization who had contacted him from before, "Hello, I'm Zhang Ye."

There was a lot of noise on her side. She was probably busy. "Zhang Ye? Oh, Teacher Zhang Ye. Why haven't you entered? Can't you come? Our preliminaries have just begun."

Zhang Ye said, "I'm already here, but I can't enter." He explained the situation.

The woman clearly did not know of the situation. She was stunned, "How can that be? The Writers' Association should have done the necessary work for you. Alright, I'll give them a call. I'll try to arrange it for you."

After hanging up, Zhang Ye said, "Why don't all of you go in first?"

"If you aren't going, what's the point of us going?" Xiao Lu said, "If we are going in, we must all go in together!"

Hu Fei reached into his bag and passed him a ticket. "Take my ticket and enter first. Take part in the preliminaries first. Since they invited you, even if they did something underhanded, your name must be on the namelist of the Couplet Organization. They just need to provide you a contestant pass."

Zhang Ye waved his hands, "There's no need. Go in first." They had all taken the pains to travel here, so how could he go in himself while leaving them outside?

Suddenly, there were a few shouts!

"Haha! Little Zhang!"

"Teacher Little Zhang! Here, here!"

"Why are you here, too? Oh, right! You are here to compete!"

The people who came were Zhang Ye's former colleagues, Big Sis Zhou, Auntie Sun and assistant Xiaofang. After greeting them, Zhao Guozhou looked to be a bit further behind them. Zhao Guozhou and a few staff and Leaders of the radio station's other channels were there. Seeing Zhang Ye, Zhao Guozhou smiled and walked over.

"Little Zhang, it's been a while." Zhao Guozhou laughed.

Zhang Ye blinked and immediately went over to say, "Brother Zhao, do you have any extra tickets?"

"Entry tickets? Too many people on your side came? You don't have enough tickets? That can't be. Your television station should have more tickets than our radio station." Zhao Guozhou was puzzled. The Beijing Radio Station and the Beijing Television Station had long merged together. The tickets were first handed out to the television station. Only the leftovers were handed over to the radio station. They were considered one, and their seats were even side by side.

Zhang Ye said helplessly, "No. I can't get in. They didn't prepare a contestant pass for me."

Upon hearing this, Zhao Guozhou understood what could have happened, "Do we have tickets?"

Big Sis Zhou said, "No, everyone has only one. This Couplet Competition is too popular. It's not easy to get tickets."

"I'll ask around for you." Zhao Guozhou went to ask the Leaders from the other departments.

Xiaofang immediately said, "Teacher Zhang, use my ticket. I happen to have something to do and didn't want to come in the first place." Everyone knew that she was lying.

Zhang Ye shook his head, adamant about not wanting it.

Just as they were looking for tickets, Tian Bin and his wife suddenly appeared, hand in hand. By now, Tian Bin was one of the hottest

late-night segment anchors of the Central Radio Station. Under his hands, 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' had reached even greater heights. His ratings were even higher than when Zhang Ye was at the Beijing Radio Station. Afterall, the Central Radio Station could be received throughout the country, so its exposure was many times more than the Beijing Radio Station. These results were no wonder. Besides, the Central Radio Station was a huge station. It had no lack of tickets, so Tian Bin would naturally get them, which meant that he could also bring his wife.

"Zhang Ye." Tian Bin's wife waved at him with a smile.

Tian Bin had probably heard their conversation, so he pushed a ticket into Zhang Ye's hands. "I have four tickets. The two friends I invited could not come, as they had to work overtime. I'm giving it to you."

Zhang Ye asked for confirmation, "This isn't your own ticket, right?"

"No," Tian Bin was amused, "I might not give you my ticket, even if you wanted it."

"Alright then. Thanks a lot." Zhang Ye accepted it.

Tian Bin said, "Hurry and go. They thought a tiny trick or two can trample on you? Let the people from the Beijing Writers' Association know who Teacher Zhang Ye is!"

Zhang Ye laughed, "Alright!"

Following that, everyone lined up to enter.

After chatting with his former colleagues and Leader, they entered the school gates. Zhang Ye walked together with his new colleagues and Hu Fei, and went straight to a small square in the center of the school. This was where the preliminaries were being held. Only those who could pass the preliminaries had the qualification to participate in the Couplet Competition in the large hall.

It had begun some time ago.

There was not even much time left.

Xiao Lu was more worried than Zhang Ye, "Teacher Little Zhang, hurry up. The people of the Writers' Association did that, so as to deal a blow to your reputation. They might have even thought of the scenario where even if you managed to get a ticket to enter, the preliminaries would almost be over due to the delay. If you can't even pass the preliminary, they will definitely say how lacking you are. They will smear you, and then win back the reputation they lost the last time. So, we definitely cannot lose to them! We must enter the finals! Let them know how good you are! Let them recall the scene of them being hit in the face by you in the Mid Autumn Poetry Meet!"

Hu Fei recalled something, "None of you have even asked Little Zhang if he knows anything about couplets. This is a different domain than writing poems or essays. It's completely different."

Only then did Hou Ge realize, "Oh, right. Teacher Little Zhang, do you know?"

Zhang Ye sweated, "Not really. I'm not very sure either."

"What's there not to be sure about?" Xiao Lu said, "Just say if you have ever studied couplets before?"

"No." Zhang Ye admitted honestly. In his world, couplets were popular only in ancient times. As for modern times? Other than cultural hipsters or scholars who still studied couplets, at the most, he had seen some Millennial Impossibilities left behind from ages long ago. However, he was still unsure what the couplet situation of this world was. He did not know if what he knew could be used.

"You really haven't?" Xiao Lu lost heart.

Hou Ge also sighed, "Then there's no other way."

Hou Di said, "It's alright. We can come up with a strategy to help Teacher Zhang. Let's enter the finals first. I still know a bit about matching couplets."

Xiao Lu said, "I also know a bit. I once did a special article about it previously in the newspaper business."

Chapter 112 - The Last Question that No One could Match!

Square in the school.

The woman from the Couplet Organization gave him a call.

"Hello, Teacher Zhang Ye. Where are you?"

"I'm already inside, in the square where the preliminaries are held."

"Oh? Why can't I see you? Which one are you?"

"Are you the one in a white long dress? I can see you."

She was the only one making a phone call. Zhang Ye walked over, and she was indeed the woman from the Couplet Organization.

"Hello."

The woman lowered her cellphone and handed him a contestant pass and said, "Sorry, Teacher Zhang. The staff missed it. They just found it. Hurry up and participate. There's no need to register. You just need to answer a question. Well, I have something else to do. I'm leaving first."

"Thank you." Zhang Ye watched her leave.

Not far away, Hu Fei greeted him, "You got it?"

Zhang Ye tersely acknowledged before looking at the questions asked in the preliminaries.

There were three question boards in front. They were spaced ten meters apart. There were many people crowded in front of each question board. There were contestants, as well as spectators. Of course, there were not many contestants left at this moment. Many of them had passed the preliminaries and entered the hall by answering correctly. There were less than twenty people left

answering. They were pondering deeply in front of the question boards. The questions did not seem easy.

There were the preliminaries' rules by the side.

1. Contestants, please answer the questions according to the specifications.
2. You have passed only after the judges' decision.
3. There are only 50 questions. There cannot be more than 50 people passing the preliminaries.

Xiao Lu exclaimed, "There are only 50 questions? Aren't there nearly a hundred contestants? Doesn't that mean that they are eliminating half? That's too cruel!"

Hou Ge was in a hurry, "There's not much time left!"

Hou Di pointed to the question board. "There are only two questions left on this board. Ah, that board is full and all the questions have been answered by others. The third board also only has one question left!"

There were three questions left, and about 20 contestants who had not given up on answering!

Some of the contestants felt that they would not be able to answer and had given up, so they had entered the spectator stands.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry! Let us quickly look at the questions! Grab every second!" Xiao Lu said in a rush.

The 50 questions were all couplets. There were four-word, five-word and seven-word verses. All of them were the first half of a couplet. The rules were very simple. There was no lack of ink and brushes in front of the boards. As long as a contestant wrote an answer below the first half of a couplet, and matched it properly with the proper correspondence, they would pass.

The three judges from the Couplet Organization had the authority to make the judgement. The judges were all pretty old. Two of them were old men, and one of them was an old granny. Although Zhang Ye did not know them, he could tell that they were likely authoritative figures in the industry from the way the contestants were so respectful to them. At least, they were top experts in the couplet domain.

After calming his mind, Zhang Ye began looking at the questions.

Three...

Five...

Zhang Ye scanned them once. He discovered that the couplets in this world were similar to those from his world. Heaven matched Earth, Rain matched Wind, Land matched Sky. There was no difference at all. However, he saw some that he had never seen before. Many of the couplets did not exist in Zhang Ye's former world. Maybe it was because Zhang Ye was not well-read, or perhaps he had already forgotten. After all, he did not really study much of couplet culture.

Let's eat a Memory Search Capsule first!

Zhang Ye opened his game ring and looked at his Reputation. With the help from yesterday's public service advertisement, his overall Reputation points were still slowly increasing. It wasn't fast, but after two days and one night, it had managed to reach 100,000. Zhang Ye clicked on the Merchant Shop to buy one Memory Search Capsule, before eating it.

.....

His memories flashed past.

Under the mental guidance of Zhang Ye, time returned to the year 2011 from his previous world.

Back then, Zhang Ye had just entered college. He was determined to

become famous. Every piece of news had an objective attraction to it. One weekend, he had obtained a library card and went to the Media College's library to browse through books. In the beginning, he did not manage to find books he wanted to read. So he flipped through books like searching a needle in a haystack. In the end, he had flipped through a couplet compilation and a companion book that explained and dissected couplets.

The two books were not thick.

One page, ten pages, a hundred pages.

.....

The five minutes were up.

The Memory Search time was over.

Zhang Ye slowly opened his eyes. Back then, he had been flippantly browsing, but now with the Memory Search reinforcing his memory, Zhang Ye could remember every single couplet!

Immediately, he looked at the 50 questions again!

In the clouds, something, something? I don't know!

The flying snow, something, something? No idea!

Scorching vine, something, something? Never seen before!

After seeing quite a number, they were works that had not appeared in Zhang Ye's world. He could not answer them. But just as he was beginning to believe that the couplets of his world had no crossover with this world, a couplet appeared in his eyes. Following that, there was a second and a third!

They existed! There were really some that he recognized!

They were identical to the couplets from his world!

For example, the 41st question, the first half was: Two Three Four Five.

The second half had been matched by someone else. It wrote: Six Seven Eight Nine.

This couplet looked silly and a bit ridiculous, but there was a profoundness to it. Zhang Ye had previously searched his memories and there was a dissection of this particular couplet. In professional terms, it was a hidden couplet. Why did Six Seven Eight Nine match Two Three Four Five? That was because Two Three Four Five lacked (缺, Quē) One (一, Yī), and which sounded like lacking (缺) clothes (衣, Yī). And Six Seven Eight Nine was missing (少, Shǎo) Ten (十, Shí), which sounded like missing (少) food (食, Shí). Together, it formed an idiom, 缺衣少食 (Quē Yī Shǎo Shí) "have not enough clothing and very little food". This was a hidden couplet.

This discovery made Zhang Ye overjoyed. After inspecting it once, although the couplets from his world only took up about 20-30% of the 50 couplets, this was enough to make Zhang Ye relieved. This meant that he still had a chance. It meant that the two worlds had a crossover in works, and it was not to a tiny extent. After thinking about it, they had shared a similar history. Some historical figures were still the same, even after being altered by the game ring. Therefore, the couplet culture, as a whole, shouldn't differ by too much. For the same couplets to appear in both worlds was not unusual at all.

Xiao Lu suddenly said, "Hey, I may be able to match this couplet. When I was an editor, I had seen a similar one to this before. I just need to modify it a little and it should work. Morning snow..... not right, morning dew....."

Hou Ge urged "Xiao Lu, come on, hurry!"

"Don't rush me. I am still thinking!" Xiao Lu grasped her hair.

Isn't it morning something something, won't it be better to match it

with early?" Hou Di also chipped in with ideas.

It could be seen that all of them sincerely wanted Zhang Ye to qualify for the finals to prevent the lowlives from the Beijing Writers' Association from achieving their target at discounting Zhang Ye's authority within the literary circle.

Over there was a middle-aged man who suddenly smacked his own forehead. He then stepped forward with a writing brush and matched the couplet by writing on it while Xiao Lu, Hou Di and the others were thinking. After he wrote, he looked over at the 3 judges and received their acknowledgment. He laughed heartily. He had passed!

Xiao Lu was mad, "Someone got it before us!"

Hou Di said pitifully "Just a step short; we were close to an answer!"

"There are only two questions left." Dafei reminded.

However, Hu Fei sighed and pointed, "Actually, there's only one left."

When they looked over, they saw an old foe of Zhang Ye's stepping up, holding a brush and matching the couplet. His strokes were vigorous and strong, and the words were very nicely written. That person was Big Thunder, a poet from the Beijing Writers' Association. After getting the judges' acknowledgment, he laughed, "Thank you, Teachers."

The bald, old male judge looked at him and said, "Big Thunder, you were the previous couplet competition's runner up. Why did you use such a long time to match?"

The second judge, the old granny smiled, "Did you not see it? Big Thunder did not answer the simple questions, but chose one of the two most difficult questions. This is the ingrained stubbornness of the previous runner up. Hur Hur. Only Big Thunder has such a standard. If he did not answer this question, I guess that no one else would be able to."

The third judge, an old man said, "There's still one last question left? Oh, my guess wasn't bad at all. This is really the last question left. Elder Qian, this question of yours cannot be answered by just anyone. It's just the preliminary round and you are already making it so difficult? In such a short time, who can match this couplet?"

Elder Qian was the 1st judge of this year's competition. He was also the oldest and the most experienced. He touched his beard and said, "This is the Couplet Competition. How can it be interesting if it is not difficult?"

Big Thunder and the judges obviously knew each other. He said to them upon hearing that, "The 50th question was given by Elder Qian? No wonder, I was thinking about it all day but could not match it. This couplet is probably not going to be matched by anyone. Don't mention trying to match it, whether it can be read properly would also be a problem. Even a professional might not be able to read it right."

That was a given. Elder Qian was known as the Phantom Talent in the literary circle. He wasn't a part of the Beijing Couplet Organization, nor the Beijing Writers' Association, but he was a member of the National Writers' Association. His reputation was very high, and he was well-known for giving extremely difficult questions, and not only in the field of couplets. He was one of the examiners at this year's college entrance examinations, too. His questions were usually not given to grade a student, but to differentiate the good students from the bad.

A lot of contestants had now given up, including many distinguished authors and university professors. When met with such a question and hearing the conversation between Elder Qian and Big Thunder, everyone knew that they had to give up, and that there was no chance of them passing the preliminary round. They might as well be content with being the audience today.

All of them gave up, except for Zhang Ye, who was still staring at the question. His eyes were even blinking.. because this couplet was one

that he had seen before!

Chapter 113 - Zhang Ye's Second Half!

In the square.

The preliminary round was coming to an end.

"Time is almost up?" Elder Qian said.

The second judge said, "Well, let's wait another two more minutes."

The third judge nodded, "Okay. If no one steps forward, we will be closing up. Hur Hur."

The three judges announced the ending time, as the preliminaries could not go on without an ending. Everyone was still waiting for the opening ceremony over at the auditorium. Actually, they had not expected anyone to be able to match this couplet. There wasn't enough time either. The key couplet's second line was a very tricky one; every word had to be separated, broken down and digested before you could attempt to match the second line. There was just no other way.

Elder Qian looked at those who had given up and shook his head slightly. In his heart, he had hoped that someone could match this couplet, but he understood that there was no way anyone could.

.....

Not far away.

Xiao Lu was getting anxious, "Quickly match it!"

Hou Di did not know whether to laugh or to cry, "How do you match question 50?"

Dafei also looked over at the couplet that was coined as one of the two most difficult questions, "Hai shui chao chao chao chao chao chao chao luo*? Was this couplet matching, or was this a tongue

twister? What is this crap?"

Hou Ge also stared, "The words are written incorrectly, right? Why are there so many 'chao'?"

Xiao Lu gave an idea, "Why don't we just bullsh*t and try our luck? Let's match it with 'Da feng gua gua gua gua gua gua qi'."

Man, with so many gua (Gusting), it had to be a typhoon. Zhang Ye could only smile bitterly.

Dafei nearly fainted as he said, "Why didn't you match it with 'Fu ben zou zou zou zou zou zou' (copy cat go go go go go go go)?"

Xiao Lu also knew it couldn't work. She looked down in despair, "Then what should we do?"

Just as they were discussing, Big Thunder was staring at Zhang Ye and laughed. He walked up and said, "Yo. Zhang Ye is here, too? Have you not matched any yet? But there's only this one left." Big Thunder was good at poetry and also couplets, otherwise he wouldn't have received the runner up position in the last competition. He stood before Zhang Ye this time as a competitor in the couplet competition. Big Thunder was very confident; he knew that in terms of poetry, he might not compare to Zhang Ye, but in couplets? He wants to compete with me in couplets? You sure are funny! Big Thunder joined this year with the target to be the champion!

Zhang Ye looked at him, "So what if there's only one left?"

"Then you had better hurry; there's not much time." Big Thunder laughed, "And are you even sure that you can match this couplet? This was given by Elder Qian. Before bragging that you can match it, why not read the first part of the couplet for us first? I'm afraid that you can't even read it correctly. If that's the case, then you can forget about matching it."

Xiao Lu whispered, "Teacher Zhang, just bullsh*t your way through!"

"Right. Write anything. You might even get it correct!" Hou Di said, "Why don't you just use the one Xiao Lu suggested earlier?"

The few of them discussed in whispers.

Big Thunder shook his head, "You are even trying to match the couplet collectively? Isn't this cheating?"

Xiao Lu stared viciously at Big Thunder. This old bald donkey! What has it to do with you? Could it be that you were the one who did not allow Teacher Zhang to compete? Were you the one playing tricks?

The first judge, Elder Qian, looked at his watch, "Okay. Let's call it a day."

They were preparing to go off. The school staff were coming over to move the tables away and pack up.

At this moment, Zhang Ye said loudly, "Judges, please wait. I would like to give it a try."

Big Thunder was stunned, and he was also happy. He wondered if Zhang Ye was even serious about matching this couplet? And he hadn't even arrived for long? In such a short time, what could he match! Even if it was him, he might have had to spend an hour or two and it might not even be a good match, or he might not even be able to match it, so how could Zhang Ye?

The other contestants also stopped in their steps and paid attention.

"Eh?"

"Who is this person?"

"This couplet must be an impossibility, right? Yet, someone actually wants to try it?"

"It cannot be considered an impossibility, but it is definitely very difficult."

"Can he do it? I have never seen him before. Is he from this field?"

Big Sis Zhou, Auntie Sun and Zhao Guozhou were also observing near the square. When they saw Zhang Ye stepping up, they all cheered.

"Teacher Zhang, go for it!" Xiaofang shouted.

"Little Zhang! Show them what you've got!" Auntie Sun said

Zhang Ye turned around to look. Even Tian Bin and his wife were gesturing for him to do well. He nodded to them in acknowledgment and assured them.

With all the shouting, many of those who had given up were shocked!

"Zhang Ye?"

"He is that Zhang Ye?"

"Shuidiao Getou was very well written. So that's him."

"I heard that he slapped the faces of those in the Writers' Association the last time, yet he dares to step foot here today?"

A portion of the crowd still did not know of Zhang Ye, but there were still some who had heard of him before. They all gathered together and discussed about him, occasionally pointing at him.

At this time, the cameraman responsible for live streaming the event also pointed his camera at Zhang Ye. The preliminary round was not streamed live, but he still had to record it. There would be edits to create a highlight reel that was to be uploaded to the internet.

The three judges looked over at him, "Try it then."

Zhang Ye did not mind the discussion around him and stepped forward.

Xiao Lu suddenly asked, "Are you really going to use that 'gua gua gua gua gua gua'?"

Zhang Ye laughed. He was thinking that not even a fool would use a crappy match like yours; the words didn't even correspond. If this bro wrote it, he would have caused the professionals to die of laughter. This first verse had hidden tricks behind it, so how could it be easily solved with just luck? But Zhang Ye felt no pressure. Coincidentally, one of the two most difficult upper verses, the 50th and the last question, fell into the 20-30% of couplets that existed in his previous world. This couplet had even been completed by the capable predecessors of his world!

The question board was nearing.

Standing in front of it, Zhang Ye stopped and lowered his head. He picked up a writing brush, dipped the ink on its tip, raised his hand and started writing the second verse without a thought.

Big Thunder had a look. At first, he did not understand.

The other contestants also inexplicably watched Zhang Ye writing the second verse. Because they did not understand the first verse at all, a large portion of them did not even know how to read it. So when Zhang Ye wrote the second verse out, they did not seem to understand it either. They were all confused.

The only thing they knew was that this man's calligraphy was very good!

Hou Ge exclaimed, "Good writing!"

Hu Fei eyes brightened, "Teacher Little Zhang, great calligraphy! The flicks are elegant, and yet doesn't lack strength!"

Xiao Lu was also lost in admiration, "These words are so beautiful! Teacher Zhang Ye is even skilled in calligraphy?"

The other contestants and audience members also had a look at

Zhang Ye's writing. He was such a young man, yet his calligraphy was so good. It was not often that there was such a person!

Zhang Ye put down the brush. He had completed the verse!

Everyone then focused on the second half of the couplet Zhang Ye wrote: Fu yun zhang zhang zhang zhang zhang zhang xiao*!

What second half is this?

What did it mean?

Nothing could be seen on the surface!

Big Thunder and a few accomplished couplet experts stared at the second half. They gave it some thought and tried to read it a few times, but they did not manage to.

It's not right?

Did this second half match?

They were not sure either. The first and second half were both very vague, so they could hardly tell!

Even the second and third judges did not give it much thought at first glance. They felt that this young man was likely writing it blindly, but his words were very neat and tidy. Elder Qian's first half of his couplet was definitely complicated, both in its profoundness and mood. It was impossible to match it.

Some booing was heard in the audience.

"What is this?"

"Haha, using these few words and it can be considered a second verse?"

"Right, then I can do it, too. The first verse can't be that simple."

"This must be blindly matched. Zhang zhang zhang zhang zhang? What and what!"

Only Elder Qian narrowed his eyes, "Lad, how do you read this second verse of yours?"

Zhang Ye smiled and responded with a question, "How do you read your first half?"

"My first half is..." Elder Qian recited, "Hǎi shuǐ cháo, zhāo zhāo cháo, zhāo cháo zhāo luò (the sea tide; it rises everyday; everyday it rises and everyday it falls)."

After reading them with the right pronunciation, these consecutive 'chao/zhao' made clear sense. A lot of the contestants and audience members were suddenly enlightened. So that's how it was! That was how it was read! No wonder the previous runner up, Big Thunder, said that even professionals might not be able to read it right! The technique within was so profound! This was a couplet consisting of same characters, but different pronunciations! This kind of couplet matching was too damn difficult! Because it was very complicated! And it even required a second verse to match it neatly? Impossible!

Xiao Lu was speechless, "This first verse is too obscure!"

Hou Di sighed, "Teacher Little Zhang definitely didn't manage to match it. Chang chang chang chang? It doesn't correspond, right?"

Hou Ge said, "Forget it. There's nothing to feel regretful about. After all, Teacher Zhang's forte is not in matching couplets. He had even said before that he did not know much about couplets."

The second judge looked at Elder Qian, "Let's go, Elder Qian. Let's go to the hall."

"That's right; we need to judge the finals." The third judge, who was an old man, said.

But no one expected to see Elder Qian remaining motionless. He

looked at Zhang Ye, "What about you?"

"Hǎi shuǐ cháo, zhāo zhāo cháo, zhāo cháo zhāo luò (the sea tide; everyday it rises; everyday it rises and everyday it falls)." Zhang Ye repeated it again, and then smiled before saying his second half, "Fú yún zhǎng, cháng cháng zhǎng, cháng zhǎng cháng xiāo (the cloud forms; it forms constantly; constantly it forms and constantly it dissolves)!"

The second and third judges, who had just turned around, halted in their steps upon hearing this. They turned their heads in shock!

Many spectators and contestants were about to leave, too. But when they heard Zhang Ye recite the second verse, one could tell with the naked eye that their expressions were that of shock!

Big Thunder was stunned!

Hou Ge, Hou Di, Xiao Lu and company stared widely!

At this moment, the entire Beijing University's small square seemed to quieten down!

* 海水朝朝朝朝朝朝落 (Hai shui chao chao chao chao chao chao chao luo).

The repeated character, 朝 (pronounced either zhāo or cháo), when pronounced as cháo, it means "the tide" (潮); when pronounced as zhāo, it means "the day". Depending on the way the punctuation is placed, the sentence can mean something completely different.

* 浮云长长长长长消 (Fu yun zhang zhang zhang zhang zhang zhang zhang xiao).

The repeated character, 长 (pronounced either zhǎng or cháng), when pronounced as zhǎng, it means "long/length/grow"; when pronounced as cháng (常), it means "always/often". Depending on the way the punctuation is placed, the sentence can mean something completely different.

Chapter 114 - Miraculous Couplet Matching Miraculous Couplet!

There was silence all around!

Hǎi shuǐ cháo, zhāo zhāo cháo, zhāo cháo zhāo luò (the sea tide; it rises everyday; everyday it rises and everyday it falls)?

Fú yún zhǎng, cháng cháng zhǎng, cháng zhǎng cháng xiāo (the cloud forms; it forms constantly; constantly it forms and constantly it dissolves)?

No one expected that the simple 'chang chang chang chang chang' Zhang Ye had written had a similar hidden catch to it!

The old man who was the third judge cried out with a hoarse voice, "This... Someone really managed to match it?"

They could not believe it, but reality was placed right in front of them. Phantom Talent Elder Qian's most difficult question had been matched. And it had been matched perfectly!

The video camera man for the online stream closed up on Zhang Ye's face. He also stopped on the couplet that Zhang Ye had written for a long period of time!

Elder Qian looked at Zhang Ye. After several seconds, he burst out into laughter, "Good! A young person's abilities must be respected! A young person's abilities must be respected!"

After he stopped laughing, he stroked his beard. "You really exceeded my expectations. Today you have given me too great a surprise. Good. Young lad, I will barely pass you."

Pass?

And only barely?

Everyone was puzzled. Didn't he match it?

Zhang Ye looked at Elder Qian, but he was not angry. He laughed, "Why only barely?"

The second judge who was the old granny was also pondering over his words, "Old man Qian, didn't he do a good job matching? There's nothing to fault at his correspondence. The mood is also just right. What is there for you to pick on? I think it was matched perfectly!"

The third judge frowned as he gave it some thought, before suddenly saying, "Hey, does your first half of the couplet still have a hidden catch?"

Elder Qian smiled, "Yes, the first half has other ways of reading it. The meaning and mood are all different. So he can only be considered to have matched a tiny portion of it, hence I said that he barely passed."

There were still hidden catches?

There were still tricks inside?

Everyone was stunned. Did Elder Qian come out with a miraculous couplet?

They had originally thought that the couplet was extremely difficult. Yet they had underestimated it?

It was a miraculous couplet!

Xiao Lu exclaimed, "Passing is good. Teacher Zhang is awesome!"

Hou Ge and Hou Di were also full of admiration. It was quite exaggerated to even match a portion of it. After all, they had not been able to understand the first half of the couplet just now!

Big Thunder felt his mind balance.

The other contestants also felt their minds balance upon hearing it!

Oh, so he did not completely match the first half. He still had other ways of reading the first half!

Elder Qian looked at Zhang Ye and pleasingly said, "If we follow strictly by the rules, I can't let you pass based on your answer. Because this is the Beijing Couplet Competition, not only do we have to adhere to the rules, but it also has to fit the mood in all aspects. But because this first verse is very complex and complicated, and is a miraculous couplet, and the fact that you are still young, to be able match to this point is already a very good result. That is why I gave you a pass. I believe the other two judges won't have any objections."

The old granny said, "Of course I have no qualms. Pass him."

The third judge said, "I would have had a problem with you if you didn't pass him. Haha."

But just as Elder Qian was about to pass Zhang Ye, Zhang Ye suddenly stepped forward and said with a laugh, "All of you might have no problems with it, but I have a problem with it. Elder Qian, you said that my second half had barely managed to match the first half. I can't pretend I didn't hear that. Hur Hur."

Everyone burst into an uproar!

You still have a problem?

What problem can you have?

Elder Qian was amused, "Why? You aren't convinced? Then I'll read the other ways of reading my first half. I will let a young lad like you be utterly convinced after losing."

Losing?

I will lose?

Zhang Ye said without fear, "What a coincidence. My second half also

has many ways of reading it!"

It was time for Elder Qian and the rest to be shocked. "Eh? You also have?"

Xiao Lu shouted out, "What the hell! Teacher Zhang, you really can do it?"

Zhao Guozhou, Hu Fei and company could hardly believe it.

Big Thunder scoffed. It was impossible!

He was amused in his mind at how Zhang Ye had made such an outrageous brag!

Big Thunder already understood the tricks behind the first half of the couplet. Hai shui chao chao chao chao chao chao luo?

In between the few 'chao' words, punctuation could be placed. And changing the pronunciation, the meaning would be completely different. Even the message expressed would be very different. There were all sorts of knowledge intertwined in it. Hur, what a joke. What knowledge was there in your chang chang chang chang chang?

It was just a coincidence that the first verse was matched for this interpretation of the verse!

Why are you still bragging?

You're full of yourself!

The internet streaming cameraman did not dare lose his focus. He kept the camera pointed in Zhang Ye's direction.

The commotion had attracted a lot of people. More and more of the guests who had previously gone to the auditorium had returned.

"Someone has answered the last question?"

"What's the situation? Who is that person?"

"It's not considered as answered. Elder Qian's first verse has a trick."

These contestants who had gone through to the finals apparently found out about the situation here when their friends called. Their curiosities were piqued and they proceeded back here to see who had answered the 50th question. Those who had gone through earlier had all seen that question and no one was confident in answering it, but instead they all chose to match simpler couplets. Now that someone had solved one of the two most difficult questions, everyone naturally wanted to know who it was.

Amongst them was Zheng Anbang, who was from the Beijing Writer's Association and had participated in the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet together with Big Thunder. It seemed like he was also an expert at couplets and had already passed the preliminaries earlier. When he reached the square, he bumped into Big Thunder and asked him for the details.

Following that, Beijing Writers' Association's Vice-President Meng Dongguo also arrived.

And Zhang Ye's current Leader from the TV station's Arts Channel, Wang Shuixin, also walked over. Director Wang was not a participant. He probably had tickets to come watch the competition, "Old Hu!"

Hu Fei went over, "Director, you are here, too?"

"What's going on? Little Zhang answered it?" Wang Shuixin was very curious.

Hu Fei replied, "Not yet. Teacher Little Zhang and Elder Qian.. were just about to have a couplet duel."

"A couplet duel with Elder Qian?" Wang Shuixin laughed loudly, thinking that the young one was too overconfident!

.....

Ignoring the chattering around.

After hearing Zhang Ye's big words, Elder Qian narrowed his eyes and curiously said to Zhang Ye, "Okay, then let's give it a try? Are you sure that you have considered it properly and are ready for it? My first verse has a lot of variations!"

Zhang Ye replied, "Such a coincidence! My second verse's variations are more than a few, too."

Elder Qian accepted the challenge, "Then let's begin."

"Yes." Zhang Ye was unrelenting, "You first."

Elder Qian closed his eyes, "Hǎi shuǐ cháo, cháo zhāo zhāo, zhāo zhāo cháo luò (the sea tide; it comes daily; daily it falls)!"

Once the duel started, everyone stopped their chattering and focused towards the two of them. Everyone wanted to know how Zhang Ye could counter every move!

Elder Qian had stated that his first verse had a lot of variations and intonations. Everyone had believed this because it was Elder Qian, the man who was the college entrance examination's question setter. But Zhang Ye also said his second verse had its own tricks?

No one believed this. Not Big Thunder, not Zheng Anbang, and not Meng Dongguo!

Let's see Elder Qian's first verse!

This time, the usage of words and intonation of the first verse were different!

Compared to the previous couplet, this one had inclinations towards a big rise and a big fall. This modified first verse was now something closer to nature, so it was different. Even though the words were still 'hai shui zhao zhao zhao zhao zhao zhao zhao luo', in fact this had become another version of a first verse!

This was definitely the showstopper!

Everyone knew that Zhang Ye's second verse could not match this!

But then, Zhang Ye just gave a smile, "Fú yún zhǎng, zhǎng cháng cháng, cháng cháng zhǎng zhǎng xiāo (the cloud forms; it expands often; often it shrinks)!"*

What?

This second half...

What the heck!

He matched it?

Your freaking second half also has variations?

Upon hearing Zhang Ye's second match, everyone still had not come around to!

Elder Qian was also stunned. He came up with the third variation, "Hǎi shuǐ cháo, zhāo zhāo zhāo cháo, zhāo zhāo luò (The sea tide; daily it rises; daily it falls)!" This time, not only the pronunciation and words had been changed, even the punctuation had been changed. It was a 3-4-3 punctuation.

Zhang Ye immediately answered, "Fú yún zhǎng, cháng cháng zhǎng zhǎng, cháng cháng zhǎng xiāo (The cloud forms; often it expands; often it dissipates)!"

Elder Qian immediately came up with the fourth couplet, "Hǎi shuǐ cháo, zhāo cháo zhāo cháo, zhāo cháo luò (The sea tide; it rises and rises; daily it falls)!"

Zhang Ye said, "Fú yún zhǎng, cháng zhǎng cháng zhǎng, cháng zhǎng xiāo (The cloud forms; it expands and expands; often it shrinks)!"

Elder Qian's eyes narrowed even more, "Hǎi shuǐ zhāo cháo, zhāo zhāo cháo, zhāo zhāo luò (The tide comes in the morning; daily it

rises, daily it falls)!"

Zhang Ye said coolly, "Fú yún cháng zhǎng, cháng cháng zhǎng, cháng cháng xiāo (The cloud often spreads; often it spreads; often it dissipates)!"

Everyone turned dumbfounded while hearing this. All of them were like stone statues while hearing the two in their couplet duel!

They felt that this was in the realm of another planet. No one could interfere, nor could anyone interrupt them. They could only listen to it, as they got more and more astonished with every variation of the miraculous couplet!

Elder Qian could not believe it, "Hǎi shuǐ zhāo cháo, zhāo zhāo zhāo cháo zhāo luò (The tide comes in the morning; daily it rises and falls)!"

Zhang Ye brushed his hair, "Fú yún cháng zhǎng, cháng cháng cháng zhǎng cháng xiāo (The cloud often spreads; often it expands and dissipates)!"

Elder Qian gave him a look, "Hǎi shuǐ zhāo cháo, zhāo cháo zhāo zhāo cháo luò (The tide comes in the morning; its rise daily falls)!"

Zhang Ye returned the look, "Fú yún cháng zhǎng, cháng zhǎng cháng cháng zhǎng xiāo (The cloud often spreads; its expansion often shrinks)!"

He could even do that?

He could even match that?

Noticing that he was on the brink, Elder Qian used his ultimate move, "Hǎi shuǐ zhāo zhāo cháo, zhāo cháo zhāo zhāo luò (The seawater daily forms tides; the daily tide daily falls)!" This time it was a "5-5 punctuation"

Who knew that Zhang Ye was not pressured at all as he answered

easily, "Fú yún cháng cháng zhǎng, cháng zhǎng cháng cháng xiāo
(The cloud often grows long, the often expansion often dissipates)!"

Elder Qian did not stop, "Hǎi shuǐ cháo zhāo zhāo, zhāo zhāo zhāo
cháo luò (The tide comes daily, daily the tide falls)!"

Zhang Ye's answer was also extremely fast, as if he did not need to think before answering, "Fú yún zhǎng cháng cháng, cháng cháng
cháng zhǎng xiāo (The cloud expands often; often the expansion shrinks)!"

Finally, Elder Qian gave his last couplet, "This is the final variation,
Hǎi shuǐ zhāo zhāo zhāo cháo, zhāo zhāo cháo luò (The seawater daily forms morning tides, daily it falls)!" This was an irregular 6-4 punctuation.

Zhang Ye replied with a smile, "This is also my last variation, Fú yún
cháng cháng cháng zhǎng, cháng cháng zhǎng xiāo (The clouds often makes expansions; often it shrinks)!"

When the last verse was finished, the square turned into chaos!

"What the heck!"

"Your sister!"

"What did I hear?"

"God! He can even match that?"

Zhang Ye actually managed to match that!

He matched them all!

Every variation of the couplet was matched!

And it was not as simple as barely matching!

Every match was flawless!

It was completely harmonious!

Elder Qian, “...”

Big Thunder, “...”

The rest of the contestants and spectators, “...”

What the f**k to your second granny!

You could even do that!?

Zheng Anbang gasped, “This Zhang Ye’s accomplishment in couplets is so deep?”

“How would I know!?” Big Thunder’s face wasn’t very good. “He can even match such a miraculous couplet? To manage to fight back in a couplet duel with Elder Qian? This kid must be on stimulants!”

Everyone was curious and astonished!

No one had witnessed such an exciting couplet duel before!

Chapter 115 - The Buzz from the Live Webcast!

It was silent for a few seconds!

Many people's emotions were stirred!

"Teacher Zhang, I love you!" ex-assistant Xiaofang screamed.

Xiao Lu also waved her arms excitedly, "Teacher Zhang, I love you, too!"

Hou Ge and Hou Di cried with excitement, "Teacher Zhang, you are so godly! So godly!"

Too awesome, too merciless, too strong, scaring the heavens, making spirits cry! So a couplet duel can be so earth-shattering?

Other than Big Sis Zhou, Zhao Guozhou and the others who knew Zhang Ye personally, once the couplet duel was over, those that were present couldn't hold back from applauding loudly!

A miraculous couplet had amazed the whole audience!

Especially the second verse; it was simply the ultimate!

The first and second verses had matched so perfectly!

Of course it was perfect. Because not only did Zhang Ye know about this couplet, he even knew about its origins. In Zhang Ye's previous world, on Qinhuang Island, there was a Temple of Lady Meng Jiang. In the front of the temple were two pillars, which the couplets had been inscribed upon. It described the scenery around Shanghai Pass and the Temple of Lady Meng Jiang, as well as the expression of nature, the expression of the universe, describing the world of everything using the sea tide and floating clouds as figures of speech, rising and falling, expanding and dissolving, without a state of normalization. This pair of couplets could be read in over ten ways, and was considered a wonder of the world. And in the

examples in the textbooks, these couplets had been used as an examination question, as well as an example. Hence, even if Zhang Ye did not use a Memory Search Capsule, he still had a deep impression of it!

As for whose creation this pair of verses belonged to, Zhang Ye did not know. But since this was basically a pair of couplets, then of course it was perfect and without blemish; otherwise, why would the future generations label it as the Millennial Miraculous Couplet? However, Elder Qian was considered to be quite a genius. This world might not have a Temple of Lady Meng Jiang, yet he had came up with the upper half of such a miraculous couplet. Seeing Elder Qian's expression and his reaction from just now, he must have not thought of a corresponding second half, or the second half he had thought up wasn't the one that Zhang Ye had used.

It was alright. Zhang Ye had helped him complete the couplet, and had found a good home for the Millennial Miraculous Couplet in this world!

Elder Qian was speechless for quite a while.

The second judge, the old granny, asked him in aghast, "Young lad, what's your name?"

Zhang Ye said, neither superciliously nor obsequiously, "My name is Zhang Ye."

The old granny was taken aback, "That 'Shuidiao Getou' was written by you?"

"Yes, it is mine. Sorry for incurring your ridicule," Zhang Ye said humbly.

The third judge, who was the old man, praised, "What a marvelous 'Fu yun chang chang chang chang chang chang xiao! Well-matched! A miraculous couplet matching a miraculous couplet! Haha!"

The old granny glanced at Elder Qian, "Old man Qian, you sure met your match this time around!"

Elder Qian gave Zhang Ye a few long stares, and in the end, ridiculed himself, "When I wrote the first half, I had also matched it with another second half. But now, compared to your second half, my second half... Forget it; let's not talk about it. Be it the corresponding neatness or the mood, your second half is one level higher than mine. Thank you, young lad, for giving this miraculous couplet's first half a perfect match!" Saying that, Elder Qian returned to his seat to pick up a pen to write Zhang Ye's name, "I declare that the preliminary round has officially ended. Zhang Ye, you passed!"

Zhang Ye said, "Thank you, Teacher."

.....

The preliminaries had ended.

Everyone left as they discussed.

"Bravo!" Hou Ge hugged Zhang Ye's shoulders!

Hu Fei gave a relieved and contented pat on Zhang Ye's back, "Good lad! You really are the best! This is what you call not knowing how to match couplets? This is what you call not studying couplets before? Who are you bluffing! Haha!"

Zhang Ye immediately tried to stay low-key, "It was just sheer luck."

"Come on, Teacher Zhang!" Hou Di said delightedly, "You have tricks up your sleeve at every turn!"

Amongst the people, Tian Bin gave Zhang Ye a big thumbs up. His wife also smiled, happy for Zhang Ye from her heart.

Big Sis Zhou craved nothing short of nationwide chaos. Seeing how Big Thunder had challenged Zhang Ye, but Zhang Ye had managed to match the couplet the next moment, she was tickled amused,

"Little Zhang, bring the championship title back!"

Zhang Ye said at a loss, "Big Sis Zhou, you think too highly of me. I only came for the bustle. What do you mean, 'champion'..." He really did not think that he could become the champion, and might not even be able to be placed. After all, even if this world's couplets had a portion of those from his world, they were just a tiny minority. He had happened to run into the last couplet that he knew of from before for the preliminary round, allowing him to pass. If not, he would have been eliminated.

Big Thunder was livid. He glanced at Zheng Anbang, before rushing straight to the hall with Zheng Anbang. He had never expected Zhang Ye to successfully match such a miraculous couplet. And he had done it so quickly, without any thought? Back then, he thought that Zhang Ye did not know couplets at all. But who knew that not only was he good at writing poems, essays, novels, fairy tales and advertisements, he was also good at couplets? Big Thunder no longer dared to despise Zhang Ye. He had to hurry to prepare for the finals!

.....

A while later.

In the men's bathroom outside the hall.

Zhang Ye had abdominal pains, so he did not enter together with Hu Fei and company. He found a stall in the bathroom and locked himself in to do his business. As he had time, Zhang Ye took out his cellphone to surf the net. Although he did not much of his data balance left, he still opened the Beijing Couplet Competition's video website!

The video for the preliminary round was already out!

Zhang Ye immediately watched it!

In the beginning, the scenes were of the contestants who were answering from before. The scene of Big Thunder matching a

couplet and passing the preliminary round also appeared. Nearing the end, Zhang Ye's scene finally appeared!

"My first verse has a lot of variations!"

"Such a coincidence! My second verse's variations are more than a few, too."

"Hǎi shuǐ cháo, cháo zhāo zhāo, zhāo zhāo cháo luò (the sea tide; it comes daily; daily it falls)!"

"Fú yún zhǎng, zhǎng cháng cháng, cháng cháng zhǎng xiāo (the cloud forms; it expands often; often it shrinks)!"

The scene of the couplet duel between Zhang Ye and Elder Qian had been completely recorded!

Seeing his mighty self in the video, Zhang Ye was also very satisfied. It was well-filmed, but the only regret was that he was not given a clear frontal shot. Most of it had scenes with side shots or back shots. Throughout the entire process, Elder Qian was facing the camera. There was nothing he could do, for Elder Qian was a famous senior.

The video ended.

Taking another look, the discussions and comments below were boiling!

"That 50th question is too exaggerated!"

"That's right! And someone actually managed to match it?"

"It's Teacher Zhang Ye! Haha! I knew it was him!"

"Everyone come and see! The Face Smacking Specialist has made a comeback!"

"Pfft. I'm having stitches from laughing. What sort of nickname is that?"

"Who is Zhang Ye? This name sounds familiar."

"Search on the web yourself. It's full of his data and there's plenty of information on the web. Hehe, seeing Teacher Zhang Ye revealing his invincible might sure feels good! The second half was matched too brilliantly!"

"Teacher Zhang's literary skill remains the same!"

"Indeed, I even thought that Zhang Ye did not know how to match couplets. I never expected Zhang Ye to also have such deep attainments in couplets! Teacher Zhang is really defying the heavens!"

"No, I have to watch it again. I have never seen such an awesome couplet duel!"

"The first half was good, but the second half was matched even better! As expected of Teacher Zhang!"

"It's too bad that Teacher Zhang looks average. His looks are different from the image in my mind. Hai, but it's nothing much. Teacher Zhang engages in literary work, and is not a movie star or singer, so I can't ask for too much. I will still support Teacher Zhang!"

"Let's watch the finals!"

"Right, the finals are starting soon!"

"Looking forward to Teacher Zhang's performance!"

"The finals won't be easy. There are so many experts. For example, Big Thunder is also quite formidable. He was the first runner-up for the last Beijing Couplet Competition. He won't be easy to deal with."

Chapter 116 - A Situation During the Finals!

Beijing University.

The grand hall was packed, with no empty seats.

Zhang Ye used his pass to enter, after coming out of the bathroom. The opening speech was already over. A Leader from a radio or television station walked away after putting down the microphone. Following that, two hosts came onstage. Zhang Ye had never seen them before. They were probably students of Beijing University and were a male-female duo.

"Hello Leaders, guests and everyone."

"Welcome to the annual Beijing Couplet Competition."

"As a host, I feel very honored. I feel like my body is sparkling with light."

"Is your Zodiac sign a firefly? I've known you for so many years, but this is the first time I'm hearing about this ability of yours?"

The stage lines were clearly prepared beforehand. The two hosts exchanged banter with each other to liven up the atmosphere, before announcing the competition's rules, "Before we begin, let us introduce the rules of the final." He pointed to a long stretch of seats from his podium. There were about 50 seats. And to the side, there were three seats for the judges. Their names were written on it. They were the same three judges from the preliminary round. "Here are the seats for the contestants. There are where the judges' seats are. The final will be held in a first to the answer format. The three judges will each come up with a question. Following that, the other 50 contestants will come up with the first half of a couplet. Whoever manages to speak first will be allowed to answer. If the answer is unanimously agreed upon by the three judges, then the answer will be accepted, giving the contestant one point. If you do not manage to

match it... One point will be deducted. Please note that there is a new rule for this year. If a contestant's couplet cannot be matched by anyone in the time allotted, that contestant will obtain ten points. Finally, the contestants with the highest scores will be placed accordingly for the top three."

This year's competition had a slight difference in rules, when compared with last year's, but they weren't much different. There were just some changes to the way the points were calculated and the point deductions.

"Next will be the opening dance."

"Please give a round of applause to our Beijing Couplet Organization's dancing Teachers!"

An ancient melody sounded. A few dance artists dressed in historical costumes appeared. Their long sleeves fluttered and immediately drew the applause of the audience!

Zhang Ye bent his back as he quickly walked to his front row seat, "Excuse me, thank you."

His ticket was given to him by Tian Bin. But since the tickets given to the television and radio stations were concentrated together, everyone was actually in one area.

Tian Bin's wife saw Zhang Ye coming and said puzzledly, "Teacher Zhang, why aren't you preparing backstage? Haven't all the contestants gone there?"

Big Sis Zhou asked, "That's right, Little Zhang. What are you doing here?"

Hu Fei, Xiao Lu and company also looked over, "The competition is about to begin."

Zhang Ye waved his hand and found an empty spot to sit down. "I'm not participating. Let them compete."

Hou Ge was shocked, "What? Why aren't you participating? With your deep foundation in couplets, it is such a great opportunity. Why would you..."

Former Leader Zhao Guozhou also frowned, "Little Zhang, this doesn't seem like your usual style."

Xiaofang was even more anxious than Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang, go on up! Hurry! How can you not go!"

Zhang Ye answered truthfully, "I just happened to be lucky at the preliminary round. I don't believe that I will be that lucky in the final round. They are all experts, so I won't bring ridicule on myself."

Actually, Zhang Ye also wanted to give the final round a try. Of course, he wanted to seize a chance to be famous. However, when he heard the competition's rules when he entered, he decided that it was better not to shame himself. He might as well leave the impressive and mysterious impression he had from the preliminary round. Why? Why didn't he even try? It was because there were too many questions. He had not heard of most of this world's couplets. It wasn't that he could not answer all of them, but he could not answer at least 80% of them. He could not use the literary foundations from his world. So even if he went and happened to hear a few questions that he had previously heard of before, that was pointless. If he couldn't get into the top three, then it would be a waste. He decided not to go, getting rid of the chance for the Beijing Writers' Association to suppress him, and not giving them the chance of using the fact that he did not get a placing to fault him!

As for damaging to his Reputation if he abstained? If the preliminary round did not exist, it would definitely have happened. However, he had staged an astonishing couplet duel with Elder Qian in the preliminary round, and had even won. Hence, even if he did not participate in the final round, his fame would only increase, not decrease.

"Little Zhang!"

"Aiyah, you..."

Many of his old friends and colleagues were persuading him.

Zhang Ye only shook his head. He could do nothing about it. It was just that they did not understand the situation.

Seeing that Zhang Ye did not have any intentions in participating, everyone felt a sense of regret and stopped saying anything.

The opening dance.

Recital of Chinese Literature.

Ancient classic couplets were drawn by famous calligraphers.

The program lasted for an hour. It was very interesting, giving enjoyment to people.

Now, everything was being broadcast live on the internet. A few cameras were facing the podium, and a few were hanging above. One of them was above the podium, and another was behind the audience. Compared to a traditional professional television's live broadcast, this was not considered very professional; there were too few cameras. But since it was a webcast, it was already considered pretty good.

At this moment, the performances came to an end.

The male and female host went onstage.

"Hello, everyone. I believe that the performance from before was already great fun for many, but what is more fun will be in a while. I am announcing the beginning of the competition. Let me first introduce our judges for this Beijing Couplet Competition..." A judge would walk out from backstage as the female host announced each name. Amidst applause, the judges took their seats. Following that, the female host continued to announce, "Next, I will announce the contestant name list for those who passed the preliminary round. Lu

Fang, Big Thunder, Zheng Anbang, Zhou Yan..." The final name, "... Zhang Ye."

Suddenly, there seemed to be a situation.

A staff member with a blue badge ran out. One could tell at a glance that he was from the Writers' Association, as all the members from the Writers' Association wore a blue badge. The Couplet Organization wore white. Different units have different colors. Following that, a few Couplet Organization and Writers' Association employees came out. They surrounded the three judges and seemed to be discussing something with them. Following that, they even signaled to the host onstage to temporary stop. It was as if they wanted the hosts to first delay something.

"Eh?"

"What's the matter?"

"Why is the atmosphere so tense?"

"What has happened? It's a live broadcast, too. Why aren't they beginning the finals?"

The camera quickly moved away, but the audience present could see it clearly. They began to discuss about it.

The male host was quick to react, "This competition sure is highly anticipated. I wonder who will be this year's champion. Last year's champion, Professor Wang, unfortunately could not come due to his old age. This year, I'm placing my bets on last year's first runner-up, Teacher Big Thunder. What about you?"

The female host smiled and said, "I'm placing my bets on Teacher Zhang Ye."

"Why?" From the male host's expression, he clearly did not know who Zhang Ye was. But since his partner had said so, he had to pretend like he knew.

The female host blinked, "It's nothing much. It's only because I'm Teacher Zhang Ye's fan. I have memorized every poem of his except 'The Song of the Stormy Petrel'."

The male host was amused, "But this is a couplet competition."

"So what? It can't prevent me from worshiping my idol!" the female host said matter-of-factly.

"I only just realized you chase idols!" The male host was at a loss of whether to laugh or to cry.

The two of them exchanged words as they dragged the time out to change the subject.

Offstage, Xiao Lu was smiling with glee, "Look at our Teacher Zhang's popularity! He has fans all over Beijing!"

"That's right. That female host is your fan." Hou Ge prodded Zhang Ye with his elbow. "Teacher Zhang, are you sure that you aren't participating? This will disappoint your fan!"

Zhang Ye was actually thinking about how much he wanted to go up onto the stage.

Five minutes passed and the audience was already becoming impatient.

The hosts could no longer drag it out any further. Looking offstage, a host said, "Teacher Judges, can we begin?"

An employee with a blue pass offstage noticed the situation and quickly went onstage, and took over the microphone, "Sorry, but we have a situation. Just now, someone reported that a contestant had violated the rules by cheating. So please wait patiently. We are still discussing the situation."

"Cheat?"

"Who?"

"What cheating?"

The audience began to chatter.

The Beijing Writers' Association's employee said quickly, "The person that was reported is Zhang Ye."

A few judges were looking very harsh, especially Elder Qian. He stared coldly at the Writers' Association employee who had went up onstage to speak without their agreement. The outcome was not settled, so who allowed you to announce the name of the contestant that was reported? Who let you say it?

The female host was also stunned. She had previously mentioned that she had her bets on Teacher Zhang Ye.

The Writers' Association employee pretended that he did not see the fierce stares from the Couplet Organization's Leaders and the few judges. He carried on speaking casually, "This is because during the preliminaries, Zhang Ye was discussing the questions with his surrounding friends. Someone even heard one of his friends suggesting to plan a strategy for him to solve the question. After receiving the report, we checked the video footage and realized that it did happen!"

Elder Qian was enraged, "Get him down! What the heck!"

The faces of the few people from the Couplet Organization turned ugly. A Leader from the Couplet Organization said to a Leader from the Writers' Association, "Things aren't even confirmed. Who let you say that? Eh?"

The Writers' Association's Leader threw up his hands, "I didn't instruct him to do it."

The woman from the Couplet Organization who was responsible for receiving Zhang Ye said, "Get him the f**k down!" Even vulgarities

came out!

The Beijing Writers' Association's Leader frowned, but he got his employee down. But since the words had been said, it was useless to think of turning the situation around by having his employee removed!

The words were shocking. This matter immediately blew up!

Whether it was the audience or the people watching the live webcast, everyone heard it!

"Zhang Ye?"

"Zhang Ye cheated?"

"His friends helped him match it during the preliminary round?"

"Hai, I already said it. How can a person manage to match the second half of such a miraculous couplet in such a short time? He must have gotten somebody's help!"

"This kind of person even participated?"

"Right, quickly revoke Zhang Ye's finals qualification!"

"I was even amazed at that Zhang Ye. Who knew that he relied on others to enter the finals!"

Chapter 117 - Zhang Ye's Reputation Crisis?

Many people began to despise him!

But many clear-minded people refused to believe!

Big Sis Zhou said angrily, "Little Zhang cheated? Bullsh*t!"

"Does Little Zhang even need to cheat?" Auntie Sun was also enraged, "Who reported it? Who is so mean?"

Seeing how Zhang Ye was being defamed, Xiao Lu's eyes turned red, "We did have ideas! But it was all nonsense! Teacher Zhang relied all on his own ability during the preliminary round!"

Hou Ge also stood up, "Who is so insidious!?"

Zhao Guozhou's expression sank, "Cheating? Even a fool can see through it. Can ideas from a group of people match that miraculous couplet of Elder Qian? Anyone who knows a bit of literature and couplets would know that this isn't about having strength in numbers!"

Tian Bin asked, "Someone is setting a trap for Zhang Ye, right?"

"It must be." Zhao Guozhou inhaled, "They really have vicious intentions!"

Hu Fei suppressed his anger and said, "Some people from the Beijing Writers' Association have already been reduced to such means?"

Hou Di also thought through it, "It must be them messing with things. They were the ones who reported! The staff who went up just now was from the Beijing Writers' Association! When he finished speaking, the people from the Couplet Organization were enraged. The judging Teachers seemed to even order him to come down, and stop talking nonsense. The matter is already very clear. This bunch of people from the Writers' Association are serious in destroying

Teacher Zhang's reputation. By accusing Teacher Zhang Ye for cheating during a live webcast, even if only half of the people believed, Teacher Zhang's reputation would be gone in the future. Also, by reporting him, they can prevent Zhang Ye from taking part in the final round. Without him, Big Thunder from the Beijing Writers' Association would probably win the championship!"

Dafei cursed angrily, "Those bunch of grandchildren!"

Only Zhang Ye remained silent. He closed his eyes, but his breathing was hurried. Everyone could tell that Teacher Zhang Ye was enraged, too!

.....

The male host immediately tried to save the situation, "Then let's first wait for the Teachers to come up with a decision after some discussion."

However, the female host was very angry, "Teacher Zhang Ye cheated? I'm the first to not believe in it. I saw the preliminaries, too. I was not too far away. Is exchanging a few words with friends considered cheating? Then all the contestants who used a cellphone during the preliminary round should be considered as having cheated! Just being able to send the question through a phone and get someone to answer... Isn't that also possible? Then there's no point to this year's Couplet Competition. We have all cheated!"

The male host nearly cried as he signaled his partner with his eyes. He was thinking, "What are you doing? Don't you think it's messy enough already? And why is your logic so crooked!?"

The female host ignored him, "Let's wait for the result!"

.....

The situation became more and more messy!

There were people cursing at Zhang Ye, and there were others

supporting him!

In the end, even the female host had chimed in to publicly support Zhang Ye. The situation was nearly on the brink of them losing control. Everyone knew that something had to be done!

Offstage, the people from the Beijing Writers' Association were chatting.

"Such a cheat is undermining the fairness. He has to be severely punished!"

"That's right. But that isn't enough to convince the masses. I think we should just cancel his qualifications!"

"Judges, how can anyone be convinced if you do not disburse appropriate punishment to an immoral person like Zhang Ye? The participants backstage are now having their objections, too!"

The woman from the Couplet Organization said with a cold face, "Immoral? What do you mean by immoral? The results aren't out yet. We are still discussing it. Who let you people from the Writers' Association go up onstage? Who allowed you to reveal the entire situation? You haven't even verified the situation! Do you think by just revealing it, those things will become facts?"

A minor Leader from the Beijing Writers' Association said, "Why is it our problem now? My colleague happened to be fast to speak. It is a bit inappropriate, but it is a fact that Zhang Ye cheated. We can see clearly from the live footage!"

Actually, the Couplet Competition had been held for more than ten years. Every year it was about the same. The preliminaries were held in an open area. There was no limitations to contestants using their phones or interacting with others. This was because they believed that everyone had a basic quality to them. They would not lower themselves to cheating. No cheating had ever occurred. Although Zhang Ye discussing the couplets with others was not in accordance

with the rules, usually, no one would say a thing. Who knew that such a situation would happen this year? This was the first time that someone had reported such a violation. And the conclusion was given onstage before there was any conclusive investigation!

There was definitely something underhanded about it!

The people from the Couplet Organization could tell!

The youngest among the three judges was also 58 years old. They were very experienced, so how could they not see what the people from the Beijing Writers' Association were trying to do?

The second judge, the old granny said, "Is the video proof? Just seeing them interact is proof? Then flip through the video. I believe this isn't the only occasion where a contestant chats with others during the preliminaries. Oh, so you don't allow the contestants to talk?"

A person from the Beijing Writers' Association said, "But they were discussing the question!"

Elder Qian firmly said, "Even if they discussed it, my question can't be matched just from some planning. Are you underestimating me? I am absolutely sure that the second half of the couplet was matched by Zhang Ye. It was all his own wisdom!" After he said that, he announced, "Carry on with the competition!"

The person from the Beijing Writers' Association, who had went onstage to speak nonsense, stared, "But, Zhang Ye..."

"I said to carry on with the competition! Did you hear what I said?" Elder Qian stared at him, "If you aren't convinced, why don't you be the first judge! I'll give you this seat of mine!"

That person stopped speaking.

A person from the Couplet Organization said, "I'll let the hosts know."

Not long later, the male host announced, "There was no evidence for the report of Teacher Zhang Ye's cheating. The competition will carry on."

.....

Online.

The comments left below the live video feed exploded.

"What? There is no evidence?"

"There's a conspiracy! There definitely is a conspiracy!"

"That Zhang Ye must have cheated! There's no smoke without fire!"

"I also saw it. In the preliminary round footage, there really was a scene of him discussing with a few people. It was coincidentally captured when filming Big Thunder's matching of the couplet. I believe there are scenes the camera got directly, but they did not upload it. They were all cut! So despicable!"

"Boycott Zhang Ye! I already did not find him pleasing to the eye!"

"No way. Teacher Zhang's literary skills are so good; is there a need to cheat?"

"It is impossible to judge a man's heart from his face. How can he have such abilities at such a young age? I guess those past poems of his were written by someone else!"

"Didn't that person from the Beijing Writers' Association already announce that Zhang Ye was cheating? The Writers' Association is, after all, an authoritative source. How can it be fake?"

"Not necessarily."

"We will know if he's a mule or a horse just by testing him."

"Right, let's watch the finals. Without any ability, even if he cheated

to pass the preliminaries, he would not be placed in the finals. Haha, waiting to see Zhang Ye make a fool of himself!"

There were also Zhang Ye's fans who helped speak up for him, but soon they were drowned by the criticisms. With this scandal, about 80% of the people watching the live webcast were against Zhang Ye!

Chapter 118 - The Three Couplets of the Finals!

On the podium.

The female host said, "We now invite the contestants onstage."

The male host read the names, "Last year's first runner-up, Teacher Big Thunder!"

The applause from the audience was sparse and not too warm. This was because many people were still focused on the problem of Zhang Ye's cheating. Even though the judges and the organizers from the Couplet Organization had said the report was invalid due to a lack of proof, it was natural for people to be absorbed by conspiracy theories. They felt that the result was untrue, and that Zhang Ye had cheated.

"Member of the Couplet Organization, Teacher Lu Fang."

"Beijing University Associate Professor, Teacher Zhou Yan."

"Famous romance author, Teacher Zheng Anbang."

The contestants appeared onstage one by one as they sat in one of the 50 contestant gallery seats.

As he had the least experience and was the youngest, Zhang Ye was last on the list. When the female host saw the last name on the list, she read, "Please welcome the last contestant, famous poet, famous best-selling author, renowned radio host, Teacher Zhang Ye!" Zhang Ye's title was the longest amongst everyone.

However, the moment Zhang Ye's name was mentioned, people from offstage booed.

"Boo!"

"Go back down!"

"There's no way to cheat during the final round! Don't embarrass yourself!"

The attitudes of many were unfriendly.

Big Thunder and Zheng Anbang glanced at Zhang Ye, who was sitting in the audience. They smiled at each other. In the audience stands? They were still wondering why they did not see Zhang Ye backstage. So he had decided to not participate and abstain? At least you knew your place! Big Thunder felt that the championship was in the bag!

But no one expected to see Zhang Ye suddenly stand up.

"Little Zhang! You..." Big Sis Zhou said in surprise.

Hou Ge and Xiao Lu also chimed in, "You are competing?"

Hu Fei said with worry, "Didn't you say that you did not have much hope for the finals?"

Zhao Guozhou also gave a suggestion, "Little Zhang, you must think it through carefully. If you really lack the confidence, then you might as well not go. At least you can retain some of your fame. The moment you go and do not get a placing, then the cheating scandal will explode. Everyone will accuse you of cheating, and it will become the truth."

Zhang Ye said lightly, "I'm not sure and have no confidence."

"Then why are you going?" Hu Fei was unsupportive of him going forward.

Zhang Ye only said, "The result is binary. Either you win or you lose. But someone has to win, and why not me?" This was said by famous basketball star Kobe Bryant from Zhang Ye's world. He remembered this line very clearly.

Why not me?

That's right, why won't I win!?

Xiao Lu clenched her fists and stood up, "Well-said, Teacher Zhang!
Go all the way!"

Teacher Zhang also cheered him on, "Teacher Zhang, let all those
who doubt you see your talent! Use real actions to shut them up!"

Zhang Ye laughed, "I will!"

Onstage, the female host repeated, "Let's welcome Teacher Zhang
Ye."

Zhang Ye squeezed out from the row of seats and walked to the 50th
seat. His name was written there. He narrowed his eyes as he sat
down. Confident? Yes, Zhang Ye was now confident after
suppressing his tremendous wrath. Why did he suddenly have such
a sudden change? This was because just a while ago, under the
tremendous stress and voice of doubts, and the pressure of a stain
that could destroy Zhang Ye's life as a celebrity, he suddenly had a
bright idea. He suddenly thought of a way out! This method was
actually something he was not 100% sure. He was not even 50% sure
about it, but now.. he had no choice but to risk it! He was betting
everything on this!

Win or lose?

Success or failure?

Zhang Ye had no idea, but he definitely was unwilling to admit
defeat. Beijing Writers' Association, do you think that by doing this,
you can defeat me, Zhang Ye? Do you think your despicable means
can make me forever be beyond redemption? And allow you to
achieve your despicable goals?

Alright!

I'll play with you!

Let's see who is more skilled today!

At this moment, Zhang Ye's fighting spirit was lifted from his anger!

Seeing that Zhang Ye did not abstain from the competition, even in the face of the audiences' mockery and laughter, Big Thunder had a look of discontent. But from another perspective, wasn't this a chance for them to gain back their pride after the last Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet? The champion would definitely be Big Thunder. This way, not only would they recover from their loss of face and let everyone know that the Beijing Writers' Association was not a farce, Zhang Ye not being able to get a placing would also verify that he cheated in the preliminaries. Performing so well in the preliminaries, but not even getting placed in the finals? If you didn't cheat, then what could it be!

Two birds with one stone!

Big Thunder glanced at Zhang Ye.

But Zhang Ye did not look at him; he just closed his eyes and gathered his thoughts.

The female host holding the microphone said: "I will now announce the time limitations. After a judge or a contestant has submitted their question, the other contestants have ten minutes to prepare an answer. If no one has an answer within ten minutes, the submitter will gain victory and also ten points."

The male host asked, "Does anyone have any questions?"

Zhang Ye snapped his fingers, "How do we signal our intent to answer?"

The female host patiently answered, "The microphone in front of each contestant has been switched on. The contestants can just directly answer into it. Whoever can match the most perfect answer will gain one point. To emphasize this, it has to be a perfect answer; if it is slightly mismatched or off in meaning, it will be considered

wrong. This will be decided by our three judges. If there are any words that the judges are not sure about, the contestant can write out the second verse and it will be displayed out in front for them to verify. But the basic medium will still be by speaking."

Zhang Ye laughed, "Thank you; I understand." It was his first time participating, so he wanted to be sure of the rules.

The male host looked over to the judges, "Teachers, can we begin?"

"Yes, please begin." The third judge said, "I will be giving out the first question. Everyone, please get ready."

At the same time, everyone eagerly looked forward. Some stared towards the old man and felt their emotions tense up as they prepared to match the couplet.

But at this time, just as the third judge was about to speak, Zhang Ye very quickly opened up the game ring's inventory and grabbed one of his two Lucky Breads. He had gained them earlier and stored them away. Now it could finally be put to use. This was the only idea Zhang Ye had in mind. He wanted to switch the situation to his advantage with this Lucky Bread. With its luck, he wanted to let these bunch of people not say any couplet that he had never heard of before! Was this possible? Of course it was possible. The Lucky Bread's effect was already known to Zhang Ye. It would increase his luck stats!

Lucky Bread in Effect!

Countdown begins, 5:00...

As the third judge was about to give the first verse, the second judge beside him dropped the bottle cap of her water onto the table in front of him. Talala! The third judge gave a glance and was distracted. He suddenly forgot the first part of the couplet he wanted to use. But he still had many couplets in his mind that he had come up with, as well as couplets that no one had been able to match

with. So, he immediately changed to another one, "Huà shàng hé huā hé shàng huà (A lotus and monk on a painting)!"

As all the contestants listened, they gave a wry smile.

Big Thunder had wanted to be the first to answer. But when he heard this, he felt helpless. He could only be practical and think it over. He knew that this first verse would be difficult to match in a short time. The upper half of the couplet looked normal, but when read backwards, it was no longer normal. It was the same, no matter if it was read from the front or the back!

The first couplet was already that difficult?

That can't be necessary, right? Why is it so complicated!

However, Big Thunder and many others believed that given enough time, they would definitely be able to come up with a match for it!

But somehow, someone did not allow them to have the time to think. When he heard this first verse, Zhang Ye smiled. He knew the Lucky Bread had taken effect. This was a couplet that he knew. It was a couplet by , who had said that if any future generation could match this, then the person was definitely a genius.

Zhang Ye said without giving it any thought, "shū lín hàn mò hàn lín shū (The ink on the book writes Official Han Lin)!"

The third judge was stunned. Big Thunder and the other contestants were stunned, too. F**k! You are too fast!

Elder Qian laughed and nodded, "Pass!"

The second and third judges also said, "Pass!"

The female host immediately gave Zhang Ye 1 point.

Immediately following was a question from the second judge, "Chù chù hóng huā hóng chù chù (Everywhere, red flowers make it red

everywhere!)!" It was again a palindromic couplet, and was one that was so difficult that it needed a lot of time to be solved!

Zhang Ye knew the time limits of the Lucky Bread. He had to answer every question fast. Otherwise, he would have to waste the second Lucky Bread. He answered quickly, "Chóng chóng lǜ shù lǜ chóng chóng (Green tree groves are lush green)!"

F**k!

Matched again?

Everyone was stunned!

It was time for Elder Qian to put forth his question. It was yet another palindromic couplet, "Xuě yìng méi huā méi yìng xuě (The snow reflects the blossoms as the blossoms project the snow)."

As soon as the last word ended, Zhang Ye matched, "Yīng yí liǔ xù liǔ yí yīng (The larks suit the willows as the willow suits the lark)!"

At this moment, Elder Qian could only wryly smile. He looked at the two judges, who were his old friends, beside him. He helplessly threw up his hands. The questions they had thought about for days had been answered by Zhang Ye in less than a second, like it was a conditional reflex. The second and third judges looked at each other and did not say a word. They were taken aback! They knew very well that these questions could be answered by a master, but they did not expect it to be matched so quickly. The verses were matched without thought? This is too f**king exaggerated! Moreover, the third judge who gave the first verse of "Huà shàng hé huā hé shàng huà (A lotus and monk on a painting)" didn't even have a second verse for it. Yet Zhang Ye matched it without skipping a beat!

Three questions in a row!

Three points in total!

Zhang Ye spent less than ten seconds in total!

Xiao Lu jumped up and screamed, "Teacher Zhang, well done!"

"Teacher Little Zhang! You are too cool!" Hou Ge also screamed!

Many of Zhang Ye's friends and former colleagues broke out into cheers. It was relieving! This was so f**king relieving! Who said Teacher Zhang Ye was cheating? Eh? Who said Teacher Zhang Ye relied on others to pass the preliminaries? Open up your eyes and take a look! Is this called cheating?

Some of the audience members were dumbfounded!

Many of the audience were still skeptical. They felt that it was a coincidence. Maybe Zhang Ye was very good at matching palindromic couplets, but he was not good at others!

Big Thunder, Zheng Anbang and all the other contestants thought the same. They could not think otherwise because then there would be no explanation for Zhang Ye's amazing matches!

No one can be so fast like you!

Chapter 119 - A God-Like Zhang Ye, Shocking Couplets!

3 points!

Zhang Ye was in first place for now!

Considering this momentum, everyone knew that Zhang Ye had the chance to become the champion. The contestants could not sit idle. It was their turn to provide the questions. They decided to come up with the most difficult questions. Some of them even decided to change the questions they had originally intended to use.

For example, someone from the Beijing Writers' Association was Contestant #1. He would be the first to produce a question. He originally had a palindrome couplet, as the difficulty was much higher. If no one could answer it, he would obtain ten points. This would at least guarantee that he would enter the top five. However, the moment he saw Zhang Ye answering palindrome couplets so easily, as if he didn't need to think, he decided to change couplets on the spot.

This couplet was not created by him, but obtained from a master, so he had not planned on using it, afraid that he would be suspected of cheating. But now, with Zhang Ye's imposing momentum, he had no choice but to use it!

Contestant #1 gave his question, "Shuǐ shuǐ shān shān chù chù míng míng xiù xiù! (Lakes, mountains, bright and gorgeous everywhere)!"

This sort of couplet was in a conversational style called couplets with reiterative locution. The difficulty was quite average, and was considered quite low.

Big Thunder's eyes lit up. He could match this couplet. After giving some thought to smooth the word flow before beginning to open his mouth, that second of thought had allowed Zhang Ye to beat him to

it.

Zhang Ye smiled, “Qíng qíng yǔ yǔ shí shí hǎo hǎo qí qí (Sunny days, rainy days, wonderful and miraculous all the time).”

The three judges gave his answer some thought. They did not pass him immediately.

Many of the contestants could see that there was a twist to it. This couplet was not that simple!

Big Thunder saw this, too. After Zhang Ye spoke, he had thought of another second half, but after some further thought, that second half was not appropriate. It did not match!

There was a trap!

There was a trap in it!

Contestant #1 noticed that Zhang Ye had fallen for his trap and gave a laugh, “Sorry Teacher Zhang Ye, this first half of the couplet can be read backwards. Even with the repeated locutions, it can be read backwards, xiù xiù míng míng chù chù shān shān shuǐ shuǐ (The clear mountains and rivers are everywhere).”

Zhang Ye smiled, “What a coincidence. My couplet can also be read backwards, qí qí hǎo hǎo shí shí yǔ yǔ qíng qíng! (It’s very good even when it’s rainy or sunny!)”

The first contestant was stunned, “My first half can be read in parts, and can be repeated in a cyclic manner. Shuǐ chù míng, shān chù xiù, shuǐ shān chù chù míng xiù! (Clear is the water, gorgeous are the mountains, the lake and mountains are clear and gorgeous everywhere!)”

Zhang Ye smiled, “What a coincidence. My couplet is the same, and can also be repeated in a cyclic manner. Qíng shí hǎo, yǔ shí qí, qíng yǔ shí shí hǎo qí! (Wonderful when it is sunny, marvelous when it is raining, it is miraculous when it rains on a sunny day!)” This was a

popular couplet from his world. It was rumored to be written by . But in this world, the second half had apparently been lost.

When Contestant #1 heard this, he nearly vomited blood. He felt as if he had suffered a great deal of internal injuries. In such a short period of time, no, it was almost in an instant, he had managed to see through all the variations of the first half of the couplet?

And he had come up with such a perfect second half?

Your sister!

Is a god possessing your body!?

There were the sounds of gasps!

The three judges pressed their buttons. Beep, all of them unanimously passed him!

Contestant #2 was a member of the Couplet Organization, and he refused to have his beliefs shaken. He gave his question, "Wú shān dé shì wū shān hǎo. (No (Wu) mountain can be compared to Mt Wu)" This was a couplet with different homonyms. It was very difficult!

Just as someone was about to attempt to match it.

Zhang Ye gave the second half, "Hé shuǐ néng rú hé shuǐ qīng! (What (He) water can be clearer than the river's (He) water?)"

The second judge, the old granny could not help but shout out, "Great couplet!" As a judge, she should not have said anything, but as a lover of couplets, she could not resist giving her kudos!

Wú shān...wū shān?

Hé shuǐ...hé shuǐ!

She looked at Zhang Ye with a pleasant surprise!

The next person tried a different method and came up with a rare

couplet that had a missing word, hiding its true meaning, "Wū yā fēi rù lù sī qún, xuě lǐ sòng tàn. (A crow flies into a siege of herons; delivering coal in the snow – meaning to help someone when they need it most)"

But Zhang Ye immediately gave the second half, "Fèng huáng lì zài yuān yāng pàn, jǐn shàng tiān huā! (A phoenix stands upon the mandarin ducks' pond; adding flowers onto embroidery – to make something beautiful, perfect)"

That person, "..." Then he admitted Zhang Ye's superiority by giving him a big thumbs up. He did not say another word.

Zhang Ye obtained more and more points. At this moment, it no longer seemed like a Couplet Competition amongst contestants; it became a competition with Zhang Ye soloing against everyone!

It was Contestant #5's turn. This person was also from the Beijing Writers' Association. Before he gave the question, he signaled to Big Thunder with his eyes. This person had previously exchanged questions with Big Thunder. He had given Big Thunder the answer, so as to allow him to become the champion. This was one of their tiny tricks up their sleeves.

Big Thunder understood tacitly. The moment the person said his question, Big Thunder would be the first to answer. He definitely did not want Zhang Ye to obtain another point.

And this was a rarely seen riddle couplet. The difficulty of riddle couplets were even more difficult than reverse couplets!

"Yī kǒu néng tūn èr quán sān jiāng sì hǎi wǔ hú shuǐ! (Able to swallow the two springs, three rivers, four seas, five lakes with one mouth)" a person said confidently.

In the end, just as Big Thunder opened his mouth, Zhang Ye was already faster than him, "Gū dǎn gǎn rù shí fāng bǎi xìng qiān jiā wàn hù mén (Daring to enter the hundred surnames, the thousand

families and the ten thousand households from everywhere alone)!" The answer to the riddle was a hot water bottle. He had matched it perfectly!

Big Thunder's face sunk!

The other contestants looked at each other!

"Bái shé guò jiāng, tóu dǐng yī lún hóng rì (a White Snake crosses the river, a red sun overhead)," It was another riddle couplet. Someone had challenged Zhang Ye. The moment he finished speaking, he looked at him.

Zhang Ye immediately matched, "Qīng lóng guà bì, shēn pī wàn diǎn jīn xīng (an Azure Dragon hangs on the wall, multiple golden stars it wore)!"

"Tiān wèi qí pán, xīng wèi zi, hé rén néng xià (the sky as a chessboard, the stars are its pieces, who dares play)?" Another person looked unconvincingly at Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye chuckled, "Dì zuò pí pá, lù zuò xián, nǎ ge gǎn tán (the ground as a pipa, the paths are its strings, who dares play)?"

Another person said with a blackened face, "Fēng qǐ dà hán shuāng jiàng wū qián chéng xiǎo xuě (the winds are cold, as frost turns to snow)!"

Zhang Ye answered, "Rì zhào duān wǔ qīng míng shuǐ dǐ jiàn chóngháng (the sun shines in Duanwu, Chongyang can be seen in the Qingming/clear waters)!"

A female comrade said, "Běi yàn nán fēi shuāng chì dōng xī fēn shàng xià (a northern goose flies south; its wings point east and west as they go up and down?)"

Zhang Ye answered, "Qián chē hòu zhé liǎng lún zuǒ yòu zǒu gāo dī (a cart in front leaves behind; two tracks left and right as it wobbles up and down)!"

A middle-aged man said, “Lǎo yā tà duàn lǎo yā zhī, yā fēi zhī luò (an old crow steps on an old forked branch; the crow flies; a branch falls)!”

Zhang Ye tapped the table with his fingers, “Xiān hè guī lái xiān hè jiàn, hè lì jiàn míng (the red-crowned crane returns to the heavenly ravines, a crane cries; the ravine sounds)!”

It was followed by another long list of couplet duels!

As usual, Zhang Ye answered the moment he opened his mouth. He did not hesitate to answer more than ten couplets!

The female host nearly shouted bravo from seeing this!

The male host was already staring with his eyes wide open while holding the microphone!

Finally, it was the Beijing Writers' Association's Zheng Anbang's turn to provide a question. His eyebrow ticked, for he did not believe Zhang Ye had superhuman powers. Hence, he came up with his question, “Shù yǐ bàn xún xiū zòng fǔ (A halved tree does not need an axe – meaning there's no need to kick someone when he's down).”

Zhang Ye looked up and said his words to everyone's surprise, “Guǒ rán yī diǎn bù xiāng gān (It is indeed not a bit relevant)!”

Why did he match with this?

He didn't match it successfully!

Zhang Ye had finally failed!

Zheng Anbang laughed, “You call that a couplet? What sort of standard is that?”

The first half and the second half had no relation at all. The meaning was completely different, yet Zhang Ye could brazenly say it out?

“What sort of couplet is that?” Xiao Lu from offstage could also tell

that it didn't match!

"Is Teacher Zhang beginning to fail? After matching so many, his mind is also messed up?" Hou Ge said in a surprise.

However, an unexpected scene appeared. Elder Qian and the other two judges initially felt it did not match. Their eyes were filled with suspicion. That's not right. Zhang Ye had matched so many, so how could he make a mistake even beginners would not make?

Why did he match in such an entirely disparate manner?

But in the blink of an eye, he understood something before laughing loudly, "Good. What a good guǒ rán yī diǎn bù xiāng gān (it is indeed not a bit relevant)." After explaining a few words with the other two judges, Beep, Beep, Beep. All three of them passed him!

"What?" Zheng Anbang exclaimed, "Passed?"

Some players beside could not accept it, "This second half can actually pass? How's that possible!?"

Many of the audience and guests were also completely lost. What and what?

Elder Qian smiled as he explained, "I see many people puzzled. Hur Hur. I wonder if people have heard of 'Mismatched Couplets'?"

Mismatched Couplets?

Of course they knew!

This was created many years ago by a famous predecessor. However, few people used it, as it was a most unorthodox amongst unorthodox types!

Elder Qian explained in detail, "Shù yǐ bàn xún xiū zòng fǔ, guǒ rán yī diǎn bù xiāng gān (The halved tree does not need an axe, it is indeed not a bit relevant). The 'shù' (树, tree) matches with 'guǒ' (果, meaning

fruit, part of indeed) as the substance. 'yī diǎn' (一点, a bit as a length) matches 'bàn xún' (半寻, need) as the quantifier. In ancient times, 8 feet is 'xún'. And 'gān' (干) matches fǔ (斧, axe), which is the name of a weapon. In ancient times, gān was a weapon.

So the second half completely corresponds, but the words do not match, so it is considered a Mismatched Couplet. The meaning has no connection at all, but Teacher Zhang Ye's second half not only miraculously matched the first half neatly, but he had used such an odd 'guǒ rán yī diǎn bù xiāng gān' as the second half. This is one of the most impossible Mismatched Couplet amongst impossibles! Of course I need to pass him!"

You can even do that?

You even knew such an unorthodox Mismatched Couplet?

Everyone's expression when looking at Zhang Ye again looked like they were looking at a god!

The next person to provide a question was Big Thunder. Seeing Zhang Ye killing from all directions, Big Thunder was gritting his teeth with hate. But for his own couplet, Big Thunder had absolute confidence, "Dú lǎn méi huā sǎo là xuě (Leaving a path in Spring's snow to view the plum blossom)!"

Eh?

It was so simple?

All the contestants knew Big Thunder was good. He was the first runner-up last year. With last year's champion, an old professor, not coming, many people believed that Big Thunder would likely become the champion. The couplets he gave would be extraordinary. But when they heard it, they were extremely puzzled. This wasn't just simple; it was overly simple, right?

Dú lǎn méi huā sǎo là xuě (opening a path through Spring's snow to view the plum blossom)?

Anyone present could match it!

After Big Thunder finished his question, he smiled without a word.

Zhang Ye narrowed his eyes and came up with a second half, "Xì nì shān shì wǔ liú xī (the stream flows through the glorious mountains in a sidelong glance)."

With this, the judges also did not understand. The both of them had come up with an extremely simple couplet, making them have doubts.

Big Thunder chuckled, "Little Zhang, this time you answered wrongly. Do you think my couplet is so simple?" Seeing Zhang Ye fall for his trick, he was very pleased, "My first half has another way of reading it."

Zhang Ye answered with a chuckle, "What a coincidence. My second half has another way of reading it, too."

Seeing how Zhang Ye was unwilling to repent, Big Thunder decided to serve him the death sentence as he dissected, "My first half is dù lǎn méi huā sǎo là xuě . The first sound of each word matches to do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti, the seven tones!"

"Ah!"

"So that's how it is!"

"I knew it wouldn't be so simple!"

"This is too profound, right? Why is it so obscure?"

"Haha, Zhang Ye really hit his head hard on the wall!"

Big Thunder no longer looked at Zhang Ye as he said to everyone else, "Has anyone come up with a match?"

Zhang Ye leered at him, "Didn't I already give my second half? Why are you asking others? Your first half may have a trick behind it, but I

already said that coincidentally, my second half also has another way of reading it."

Big Thunder snorted, "What other way of reading it?"

"Read my second half again." This time, it was Zhang Ye's turn at smiling without a word.

"Read it again? Xī nì shān shì wǔ liú xī?" Upon reading that, Big Thunder stared with horror, "This...This is.. a homonym. One-Two-Three-Four-Five-Six-Seven (Yí èr sān sì wǔ liù qī)?"

Do-Re-Mi-Fa-So-La-Ti!

Matching against One-Two-Three-Four-Five-Six-Seven?

Go f**k your sister!

You can even f**king match that?

Big Thunder nearly fainted!

All the surrounding judges, audience members and contestants were dumbfounded!

*This entire scene of crossing verses with each other can be best understood from comedian actor, Stephen Chow's movie, Flirting Scholar. , it's quite a funny scene too. The subtitles also become somewhat nonsensical as there is no good way of translating the essence of couplets into English.

Chapter 120 - Zhang Ye's Millennial Impossibility!

How can there be such a person?

How can there be such a person?

This was practically how one man could hold back all of the enemy forces!

With Zhang Ye sitting there, no one had the chance to even open their mouths. His not very tall frame had at this moment appeared like a mountain crushing on their heads and chests!

50 contestants! There was no lack of famous authors and masters amongst the other 49 contestants. None of them were useless, and none of them were pushovers. But now, the scene that appeared was something not seen at a provincial or national competition, much less a Beijing Couplet Competition! From the beginning to the end, the 49 contestants had no chance to answer a single question! All the questions were answered by one contestant! And the second half was matched perfectly! It was faultless!

Absolute genius?

A demon not seen in a millennium?

Whatever evaluation given to him would not be too much!

As previously said, cultured people tend to scorn each other, but at this very second, many of the contestants eyed him with respect. Even those seniors clearly much older than Zhang Ye by many years and who had qualifications much higher than Zhang Ye gasped, looking at Zhang Ye with absolute conviction!

Unconvinced?

You have to be convinced, even if you aren't!

Zhang Ye had scared the wits out of everyone in one move!

Actually, there were people who did not think anything of Zhang Ye. Others were saying that he was cheating. And since he was such a young lad, everyone also believed it to be so. No one really thought that he had so much ability. But with the development of the events, people were surprised and enlightened. All that which had previously been said was bullsh*t! Bullsh*t cheating! Bullsh*t having no ability! Apparently, this person had used a melody poem titled "Shuidiao Getou – When will the moon be clear and bright" to overshadow the masses. He was indeed a capable person, worthy of his reputation!

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Offstage.

Xiao Lu strained her throat to shout, "Teacher Zhang, you are so cool!"

Former assistant Xiaofang competed with her in terms of loudness, "One against 49! Teacher Zhang, you are too awesome!"

Big Sis Zhou also laughed loudly, "Little Zhang! Let's see who still wants to say you cheated!"

Tian Bin gasped with amazement again and again, "What a good couplet! Every one of them is a good couplet! Zhang Ye even has this capability?" Previously, he had encouraged Zhang Ye, but... But that was just simple encouragement. This had really exceeded the expectations of Tian Bin and his wife. That machine gun-like response in the couplet duel made them stunned at every moment!

Hu Fei and Zhao Guozhou did not say a word. They were still reveling in the second half of the couplets that Zhang Ye had answered. They were repeating them with their mouths, as they gave their kudos!

Only Little Zhang has this standard! Only Little Zhang has this standard!

And he said that he wanted to forfeit the finals just now? He said that he did not have the confidence? He did not even have intentions to go onstage to participate in the final? Only when he was forced by others did he go up? A few people who had previously heard Zhang Ye's words nearly cursed at their mothers. No confidence, your sister! No confidence, your third uncle and grandma! You call this not having confidence!? Then how many people in this world still have confidence?

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The audience below erupted in applause!

"Well-matched!"

"Exciting! Really exciting!"

"So much fun! I've never heard such fun matches!"

"Your granduncle! Who the f**k said Zhang Ye cheated? Who said it just now?"

"That's right! Isn't that bluffing and cheating? Isn't this saying lies with your eyes wide open!?"

"With this kind of knowledge, does he even need to cheat? It was announced by the Beijing Writers' Association just now, right? F**k, are you dumb, or are we dumb?"

"These people from the Writers' Association sure are amazing! They treated us as idiots!"

"Cheating, your sister! I finally see it! The bunch of people from the Beijing Writers' Association are trying to attack him!"

"This bunch of grandsons! To think that I even believed that Zhang Ye had relied on the ideas of others to pass the preliminaries!"

.....

Online.

In the comment section of the live webcast, there was also a huge stir!

ZhangYeNumber1Fan jumped out. Every time that Zhang Ye had a problem, he would be the first to run up and support him. He was a hardcore fan amongst Zhang Ye's hardcore fans. He completely concerned himself with the individual, and not with the facts. He unconditionally supported Zhang Ye, "Say again how Teacher Zhang Ye was cheating! I want to see who dares to say that again!"

The people who had been previously defaming Zhang Ye all had their tongues tied!

Some even went from flamer to fan, "Bro, it was a misunderstanding. A misunderstanding."

Another person said, "That's right. Previously, we did not know the situation, so we apologize to Teacher Zhang Ye. Teacher Zhang is too formidable. Haha. I'm changing from a bystander to a fan!"

"So amazing! Teacher Zhang's couplet matches are so amazing!"

"Previously, it was the Beijing Writers' Association who slung mud at Teacher Zhang? That bunch of bastards!"

"I'm really worried for those people's intelligence. Did those people from the Writers' Association who tried to trap Teacher Zhang eat their medicine in the morning?"

"I bought a watch last year! I was even supportive of Teacher Zhang entering the Writers' Association from before. I even @Beijing Writers' Association every day for Teacher Zhang. Now, I think it's pointless going! What a crappy place!"

"Right! If it can't work, Teacher Zhang can create his own sect! Why must he get the recognition of the mainstream literary circles!? So what if they don't recognize him? So what if they don't let Teacher

Zhang into the Writers' Association? Teacher Zhang's talent can equally demolish all of you! The abuse would be so much that you would take it in silently!"

"Brothers, let's explode the Beijing Writers' Association's official website!"

"Good idea! Agree!"

"Agree+110!"

"Agree+119!"

"My large saber is again again again again again again unable to endure the thirst!"

"Haha. I am meeting 'Big Saber Bro' again. Every time I forget how many times our troll army has fought together, I just need to count how many times 'Big Saber Bro' uses the word 'again'!"

This friend with ID, 'Big Saber Bro' was also one of Zhang Ye's hardcore fans, but he was different from ZhangYeNumber1Fan. Big Saber Bro never spoke nonsense, nor did he reason with others. But whenever there was something, he was the first person to lead the charge. He was a hardcore fan who didn't speak nonsense, but spoke with actions!

With this mess, the number of people watching the livestream soared!

100,000!

230,000!

380,000!

.....

The situation had reversed so quickly!

Zhang Ye had used his abilities to reverse the situation. The accusation of cheating was now a ridiculous joke. Even the few people from the Beijing Writers' Association did not even dare to mention it again.

The competition had not ended and was still continuing.

Zhang Ye asked, "Can the next friend come up with a couplet?" He only had a short amount of time left with his Lucky Bread, and even if it was expended, he still had another Lucky Bread in his inventory, so he was not too worried. What was key was that Zhang Ye had not gotten a kick out of it yet. He had reached a climax matching couplets, so he could not stop!

Hurry!

Hurry, hurry, hurry!

Zhang Ye was urging in his heart!

But those contestants that had not given their questions were all smiling wryly. You still want to match? You still want to match? Get lost! Just with that inhuman couplet battle strength..! Who dares to play with you!

"I'm not giving a question," the next contestant said.

The following contestant also helplessly said, "I give up, too."

The next after the following contestant also wiped his sweat, "I, I'll forgo, too."

Zhang Ye had already obtained more than 30 points. Even if he did not answer any of the remaining questions, and they were all answered correctly by one contestant, that person would not have been able to vie for the title of champion from Zhang Ye. So the last few questions no longer had any meaning. But of course, the crux of the matter was that those contestants did not want to shame themselves any further. You can even freaking match the few judges,

Zheng Anbang, and Big Thunder's couplets. Then is there any need to talk about ours? Is there any couplet that can give you trouble? So let's not waste any effort. They also left some face for themselves!

"Give up."

"I give up, too."

"A young person's abilities must be respected, I will forgo, too."

All the contestants at the end gave up without a fight!

At this moment, the Lucky Bread's five minutes were up, but Zhang Ye was feeling depressed. He had not gotten a kick out of it yet, but it was nothing much. The result was still good.

The female host was Zhang Ye's fan, so when she saw Zhang Ye's prowess, one could see the joy on her face. They had even said that Teacher Zhang had cheated? The means they had used stooped so low! Hence, she said, "Then is the competition over? I shall announce that the champion is..."

Before she said anything, Big Thunder interrupted her, "Teacher Zhang Ye, aren't you coming up with a question?"

"That's right; Zhang Ye hasn't come up with a question. I'd really like to hear it." So even though the result was fixed, there were people still curious to see what Zhang Ye would come up with.

"More?"

"Is there a need?"

"Anything will do. We can just listen to it."

Some people did not care. It was not something that really mattered.

However, many of the people from the Beijing Writers' Association did not have the same view, especially Big Thunder and Zheng Anbang. They had shamed themselves too much today, and had lost

terribly. And it was the inhumane kind of miserable loss. After the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet, their Beijing Writers' Association had once again been annihilated by Zhang Ye. Of course they were unconvinced. Even if they were convinced, even if they acknowledged Zhang Ye's standard in matching couplets, they needed to get back some face!

Big Thunder and many people thought simply. He was amazing at matching couplets? But it was not the necessarily the case when coming up with a couplet. There was no topic or theme. All sorts of logic and possibilities could be considered, so the real experts amongst them knew that coming up with a couplet was much more difficult than matching a couplet! Big Thunder and some of them were still unconvinced. Even if Zhang Ye was no doubt the champion, if they could match Zhang Ye's couplet, then they would win back some face for the Beijing Writers' Association, and would have won against Zhang Ye in this domain!

Zhang Ye blinked, "Then I'll come up with one?"

"Please." Big Thunder did not think that he could come up with a good couplet, and even if he came up with one that was difficult, they had 49 people. Even if they could not answer as fast as Zhang Ye, given enough time, they could definitely answer it. The people present here were the elites amongst elites. How could there be a couplet that they could not match? No couplet was left without a match in every year's Beijing Couplet Competition!

Elder Qian stared at Zhang Ye.

The second and third judges also widen their eyes, particularly interested while waiting.

That second, the entire audience quietened down. Everyone was focused on him.

Zhang Ye smiled, and said a simple five words. It looked like a very simple first half, "My first half is...烟锁池塘柳 (yān suǒ chí táng liǔ,

Willow pond locked in smoke)."

Chapter 121 - This World has another Millennial Impossibility!

烟锁池塘柳 (yān suǒ chí táng liǔ, Willow pond locked in smoke)?

Such a simple five-word couplet?

Zheng Anbang laughed out, "Just this?"

"The mood is not bad, but..." Big Thunder also said.

A youth from the Writers' Association was brimming with confidence, "What's so hard about this? I'll match it with Rain falls..."

But before he finished speaking, Zhang Ye had already written his couplet on the computer in front of him.

Immediately, a staff member did something to project the couplet onto the big screen, letting everyone see it clearly!

When the youth from the Writers' Association saw the couplet, he held back his words after saying, "Rain falls". With a cough, he stopped speaking. He just realized how humorous the "What's so hard about this?" he said was.

When the surrounding people saw it, they were stunned!

烟锁池塘柳 (yān suǒ chí táng liǔ, Willow pond locked in smoke)?

Fire (火), Metal (金), Water (水), Earth (土), Wood (木)!

Every word contained one of the five elements in its left radical!

Your grandmother!

How did you think up of such a tricky couplet?

And the five elemental radicals matched so well?

Who said that Zhang Ye couldn't come up with a question?

Big Thunder lowered his head to ponder over it. His lips were constantly muttering, clearly trying to match the couplet.

Zheng Anbang and several people from the Writers' Association also began to silently try matching it.

Seeing them work so hard, Zhang Ye was amused. He hugged his shoulders as he watched the show.

Yes, this couplet was tricky with the five elements Fire (火), Metal (金), Water (水), Earth (土), and Wood (木) in the radicals, but it did not look very difficult. Anyone who knew a bit of couplet culture would think that they could match it given enough time. They just needed to find an appropriate word. From the audience's expression, they were clearly having such thoughts.

But only Zhang Ye knew that no one could match this couplet!

In Zhang Ye's world, it was precisely proven. Some couplets might look difficult, but they were not as hard as people expected when it was matched. For example, using a top radical to make a couplet like 荷花茎藕蓬莲苔 (hé huā jīng ǒu péng lián tái, moss of the lotus flower, lotus root, lotus fruit). It looked extremely complicated at first glance, as their top radicals were all 艹, but with some careful thought, they were all plants, so matching it with 芙蓉芍药蕊芬芳(fú róng sháo yào ruǐ fēn fāng, scent of the buds of the hibiscus and peony) would not be a problem. It could be matched with other words, too.

But some couplets might not appear to have any tricks behind them, and looked about the same as any other couplet, making you think that you could understand it at a glance, but even a lifetime of effort would not allow you to match it!

烟锁池塘柳 (yān suǒ chí táng liǔ, Willow pond locked in smoke) was a couplet that no one could match even in a few lifetimes!

This couplet's history was quite long. In Zhang Ye's world, it had been

passed down as a Millennial Impossibility. Nearly a thousand years had passed with people succumbing to it. As for this world, they must have never heard of it.

Some people matched with 炮镇海城樓 (pào zhèn hǎi chéng lóu, Sea tower rocked by cannons).

The television series “The Eloquent Ji Xiaolan” had previously used this verse. Many people thought this was the match to the couplet, but in fact it wasn’t. 炮镇海城樓 (pào zhèn hǎi chéng lóu, sea tower rocked by cannons) could only be considered as “corresponding”, but not matched. The flaw in the second half was not only in its mood, but also in its order.

Firstly, in its tone pattern, with the prosody of its first, third, and fifth words not considered, the second, fourth, sixth were to be distinct. The first and second verses’ second and fourth words were both oblique tones (锁—镇, 塘—城) and did not match well.

Secondly, in terms of mood, the first half was simple and elegant, while the proposed second half was boorish and rough. Although one was like a scholar, the other was like a warrior, it was not coordinated and there was a lack of overall harmony.

That was why this second verse, which many people believe to be the standard answer, was actually not good enough.

There were also matches of 灯深村寺钟 (dēng shēn cūn sì zhōng, the bell echoes in a distant dimly-lit temple) and 烽销极塞鸿 (fēng xiāo jí sāi hóng, the smoke signals an unfulfilled desire), which matched well in prosody, but did not match the elemental order of the words.

In that world, the best accepted match was 桃燃锦江堤 (táo rán jǐn jiāng dī, peach blossoms scorch the Jinjiang dyke).

However, even this second verse had a problem.

Its strong point was in matching the prosody of the first verse, with a profound mood, especially with “rán” being used extremely well. The

radicals were also in the right order.

The only weakness was that “jǐn jiāng dī” was a proper noun, while the other was a common noun. “Jǐn jiāng” and “chí táng” were not similar. In that aspect, there was still a gap.

From a prosody view, the first verse was level-oblique-level-oblique, so in order not to violate the “lone level” rule, the second verse has to be level-level-oblique-oblique-level or oblique-level-level-oblique-level or level-level-level-oblique-level, of which the level-level-oblique-oblique-level combination was the most ideal.

Of pity, the “jiāng” in this verse was of a level tone, failing to match as an oblique tone to the level tone of “táng” in first verse.

Hence, there was no solution to the first half, giving it the name of a Millennial Impossibility!

“Big Thunder, did you match it?”

“Just a bit. Almost, almost.”

“I think I’m almost there, too. I already have some thoughts.”

“There’s still time right? I think I can also try. I’m lacking just two words. A word with a fire (火) radical...fire radical...”

With the champion decided, the competition had already come to an end. So these people began to have exchanges in whispers and things were not as strict anymore.

The few judges ignored them, too. They were writing on their tables, trying to match Zhang Ye’s couplet, too.

Seeing them frowning in thought, Zhang Ye silently smiled. Go ahead and match it. If any one of you can really match it, this bro will chop off his head and give it to you. This couplet had been passed down for more than a hundred years, maybe even a thousand years in his world, and yet no one could succeed. Do you think that just ten

minutes would allow you to match it?

Ignoring this bit of time, even if a hundred years were given to all of you, no, even if this world was given a hundred years or a thousand years, no one could perfectly answer this couplet.

Forget it; I won't inform you. Torture yourselves. I'll take this opportunity to rest.

Five minutes passed.

Ten minutes passed.

This was a live broadcast, so they could not just wait and do nothing. The two hosts were trying to regulate the mood.

"This first half seems to not be simple?" the male host said, while looking at the screen.

The female host laughed, "It's far from not simple. It might look common, but the difficulty is there. Just the Metal, Wood, Water, Fire, and Earth radicals would stop many people in their tracks.

Furthermore, there is still the tone pattern one has to match. These two must be combined together to result in a correspondence. The key to the problem is its mood. Teacher Zhang's first half's mood is far and distant, like an ethereal picture, bringing with it full of life. Trying to match this would not be easy."

She knew a bit after all.

However, it was just a bit.

The second judge had a headache as a result of thinking. Throwing down her pen, she said, "I can't do it. I'll let you do it. I feel like there should be a solution, but no matter how hard I try, I can't. It just doesn't correspond!"

The third judge threw up his arms. He had given up, too.

The male host blinked and thought, "No one could match it? Even the judges couldn't? That can't be!? Isn't it just a couplet!? There were so many famous experts here! There was strength in numbers!"

He looked towards an area where the Couplet Organization and the Writers' Association were. Those people were also silently trying to match it. Looking at the audience, all of them were focusing on the couplet. Each one refused to have their beliefs shaken, as they tried to solve it!

But after a long while, no one spoke!

Finally, Elder Qian threw down the pen in his hand. He raised his head and said, "Let's call it a day."

Big Thunder refused to throw in the towel as he quickly said, "Elder Qian, just give me a bit of time. I'm almost getting it."

"That's right; I'm just a word short. I just can't think of a single word." Another person from the Beijing Writers' Association said.

Elder Qian interrupted them and issued the most authoritative opinion, "There's no need to think further, nor do you need to try matching. No matter how much time is given, no one can match it!"

Zhang Ye was surprised as he glanced at Elder Qian. Eh?

There really was someone wise?

"Impossible regardless of how much time?" Big Thunder refused to believe, "Why?"

Elder Qian smiled bitterly and said bluntly, "Because this is a Millennial Impossibility!"

"What?"

"Impossibility?"

"Millennial Impossibility?"

"Impossible! There must be a solution!"

"Right, how can it be an Impossibility?!"

"Elder Qian, did you make a mistake?"

The contestants were all puzzled and none of them acknowledged it

What was a Millennial Impossibility?

In simple terms, it was a couplet no one could match!

Back in the preliminary round, Elder Qian had came up with "hai shui chao chao chao chao chao chao luo". To many people, wasn't it considered an Impossibility?

Actually, no. It was just considered a miraculous couplet. At best, it would be considered a Millennial Miraculous Couplet, but it definitely was not a Millennial Impossibility. This was because this miraculous couplet had been matched by Zhang Ye neatly. Furthermore, Elder Qian himself had come up with a passable second half. He could match it himself, so there was a solution, so in no way was it a Millennial Impossibility!

Big Thunder's couplet from before?

That didn't count either!

It was even slightly worse than a miraculous couplet. It was, at most, considered a wonderful couplet!

And it had been matched by Zhang Ye!

It was solved!

None of those counted!

But 烟锁池塘柳 (yān suǒ chí táng liǔ, Willow pond locked in smoke) was?

No one was convinced as they waited for Elder Qian to give an explanation.

Elder Qian said, "I know what all of you are thinking. I had the same thoughts as you. I was thinking that as long as I had time, I would be able to solve this first half. But after I tried several times, I discovered that this first half is unsolvable. The radicals from five elements, and the order of the elements, the level tones, the mood, to match all of them, you cannot miss a single one of the five. It is easy to match one, and matching two would not be bad. If you want to match three, it is nearly impossible, not to mention matching all five perfectly. 烟锁池塘柳 (yān suǒ chí táng liǔ, Willow pond locked in smoke), even if this was placed in ancient times, it would have definitely been a Millennial Impossibility that would shock the world. I can be absolutely sure in telling everyone that this first half will definitely be unsolvable in a hundred years! It can only be left for people of the future!" Saying that, Elder Qian sighed with regret.

Unsolvable in a hundred years?

It really was a Millennial Impossibility?

Elder Qian was very famous in the circle, and he was one of the most accomplished few in the country's couplet literary culture. With him saying that, everyone had to believe, even if they didn't!

And so what if people refused to agree?

They really could not match it!

The second judge gasped, "It's really an Impossibility?"

"I'm very sure." Elder Qian said with a firm tone.

The third judge looked at Zhang Ye, who was not far away. He gave a wry smile, "What sort of person has come to this year's Couplet Competition? This is no longer how each new generation excels the last one! This lad has smacked to death all the predecessors and seniors in the profession on the beach! Or am I just an old ignorant

man? When did our country have such a spectacular genius?"

The old granny laughed, "In a while, read his 'Shuidiao Getou'. No, it's best if you listen to the version he recited live. Then, his performance today would not seem that strange. That, too, was a melody poem that would last the ages!"

What was the concept of a Millennial Impossibility?

Saying it just like that might not be easy to understand, but giving an example would make it very clear.

A Millennial Impossibility was equivalent to a few mathematical conjectures in the field of mathematics. They were also the most difficult problems in the world of mathematics. Everyone knew there was a solution, and everyone knew it was possible to come up with a solution, but no one could provide it!

There were a few major conjectures in the world of mathematics.

And in the world of literature, there were only about 5-6 Millennial Impossibilities!

But starting today, this world had another Millennial Impossibility. The Impossibility's first half was 烟锁池塘柳 (yān suǒ chí táng liǔ, Willow pond locked in smoke)!

Chapter 122 - Face Smacking Specialist is Back!

Grand Hall.

"Judges?"

"Alright, the finals is over."

"Alright, the score has already been tallied."

"I announce that this year's champion for the Beijing Couplet Competition is...Teacher Zhang Ye!"

As the host finished announcing, the audience erupted into applause. There were even screams of praise; it was a very lively scene. Onstage, many of those participants, who had lost convincingly, stood up to applaud Zhang Ye. Some even gave him a thumbs up! There was no other way, Zhang Ye had garnered all the praises. This had been the strangest couplet competition in recent years. Why strange? Does it need to be explained? All the questions had been answered by Zhang Ye alone. That's why Zhang Ye was the only winner. There was no 1st runner-up or 2nd runner-up. All the other 49 contestants had 0 points!

Doesn't this deserve all the applause?

Doesn't this deserve all the respect?

Only Big Thunder did not move; he did not applaud!

Zheng Anbang and the others from the Beijing Writers' Association were not looking so good. None of them applauded Zhang Ye, but instead lowered their heads and did their own things. They were too petty!

When Zhang Ye saw this sight, he smiled coldly.

The female host smiled, "Let's invite Teacher Zhang up onto the stage

to receive the award."

Zhang Ye stood up, went around the side and proceeded towards the stage. He smiled at both of the hosts.

At the side, Elder Qian and the other two judges also walked up. The trophy was prepared beforehand, but they had prepared three trophies to be brought up. Elder Qian held one in his hands; the other two were not of use anymore. Honestly, this was the first time that they had to present an award for such a dominating performance. One person had dominated and finished off all of his opponents. This was an unprecedented happening in all of the competition's history.

"Teacher Little Zhang, congratulations." Elder Qian handed him the trophy.

Zhang Ye accepted it and said, "Thank you for the affirmation of the Teacher judges."

Elder Qian smiled, "It is not our affirmation. This is the glory of your victory. And I believe without me saying, this is a Couplet Competition where the victor is known without any suspense!"

The audience laughed. Yes, this was really was one without any suspense!

The female host said, "Teacher Zhang, say a sentence or two for your acceptance speech?"

"Well, are you sure you want me to say it?" Zhang Ye blinked his eyes.

The male host was surprised. What was there to be sure about? Doesn't every winner of an award say an acceptance speech? Thanking friends, thanking leaders, thanking parents, stuff like that?

But the female host knew the meaning behind Zhang Ye's words, "This..."

"Alright then, I'll say something." Zhang Ye turned to face everyone, and paused for a moment. He said, "I recall.. that someone said I cheated?"

Everybody laughed, treating it as a joke.

Only the people from the Beijing Writers' Association had ugly expressions. They were thinking, "Aren't you done? Why do you still mention the past? Why are you so petty?"

But in fact, Zhang Ye was a petty person. The more people did not want him to mention something, the more this fellow would mention it. "I want to know who reported me, and I want to ask the comrade from the Beijing Writers' Association who came on stage a while ago saying I cheated. The judges and comrades from the Couplet Organization had not investigated, and had eventually allowed my participation, but why did you say it in such a certain fashion that I cheated?" He stared at the youth from the Writers' Association offstage, "Shouldn't you apologize to me? This is just the most basic respect, right?"

The youth stared at him with a darkened expression. F**k, apologize, me? Based on what!?

A woman from the Couplet Organization looked at him, "Little Wu, you should really apologize."

"Apologize, Little Wu." Yet another person from the Couplet Organization said. "This is a live broadcast. Everyone is watching. What you previously said onstage was indeed inappropriate. It was too arbitrary and it impacts Teacher Zhang's reputation. It is only because Teacher Zhang Ye reversed the situation, proving that he did not cheat, that the outcome has not become disastrous. Just a few words of yours was enough to destroy a person!"

The youth named Wu did not move. He shut his eyes stubbornly.

Zhang Ye laughed, "Since it's a Couplet Competition today, it's alright

if you don't apologize. I'll give you a couplet."

Give a couplet?

Why are you giving a couplet now?

Everyone was stunned and was curious as to what Zhang Ye would say.

The next moment, Zhang Ye said, "Mice, old or young, we call them 'old' (老, lǎo)." Because they are all called mice (老鼠, lǎoshǔ)!

With the next verse, Zhang Ye smiled, "Turtles, male or female, they are surnamed Wu (乌)!" Because they are all called turtles (乌龟, wū guī, also used as a vulgarity, like bastard)!

The youth whose surname was Wu nearly vomited blood! Grand Uncle Zhang Ye! You are too f**king ruthless! He was so angry that he nearly cried out! His face was green! This is a live broadcast program! There were hundreds of thousands of people watching! He scolded him in public? The youth wanted to bury his own head somewhere! He had thought that if he had just refused to apologise, nothing could be done about it.

But he had forgotten that this person was not any ordinary person. This was that Zhang Ye who had publicly scolded his Leaders at the Silver Microphone Awards! Venomous person! Venomous mouth! His heart was the most venomous! At this moment, the youth really felt regretful. He was numb. If he had known, he would have gone forward to apologise!

The male host was stupefied, "Teacher Zhang!"

The female host, in turn, was not surprised at all. She knew of Zhang Ye's misdeeds before, so she quickly gave him a nudge on his shoes with her feet and whispered, "Teacher, you....."

The audience was also stunned!

But Zhang Ye still had more to say, "This year, I was invited by the Beijing Writers' Association to participate in this competition. To be able to win it, I would like to thank them, too. Thank you for always supporting me, Writers' Association. I also have a couplet for you all." After saying all that, he immediately said, "A bull's head hopes to grow a pair of dragon's horns."

This sentence was quite usual; no one had a problem with it.

But Zhang Ye's second verse nearly made everyone faint, "But have you ever seen elephant tusks growing out of a dog's mouth (when have you seen a mean fellow speak of nice things)!"

The Beijing Writers' Association's Leader and members, "....."

People from the Couplet Organization were covering their mouths and laughing; this was too interesting. The scolding was too wicked!

Of course, Zhang Ye wanted to scold. From the moment he participated, it could be seen that none of those from the Beijing Writers' Association had pure intentions. They had made it difficult for him from the beginning, resorting to all sorts of tricks. If not for Zhang Ye's wit, his reputation would have been wrecked. His career path would have been cut off. If the accusation of cheating was not proven otherwise, then he wouldn't have been able to clear his name at all. Didn't this justify his revenge? He naturally wanted to take back what was his!

Scolding others?

It's not like I f**king never scolded!

So what if it was live? You are the people I'm cursing!

At this moment, the Beijing Writer's Association's Vice-President Meng Dongguo had come forth from the backstage. He had heard Zhang Ye publicly scolding their Writers' Association. In his moment of rage, he didn't care that this was a live broadcast anymore. He snatched a microphone and argued with Zhang Ye, "Zhang Ye, you

are good at couplets, aren't you? Then I will give you a question, too. Listen up! Two apes breaking branches deep in the forest; a little monkey dares to have seen it, too?" This was a homonymic first verse. 'Seen it too' was equivalent to matching a couplet; he was scolding Zhang Ye!

Zhang Ye was overjoyed. This first verse was also remembered when he was searching his memories. He immediately retorted, "Then you listen up, too! A horse steps into dirty mud; how can the old beast (bast**d) raise its hooves!" Raise its hooves was equivalent to giving a question!

"Alright!"

"So beautifully matched!"

"Hahahaha! I'm so amused!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye is a god!"

The audience could not help but laugh out loud!

Meng Dongguo, "...&%#@*) *@@@! !!"

Vice-President Meng's couplet-matching skill was not that deep, otherwise he would have taken part. He could not match Zhang Ye at it, which is why he lost the moment he attacked!

But Zhang Ye did not let him off, "Since you gave me a question, then I shall give you a question, too. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7!"

Eh?

What's this question about?

There were rarely couplets that stopped at 7. If he wanted to give the first verse, shouldn't it be 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8? Why did he forget about the 8?

Zhang Ye then looked at him, "Can't match it? Then let me give you

the second verse. Xiào tì zhōng xìn lǐyì lián (filial piety, respect, loyalty, trust courtesy, uprightness, honesty)!"

That was not right!

The second verse was not correct either!

Xiào tì zhōng xìn lǐyì lián (filial piety, respect, loyalty, trust courtesy, uprightness, honesty)? What about shame? Why is shame not in there?

But who can be a fool for long? A few contestants thought for a moment and quickly analyzed the metaphor of this couplet, "The first verse had forgotten about 8? The second verse lacked a shame? This is.... forgetting 8 lacking shame (bast**d with no shame)? F**k!"

Bast**d?

No shame?

Meng Dongguo nearly exploded with anger! Zhang! You are scolding people now?

The male host, nervous with sweat, hurriedly tried to talk them out of an argument, "Our two Teachers, the two of you, say less, say less. The cameras are still...." This is what you called literary people! Their scolding didn't even have any vulgarities in them!

Meng Dongguo didn't care anymore. He said directly to Zhang Ye, "In such a setting, you publicly scolded the Beijing Writers' Association, insulted our Writers' Association's staff, insulted the people who invited you? Well, well, now I can put it clearly here: a person like you, even if you are a talent, our Beijing Writers' Association will never have you!"

Isn't this the pot calling the kettle black?

And you act like everything about you was correct?

When you wanted to step on me, you just stepped! When I fought back? All of you began using reasoning to press me down? Just because you are the authoritative body? So that makes you reasonable? What the heck!

Zhang Ye was extremely bemused, holding the microphone, looking at all those angry and speechless Beijing Writers' Association's members. He said his last words, a doggerel. Its origins were from a famous crosstalk in his previous world – . Guo Degang's doggerels were considered one of a kind, with them being highly controversial. The one that he used to scold the Beijing Radio Station's Leader had especially attracted all sorts of criticisms from industry insiders. But today, Zhang Ye had selected another one of Teacher Guo's doggerels. It was written by Guo Degang after he was uninvited by the New Year's Gala organizers. It had a very special feel and was also very meaningful.

"Madness and ailing grass, difficulty in discerning. The plum blossoms seemed trimmed, coldness outside the walls. The icy sky is like jade, the silver branches seemed buried as dust. Pushing the blanket into the snow, open your eyes and stop acting nice, returning after traveling the Jiang province, with the poem done and alcohol drunk, the world seems small."

Up to here, many had not understood it.

What poem was this? Was it a doggerel?

Zhang Ye even knew doggerels? This was really the first time they had heard about it!

But after hearing the final part of Zhang Ye's poem, they finally understood and laughed out loud, "Embracing beauty, lamenting how life is all about fame and fortune." At this point, Zhang Ye narrowed his eyes and looked towards Meng Dongguo and the people from the Writers' Association. "Open your drunken eyes slightly. No matter how you succeed or fail..." With a laugh, "It's not like I'll come!"

It's not like I'll come?

They said that they were not going to invite him into the association!
And he came up with such a doggerel?

Hahaha! What a good "it's not like I'll come"! A lot of the audience members were tickled by this!

Chapter 123 - This Time, His Reputation has Really Gone Bad!

This year's competition was fully broadcasted live. The video feed could only be switched among the different camera angles to prevent any wrong or unwanted footage from being shown. But the audio feed could not be cut off. When Zhang Ye scolded, it caused the cameramen in the auditorium to become extremely busy. According to past experiences and rules, it was needless to say that they definitely had to avoid a troublemaker like him. The effect was too negative.

The champion was making trouble at the couplet competition?

Zhang Ye cursed at the Beijing Writers' Association?

If such a headline had spread, it wouldn't look good!

While they were busy making sure the cameras did not capture the wrong things, an internet video website's supervisor received a call from his manager.

"Old Wang!"

"Leader, the situation now is....."

"I know! Don't cut off the camera!"

"Ah? If I don't cut away, what should I do? Just face it straight at them?"

"Of course! Such a hot topic only happens once in a hundred years! Hurry, hurry, hurry! Live stream the whole event! Don't cover up anything!"

"Is that... Is that really okay?"

"Why is it not okay? We are not an actual television station, just an

internet live stream site. We don't have so much to think about. Whatever comments or opinions come, we can handle it! Let me tell you, Old Wang, the amount of people watching online now has already surpassed 1 million. Although this is the Beijing Couplet Competition, the people watching are not limited to only the Beijing area. People from all over the country are viewing it now. This is a 1 in a million chance. Are you still going to shift the camera away? This is a 1 in a million chance! Just follow my instructions! Record the cursing, too! If anything goes wrong, I will be responsible!"

"Alright, Leader. I understand!"

.....

So, the viewers over the internet didn't miss anything. The camera not only recorded the whole scene, Zhang Ye and Meng Dongguo were both given feature shots. Their back and forth exchange of couplets reached a climax and almost made the web audience jump up and cheer!

"Oh, my God!"

"A simple couplet can be used to curse in such an earth-shattering manner?"

"Hahaha! Come and see!"

"Those who did not watch the live broadcast will regret this for sure!"

"It's too delightful! Teacher Zhang Ye is too delightful! Wahaha!"

"Such a great bull's head hopes to grow a pair of dragon's horns!"

"I feel the ultimate was 'A horse steps into dirty mud; how can the old beast (bast**d) raise its hooves!'"

"That 'it's not like I'll come' doggerel was too good. Teacher Zhang is as splendid as ever with his words. A doggerel was also written so interestingly!"

"Support Teacher Zhang! They don't want us? We are the ones who don't want the association!"

"That's right! No matter how you succeed or fail, it's not like we'll come!"

"What did I say? What did I say? The Face Smacking Specialist has returned once again!"

"Hehe, don't they know what happened at the Silver Microphone Awards? They actually dared to get Teacher Zhang to give an acceptance speech in public? 'Face-smacker Zhang' is a person with past ('criminal') records!"

"Here it comes! I knew Teacher Zhang would not say anything nice!"

"This time sure is interesting. Back then, Teacher Zhang was banned by the radio station. This time, he will be banned by the literature circle. Teacher Zhang is too good at causing incidents, but... Haha. I like it. I love a Teacher Zhang who dares to speak up and act! He is my lifetime idol!"

"This is a godly curse!"

Some people were still unclear of what was going on, "Why did this person scold so ruthlessly?"

A person below him said in a despising manner, "Bro, did you just get onto the internet today? This isn't the first time Teacher Zhang has scolded others. Search online for this year's online slangs. About half the top 10 slangs for cursing were created by Teacher Zhang Ye. It's not weird!"

That person went to check, "Eh? I bought a watch last year was an original creation of Teacher Zhang? I just learned about it!"

"Bros, in the future, join our Teacher Zhang's troll army. It gives you meat to eat, and girls to meet!" The person began recruiting. There was reason to believe that after today, Zhang Ye's popularity would

definitely have another explosive increase!

.....

Beijing University.

Couplet Competition venue.

After Zhang Ye said the last doggerel, no one dared to challenge him to a quarrel anymore!

Meng Dongguo stopped speaking. Big Thunder also shut up. The people from the Beijing Writers' Association could only stare angrily, as they could not do a thing. It was hopeless, for they were completely no match for Zhang Ye. Saying anything more would just bring ridicule to themselves. A pair of couplets from Zhang Ye was enough to feel like curses were raining down on them. Meeting a prickly person who did not care about anything would only cause headaches!

Zhang Ye surveyed the surroundings. Seeing that no one made a sound, and seeing that they were all stunned because of him, he placed the microphone back onto the rack before walking off the stage. He left Meng Dongguo and the people from the Beijing Writers' Association the view of his back!

The three judges were also looking at each other with wry smiles. Couplets were one of the traditional cultures of China, and it was also an important piece of Chinese literature. They knew that although people felt that couplets were mostly quite proper, there were couplets that embedded mockery in them. There was no doubt that the couplets Zhang Ye had used to curse were some of the best amongst mocking couplets. Zhang Ye was the first person that they had seen that was able to use mocking couplets in such a masterful way and say it so impressively.

Every one of them was good!

Every one of them was flawless!

From their point of view, this young man, Zhang Ye, had completely researched what there was to couplet culture. He was probably more knowledgeable than old scholars who had been immersed in it for decades!

Elder Qian suddenly had a yearning for talent, "Hai, I suddenly feel like taking in a disciple."

The third judge laughed, "Old man Qian, aren't you not taking in disciples anymore? You still want to take him in? Besides... What can you teach him?"

Elder Qian was helpless, "Indeed, it is precisely that I do not know what to teach him. In literature, it seems that he is more accomplished than me."

The old granny said, "And he is quite a prickly person. After what he did today, he would most definitely be known in the literature scene. However, there will be even more people doubting him. Just like a few old fools I know, they are predecessors who enjoy teaching juniors to be respectful of their elders. They would definitely attack him."

"Then I won't take him in as a disciple." Elder Qian said, "I'll help him."

The third judge said, "Elder Qian, why do you think so highly of this youth? There are many people who are talented. But most of them are young and aggressive and would fall to nothing early on, with no accomplishments. There are so many of these kinds of youths. They are uncountable, but how many of them can last until the end? You think he can make it?"

Elder Qian was very determined, "Those people you mention just have average talent, but Zhang Ye is different. He definitely can. I think he definitely can." Saying that, Elder Qian looked at his two old friends in a joking manner, "No one from China has gotten a Nobel Prize in Literature. What if at some time in the future, when China

really gets this highest honor... Will it be him?"

The old granny said surprisingly, "You really have such thoughts?"

"Elder Qian, isn't your evaluation of him too high?" The third judge was shocked as he said, "There are so many literary scholars in the country who have failed. No one has reached the top after all these years. He is just a 20+-year-old lad. Nobel Prize in Literature? You think too highly of him!"

The old granny also didn't think so highly, "Zhang Ye is still far from that."

Elder Qian laughed, "At least he is closer than us. Now, all he needs is time and experience. He is the best seedling that I have ever seen!"

Chapter 124 - "Facing the Sea with Spring Blossoms"!

Sunday.

Zhang Ye was resting.

Early in the morning, eldest little sister Cao Dan had woken him up, "Brother, you are famous again. I went to the newspaper stand this morning. A few local newspapers had you in them. Only after reading did I know that you took part in yesterday's Couplet Competition and won! You are really great, Brother."

Zhang Ye tiredly said "So-so, I guess."

"Pass me the phone. Pass it to me." It was mom's voice on the other end.

Zhang Ye was a little stunned, "Mom, you are around, too? Are you at Grandma's home?"

His mother said fiercely, "You rascal, why did you make such a mess again! Such an important competition... You were just onstage to collect your award and you scolded people? You.... You are 'fantastic'. That was all broadcast live. I heard from your sister that the internet is discussing about how many of the authors and literary people are criticizing you!"

Zhang Ye sighed, "It will be fine."

"How can that be fine?" his mother said angrily.

"It's not like it's the first time; don't make a big fuss." After being through worse before, Zhang Ye was calmer, "How big could it be? After all, it was them who started the dirty tricks. You know me; I'm not the type to mess with others, but others also shouldn't mess with me. If they do, then they will pay for it. That is my style!"

"You, you!" his mother said disappointedly.

"Mom, I am going back to sleep." Zhang Ye hung up.

To others who could fall asleep after such a big incident, they would be worried about this and that, or thinking of the consequences. But to Zhang Ye, he was already used to this. Every two or three days, he would get into some sort of trouble. He no longer put it at heart. Wasn't this just the usual? Zhang Ye honestly just took his lazy naps and didn't care much about the issue.

Being scolded?

Being doubted and criticized?

When someone scolded him the first time, Zhang Ye raged. When they scolded him the fifth time, Zhang Ye was angry. When they scolded him the tenth time, Zhang Ye was humbled. But now, Zhang Ye was invulnerable. If and when someone scolded him with an interesting phrase, Zhang Ye would even smile.

.....

After he woke up.

Zhang Ye went downstairs to buy a few newspapers and bring them home to read.

The first copy was The Beijing Times. This newspaper was considered an acquaintance of Zhang Ye's. When Zhang Ye had first appeared in a newspaper, it was them who had reported on him. The paper's article was considered to be more objective, as it reported the details of yesterday's couplet competition. It mentioned Zhang Ye's scolding situation, but mentioned more about Zhang Ye's dominating performance and award, as well as the more than ten couplets that were said. The focus was on the couplet that Elder Qian described as an Millenium Impossibility, which was praised to the skies by the paper. Overall, the report gave recognition to Zhang Ye.

As for the second and third newspapers, they were generally critical of him.

A newspaper had mentioned that Zhang Ye had been reported for cheating from out of nowhere, and it also wrote at the end that he should not have used a couplet to scold others at such a situation, regardless of what had happened. This was a problem with his quality of person. It criticized Zhang Ye for not having the bearing of a scholar and was overly petty!

Zhang Ye let it pass and turned his attention to Weibo.

On Weibo, just as his sister and his mom had said, many people were criticizing him, "Having literary talent, but not having a good heart!"

But there were also many supporters of Zhang Ye!

"Who are the ones without good hearts? It's you people from the Beijing Writers' Association!"

"If they had not said that Teacher Zhang Ye had cheated, would Teacher Zhang have scolded them?"

"I'm neutral. But anyone with eyes could see what had happened yesterday. I support Zhang Ye on this matter!"

"It's the Beijing Writers' Association who deserves to be scolded! Who can they blame?"

"Still criticizing Teacher Zhang Ye? Your asses sure are crooked!"

"Back at the Silver Microphone Awards, I did not agree to Teacher Zhang's recital of 'Dead Water', as I think he went beyond bounds. But yesterday, I don't think Teacher Zhang did any wrong. Those of you who are criticizing Teacher Zhang Ye, I want to ask you: If it was you who was being maligned by others, to the point where your job would be lost as a result, and you would not be able to survive in this industry anymore, would you treat it as if nothing had happened?

Will you carry on being a grandson of the Beijing Writers' Association? Hur Hur. Maybe you can do that, but Teacher Zhang can't do it. He isn't a wimp like you! Because his name is Zhang Ye!"

The Beijing Writers' Association's official Weibo also publicly launched an attack on Zhang Ye. From the posting time, it had just happened a few minutes ago, "Just like how Vice President Meng said, a person like Zhang Ye would not be accepted by our Writers' Association, no matter how accomplished he is or how talented he is. How can a person with such a questionable character be any good at literature? Our Writers' Association focuses not only on talent for taking in members, it also greatly focuses on a person's character and moral standing!"

Below the post, many people were still cursing!

"What a joke!"

"You dare to talk about morals?"

"Hahaha. All of you are too humorous!"

"You do not want him, but it's not like Teacher Zhang will go!"

Just as everyone was having a debate, the official Weibo of the "National Writers' Association" suddenly expressed their position, "After the National Writers' Association's Committee Member Qian's and other Writers' Association's members' recommendation, after an inspection, we invite Teacher Zhang Ye to join our National Writers' Association!". With this statement out, the discussion became even more explosive!

"Holy sh*t!"

"The National Writers' Association has given their statement!"

"Haha! Face smacking! The Beijing Writers' Association's face has been smacked senseless!"

"That's right. The Beijing Writers' Association just said that they would not want a person like Zhang Ye, but in the end, the National Writers' Association has invited Teacher Zhang Ye. Their faces are swollen now!"

"Elder Qian recommended Zhang Ye?"

"He really wants Zhang Ye to enter the National Writers' Association?"

"Support! Teacher Zhang has finally obtained the recognition of the mainstream literature world!"

"Do you think that Teacher Zhang Ye will enter the National Writers' Association?"

"I guess so. After all, it's one of the most authoritative literature units in the country."

"I guess not. There are so many authors in the country scolding Teacher Zhang. Teacher Zhang might not even bother about being a part of them. With Teacher Zhang's temper, it's something he would definitely do!"

Many people were quite delighted to know what the outcome was.

Some of the older elders of the National Writers' Association raised their objections.

"Mr Qian, why are you recommending such a hooligan into the association?"

"This is the National Writers' Association. If we let that Little Zhang in, wouldn't that cause the atmosphere to turn foul!?"

"I don't support it. He doesn't even know the basics of respecting one's elders. He can't even mind his mouth. What can such a person do? Mess things up?"

"This Zhang Ye has no standards!"

ZhangYeNumber1Fan expressed, "Teachers, all of you may be predecessors, but I don't think any of you have the qualifications to say that. If you have the ability, then match the 烟锁池塘柳 (yān suǒ chí táng liǔ, Willow pond locked in smoke) Teacher Zhang gave. Only then will you have the qualifications to criticize Teacher Zhang for his literary standard! If not, anyone can say 'what standards does Zhang Ye have'. If you want to reject him, why don't you show some of your abilities?"

After this was said, many people stopped speaking.

ZhangYeNumber1Fan said, "No one can match it? Then don't say anything!"

Actually, since yesterday, 烟锁池塘柳 (yān suǒ chí táng liǔ, Willow pond locked in smoke) had become a hot phrase on the internet. It was extremely popular for a while. Some famous people did not believe it in the beginning and thought that they would be able to match it. Someone even declared so. But after a day, those people who had made the declaration that it was not some Impossibility had shut up and disappeared!

Are you scared?

Why hasn't any person matched it!?

This was a Millennial Impossibility! Many authoritative people in the profession had begun to acknowledge it!

.....

At home.

After seeing that Weibo message, Zhang Ye only felt touched. Zhang Ye had only spoken a few words with Elder Qian, but he had stood up for him when almost everyone in the profession was criticizing Zhang Ye. He had even recommended that he be invited into the National Writers' Association, and had held out an olive branch for him. As long as Zhang Ye nodded, and as long as Zhang Ye gave a

call or simply left a reply on Weibo, he would enter the Writers' Association. And it was not just a provincial-level Beijing Writers' Association, but the biggest National Writers' Association!

Zhang Ye thanked Elder Qian in his heart, but... He suddenly did not feel like entering the Writers' Association. This 'small organization' was not very powerful and was very complicated. The experienced predecessors were stuck in their ways. Euphemistically speaking, they were overly traditional. But without mincing one's words, they were overly pedantic. It did not match Zhang Ye's temper in any way. He could already predict that if he joined, there would be even more of such similar events like yesterday. All of that made Zhang Ye uncomfortable, so why would he join? Asking to be rebuffed? Zhang Ye didn't think that he was that free!

Others didn't like him?

Hur, this bro doesn't even wish to enter!

However, Zhang Ye did not want to give too cruel a rejection after Elder Qian's painstaking effort, as it would have been not knowing what was good for himself. Hence, he thought of a roundabout method that rejected it, but did not end things badly.

"Thank you Teacher Qian. Thank you for the National Writers' Association's acknowledgement," Zhang Ye replied.

"Ah! Quick, take a look!"

"Teacher Zhang has said something!"

"Haha. Let's see what Teacher Zhang will do!"

Netizens on Weibo gathered over. Many professionals and people from the National Writers' Association and other provinces also moved their attention. They were waiting for Zhang Ye's reply. Those who cursed him, those who supported him, and even those who were neutral paid attention. Before Zhang Ye posted the next message, that Weibo message had been forwarded a thousand

times. This showed how much attention was placed on this matter! There was no other way about it. After all, Zhang Ye was now famous. He had said "Dead Water" at the Silver Microphone Awards, and he had scolded using couplets at the Couplet Competition. Everything Zhang Ye said would gain the attention of others. This was also the temporary fame brought from the Couplet Competition!

Zhang Ye paused for a while before expressing his stance:

"Starting tomorrow, I will be a happy man;
Feed a horse, split logs, travel the world.
Starting tomorrow, I will care for crops and vegetables.
I have a house; it faces the sea, and flowers bloom in spring warmth.
Starting tomorrow, I will contact every relative
to tell them about my happiness.
As that lightning bolt of happiness told me,
I will tell each and every person.
Give every river and every mountain a warmhearted name.
As for strangers, I wish you happiness, too.
I wish you a glittering future.
I wish you a lover who becomes a spouse.
I wish that you obtain happiness in this world.
I wish only to face the sea, where flowers bloom in spring warmth."

.....

"It's a poem?"

"A modern poem that Teacher Zhang is best at?"

"What's the meaning of the poem? What does Teacher Zhang want to say?"

"Why do I have goosebumps reading this poem!? It's too beautiful!"

"Haha, I got it! He is indeed a cultured person! Even when rejecting, Teacher Zhang can reject in such an artistic manner! This poem was written too nicely!"

Many people could not understand.

But many people knew it well.

Amongst them was a literary author who wasn't that famous. He dissected it, "Starting tomorrow, Starting tomorrow, Starting tomorrow. This was said three times, which makes the meaning very clear. What Teacher Zhang means is that tomorrow, or in the future, he might be able to melt the grievances like ice and not fuss about the problems in the past. Tomorrow, or in the future, he might be able to give his well wishes to those who criticized or hated him, wishing them a good journey ahead..." Upon saying that, the author gasped in admiration, "But today, but now, he wishes only to face the sea, where flowers bloom in spring warmth!"

A simple poem from Zhang Ye had caused great acclaim once again!

Below, a person from the Couplet Organization gave his evaluation, "Mr Zhang is so talented. I bow in deference!"

Elder Qian, the Committee Member of the Writers' Association also replied later, "Since Little Zhang has made his decision, then we can only respect it. But I have something to say. I will say it now, and I will also say it again in the future. It is not your loss that the National Writers' Association doesn't have you, but it's our Writers' Association that has suffered!" After that, he added on, "Teacher Little Zhang, I wish to wait for tomorrow, where you can still face the sea, and can also let the flowers bloom in the National Writers' Association. The Writers' Association's invitation to you will be effective for life!"

The matter was settled.

However, there was no end to the discussion. Zhang Ye had thrown out a poem to once again shock the modern poem arena!

"This poem is really good! It's so good, it's explosive!"

"Face Smacking Specialist has made another production! Come gather around!"

"I have a feeling that this poem will be more popular than 'Flying Bird and Fish'!"

"Haha, it's already popular. Look at the forwards. It's already exceeded 4000! This is almost defying the heavens! Everyone is 'Facing the Sea with Spring Blossoms'!"

.....

Switching off the computer, Zhang Ye felt relaxed. He wanted to give Teacher Qian a call to apologize again, but he decided against it. Why? Because there were two reasons. Firstly, there was no need to say anything more. They were considered good friends despite the great difference in age. They had not interacted much, but one poem and one couplet was enough as the most profound interaction. So there was no need to mull over it on the phone. It would instead make it more corny. The second point was... Your sister! Because he did not have Elder Qian's telephone number! The first point was actually not important at all!

Forget it!

He was not entering the Writers' Association, so there was nothing to worry about!

Literature was not important for Zhang Ye's development. It could be considered a tiny tributary towards his goal. It was nice to have it, as it added brilliance to the existing splendor. If he had the opportunity to develop this further, Zhang Ye would not let it go. But the main goal was not this. This was not the most important thing, so it was alright if he did not enter the Writers' Association.

Then what was his goal?

What was his goal all along?

Was there a need to ask? His goal was of course not to have decayed teeth!

Chapter 125 - Countless Lottery Draws!

+3200!

+12676!

+6981!

His Reputation kept increasing!

When it hit 9 P.M. at night, Zhang Ye looked into his game ring's Reputation points. It had reached 1.4 million. Zhang Ye had been staring at the display for the whole day, and with every Reputation point gained, it felt like a promotion. Zhang Ye was very excited because these points could let him play the lottery to gain items to prevent tooth decay..... Rather, to help him further his dreams of being a superstar. Secondly, with every Reputation point gained, it meant that another person knew of him and admired him.

The points gained decreased slowly, likely to be coming to an end. After all, the couplet competition, the Millennium Impossibility and "Facing the Sea with Spring Blossoms" could not gain him Reputation points forever. It was all for the moment, and it was reaching its limit. Zhang Ye had never had such a quick increase in Reputation, nor had he reached such a level of Reputation points before. He had to be content for now, as it afforded him a lot of lottery chances now.

Time for the lottery!

Buy a chance at the draw!

Without a thought, Zhang Ye added an Additional Stake, not more, to try his luck.

The needle spun fast and stopped at the Skills Category in his first draw. A Treasure Chest (small) appeared and Zhang Ye immediately opened it up.

A flash of light!

A skill book appeared!

"Lock Picking Skill Experience Book" (2): Upon reading, increase the lock picking skills of the gamer.

A skill book. As there was no use in storing it, Zhang Ye flipped open the books one by one. After consuming the two books, he felt slightly giddy. With new memories filling up in his mind. Looking sideways at his closet and drawer, Zhang Ye had felt a sense of thievery instincts and, without any basis of logic, he knew that he could pick that lock open. All he needed were some tools.

F**k, what a wretched outcome!

Why did I even get such a skill for? Luckily, he did not stake too much on it!

Zhang Ye was wondering if the game ring had known that his nickname was called "Instant Noodle Hero"? And therefore gave such a skill to him, to see if he could carry a pack of instant noodles out of a place? Thus ensuring the glory of being nicknamed "Instant Noodle Hero"?

Forget it, and continue to draw!

It's always better to have a skill. After all, having many skills did not burden the body!

For the second round of lottery, Zhang Ye also added an Additional Stake, spending 200,000 of his Reputation. He observed as the needle spun!

1 round!

2 rounds!

3 rounds!

The needle stopped at the Consumption Category!

Zhang Ye immediately opened up the Treasure Chest (small) and the items appeared!

"Save" (2): Saves a record. This save file can only be stored for half an hour.

This Save Crystal was already familiar to Zhang Ye. It was the first item he'd had, which he had gotten from his first lottery draw. It had helped him a great deal during his interview for his job back then. Even though the record could only be saved for 30 minutes, it was enough to solve many problems. Zhang Ye regretted a little; if he had known that he would get this item, he would have added ten additional stakes! What a pity.

He put the Save Crystal away.

At the third draw for today, Zhang Ye did not use additional stakes temporarily. He waited until after the needle was coming to a stop before opening up the Additional Stakes menu. This was to let him analyse a little first, as there were two categories ahead. The needle was currently at the Stats Category, and further in front was the Skills Category.

To add or not to add?

How many stakes to add?

These two categories had items that were quite good. After thinking it through, and with the earlier experience of the Save Crystal, Zhang Ye bet all his remaining reputation with the use of the Additional Stakes. Whatever will be, will be. In his earlier two draws, he had spent a total of 200,000 each time. Now that he had 1 million points left, deducting the 100,000 he spent on the third draw, he could add nine additional stakes. And so he bet all of it!

The draw continued!

The needle continue moving!

At this time, the needle, as if giving all its strength, slowly moved forward!

Since Zhang Ye was not concerned with which of the two categories the needle would land on, it was a bet anyway, so he closed his eyes and waited quietly. When the game ring indicated that the lottery had ended, Zhang Ye slowly opened his eyes narrowly to peek at the lottery board – It was the Skills Category!

Ten Treasure Chests (Small) opened up!

This was Zhang Ye's biggest bet ever, so he was nervous!

He feared that if the game ring had gotten him a "How to Cook the Most Delicious Instant Noodles" Skill Experience Book, then his heart would have just died!

Let's open them!

After removing the ten Treasure Chests from the inventory, they all piled up on the ground.

Zhang Ye once again went to the bathroom to wash his hands, this time with shampoo. A pleasant aroma floated around as he took a deep breath and opened the first chest. It was a book, different looking from the "Lock Picking Skill Experience Book" and the "Calligraphy Skill Experience Book". The book cover was newer and all white, so it didn't look too ancient.

Consecutively, he opened ten of the chests, all containing the same book. He then held up a book to take a look.

"Taekwondo Skill Experience Book": Upon reading, raises the player's Taekwondo skill experience!

Taekwondo? Something of the Koreans? Zhang Ye eyes showed some disdain, but he still smiled from ear to ear. He immediately flipped

open the book to gain the experience!

1 book!

5 books!

10 books!

With a single breath, he consumed all of the skill's experience!

Although as a nationalist, he did not like things from the Koreans, nor did he like fighting techniques like Taekwondo, this was at least a skill that allowed one to throw one's weight about. Once he knew it, Zhang Ye did not need to be afraid of anything else. When he saw larger-sized elementary school students, he, too, would be able to put up a fight!

Cross kick!

Side kick!

Inverted kicks.... Alright, there's no such move!

Zhang Ye raised his leg to try some moves. It felt powerful. His leg kicks were very standard. Steady, accurate and relentless, you could feel the wind with each kick. But alas, Zhang Ye's physical fitness was poor, and his strength and stamina were lacking. Usually seated in front of his computer and lacking in exercise and training, after seven to eight moves, he felt like he had already pulled something and was in pain. F**k, looks like the Skill Experience Book could only let him learn by gaining knowledge of the techniques. It did not improve his physique to that of those who had trained for many years. He was lacking in stature and strength, so he could not fully utilize it.

But it's okay. This was good enough!

At least now, he had the ability to beat up the those in the Southern Mountain Old Folks Home and then trample on the Northern Seas

Kindergarten School!

What's more, Zhang Ye was most excited by the possibilities of the existence of this Taekwondo skill. Does that mean that there will be a Muay Thai skill? Could there be an Eight Trigrams Palm or a Jeet Kune Do skill, too? Zhang Ye believed that those definitely existed. It was just that he had not managed to get draw them. If he could really obtain the unlimited right to buy these Experience Books of various international martial arts in the Special Category, he would one day become invincible with enough Reputation!

Judo is good, too!

Tán Tuǐ isn't bad, too!

If ten books were not enough, he would consume a hundred!

If a hundred was not enough, then he would consume a thousand!

If a thousand was not good enough..... 10,000 books should do it, right?

At that time, the whole world's top martial artists could have a go at him. Who could defeat him by then?

He would go and challenge all the martial arts schools, and challenge the whole world. Martial artists were also considered celebrities in this world. They could become famous and gain reputation, too!

All roads lead to Rome!

Zhang Ye could finally see a clearer path forward!

Chapter 126 - The New Segment is Going on Air!

Monday.

Slightly cloudy.

Beijing Television Station. Zhang Ye came early to the unit once again. After he put down his stuff, he was prepared to do some cleaning.

"Eh?" He suddenly realised that someone else was in the office, "You are?"

It was a fifty-something-year-old middle-aged man, who was almost fully bald, and who looked older than others his age. Upon seeing Zhang Ye, the middle-aged man curled his lips. He was holding a broom behind the door and was sweeping the floor, "You are Teacher Zhang?" You can just call me Old Wei. Hur hur. I am an editor of the Arts Channel. Everyone calls me Editor Wei or Old Wei."

Zhang Ye said, "Yo, then why are you doing the cleaning? Please leave it to me."

"It's fine." Editor Wei replied, "The cleaner is on leave today and I wasn't doing anything anyway."

"That won't do. I am younger; how can I let you do the work?" Zhang Ye tried to snatch the broom from him, "Besides, you are not from our team. You don't need to."

But Editor Wei did not let him take the broom. He just laughed and took out a small book, "Just help me by signing this. I am your fan and like your poems very much, especially that "Facing the Sea with Spring Blossoms" from the other day. My daughter had found it online and showed it to me. To be honest, I read it ten times and still can not recite it by heart. There aren't many good works like these

now in modern poetry."

Zhang Ye was a little embarrassed, "Then an autograph won't suffice. Since you like it, then it's my honor. I will write out this poem and sign it for you."

Editor Wei was very happy, "That would be the best.. if it's not too troublesome?"

"It's not troublesome." Zhang Ye quickly took a pen and paper. Since it was a modern poem, a pen would be good enough. There was no need for brush and ink.

The poem was written.

He signed on it.

Zhang Ye then gifted it to him.

Editor Wei shouted his praises, "Good poem, good poem!"

At this time, the twins Hou Ge and Hou Di arrived at work. When they entered the office, they saw Editor Wei. Hou Ge panicked and rushed over, "Uncle Wei, why are you doing the cleaning again?"

Hou Di also rushed over, "Give me, give me!"

Editor Wei couldn't argue with them, so he just took the rubbish out from their office and went back.

When he left, Zhang Ye asked curiously, "Who is that Editor Wei?"

"You must have thought he's a cleaner, right?" Hou Ge sighed, "When I first came, I also thought so, too. I always see him cleaning the place or clearing the trash in the various offices or changing the water cooler's water. I heard from other colleagues from other departments that Uncle Wei even sponsors several students who can't afford school. He's a very kind uncle. Everyone respects him a lot. But apparently, he previously offended our Arts Channel's boss,

Director Wang Shuixin. Although his job title is an Editor, he doesn't get one bit of bonus. He doesn't have any responsibilities and has been repressed all this while. Since he has no jobs to do usually, he would help clean the place and change the ink cartridges. Hai."

Director Wang Shuixin?

Zhang Ye's "This is also Everything" had previously also offended him, so he knew that he was not a magnanimous person.

Xiao Lu came into the office following that, in high spirits. Seeing Zhang Ye, she laughed, "Teacher Zhang, why aren't you feeding the horses, splitting logs and traveling the world? I thought you wouldn't come to work today and will be facing the sea, watching the flowers bloom in spring warmth."

Hou Ge also recalled and gave a big thumbs up, "Yesterday, that poem on Weibo was amazing. Did you not see what happened on the web later? It was spread like mad!"

Xiao Lu laughed, "My own tagline has changed to the name of your poem. I wish only to face the sea, where flowers bloom in spring warmth? What grows on your brain? How can everything you write be so deep?"

Zhang Ye chuckled, "My brain doesn't have anything growing. But at least there's something underneath my feet."

Dafei also arrived at the unit. Hearing that, he asked, "Underneath your feet? What's there underneath your feet?"

Zhang Ye said, "I am standing on the shoulders of giants."

At the door, Hu Fei strode in and happened to hear their conversation, "Haha. Amazing. What an amazing 'standing on the shoulders of giants'. Little Zhang's words are always pearls of wisdom!"

Xiao Lu and Hou Ge were also impressed.

The shoulders of giants? They had never heard of such a metaphor!

This expression was attributed to his world's Newton; however, they would forever not understand what Zhang Ye really meant. The giants were not giants. Zhang Ye was not referring to the greats of this world, but the sages of his world. Of course, he would definitely not explain this. This was a secret of his. He would not tell a second person as long as he was alive, regardless of who it was.

After some chatting.

Hu Fei suddenly clapped his hands. "Alright, let's get down to business. Stop standing and take a seat. Just listen to what I have to say, and ask if you have any question." He sat at his own desk. His office was also there and had the same treatment as the rest. Hu Fei did not have a lone leader office for himself. It was just that he was usually busy, so he would be away at meetings and various other affairs. Sometimes he would have things outside of the office, so he was seldom around.

Zhang Ye and company waited for him to speak.

Hu Fei seemed to be in a good mood as he laughed, "Yesterday, I obtained a message that our segment will begin soon. The program at the same time slot has been decided by the station to be axed this Friday. So our segment will officially begin on Saturday. If we are recording, it has to begin tomorrow or the day after tomorrow. We need to finish recording it at the latest on Friday, to make it in time for the Saturday afternoon broadcast. So for these few days, we won't be able to rest easy. It's time to busy ourselves. I hope that no one grumbles when we work overtime. I will work overtime with everyone."

Xiao Lu chuckled, "Look at what you are saying, Brother Hu. What's there for us to grumble about? We will work overtime if need be. We've been relaxing for so long, so we can't wait to busy ourselves!"

Hou Ge also said, "Right. We will definitely do our best to help

Brother Hu!"

Hou Di said, "Brother Hu, it's alright if we work overtime. If you need to rest, please rest. We will do everything well for you!"

Dafei said, "You invited us because you trusted us. We also trust you. As long as you say it, I would be fine working overtime for an entire week!"

Hu Fei nodded feeling relieved, "Then I'll thank everyone first." Saying that, he looked towards Zhang Ye, "Actually, the person who will be working the hardest will be Teacher Little Zhang. I have already gotten the approval from the higher-ups. Little Zhang will officially take on the role of our segment's host. He will be responsible to work with the lecturer and the guests, as well as interact with the audience. This role of his is very important. I do not have any script. The lecturer has been confirmed, and what is to be talked about has been fixed. The only thing is the that the content and order of the lecture hasn't been confirmed. We might need to have some discussions during the recording, so the workload on Little Zhang would be even higher and more difficult." He was also not very sure, for Zhang Ye had no experience being a television host. "Little Zhang, is it fine without a script?"

Everyone looked towards Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye was amused, "Leader, go to my previous unit and ask, and you will know. Even if it's a live broadcast, I have never used a script. I just say whatever is on my mind. I actually might not be able to say anything if you give me a script. I'll just improvise on the spot."

Hu Fei was relieved, "Alright, I was just waiting for you to say that!"

Xiao Lu chuckled, "With Teacher Zhang, one of him can handle two!"

Hou Di said, "Teacher Zhang would definitely not have any problems with his working abilities."

Hou Ge said with concern, "What's the name of our new segment?"

Hu Fei said, "It was also just fixed. It is tentatively called 'Musings of History'. If there is something more appropriate, we will change it later. It's a trivial problem. Well, with Zhang Ye as host, he will work with the lecturer. He will try to let the lecturer's knowledge be expressed to the fullest extent. Maybe a historical figure or historical event will be discussed. It might even be a novel. Anyways, it will be a spread of historical knowledge. We will then invite a few guests. The guests will supplement or examine the topic. They can even raise doubts. It's alright, even if they do not agree. This will largely be moderated by Teacher Zhang Ye. I believe that he will do it well, but the core is to listen to the lecturer's speech. The guests are just helping out. The main point is to accommodate the lecturer's point of view. The person that we invite is definitely a professor, and it one of the most authoritative ones. What he says can't be wrong. So the doubts by the guests will just be an interlude and not the main theme."

Zhang Ye nodded, "I understand."

Hu Fei said, "The time of the segment also has some minor adjustments. From today on, our segment will take over the Saturday and Sunday 1 – 2 P.M. time slot. There will be two episodes a week, and each will be an hour long. Hur Hur. Although this time slot can't compare to the primetime hours on the weekdays, it's actually pretty good."

Hou Ge snapped his fingers, "That's good."

"Are there any more questions?" Hu Fei looked at them.

Zhang Ye asked, "Have the higher-ups given any instructions on the ratings for our segment? For example, how high do the ratings have to be, to be passable? How much lower than a certain percentage will it be axed?" Amongst the colleagues, Zhang Ye was really the only professional. He was from a specialized major and had worked in the radio media for a period of time, so he knew a bit more. The others like Hou Ge and Xiao Lu, they were in no way part of this profession. They were, at best, technical staff.

"Ah? There's a possibility of being axed?" Xiao Lu asked with a dumbfounded expression.

Hou Ge said, "That can't be. Our station seems to think highly of our new segment."

Hu Fei smiled wryly, "No matter how highly they think of us, results still matter. Also, every program in the station is highly thought of. If not, would they even air the program? Is there a need to say anything else? Teacher Little Zhang asked a good question. I didn't want to talk about it initially, but it's okay if I say it. The Arts Channel set the lowest ratings for us that the first episode must get as at least 1.0%. If it is lower than that, it could be axed three weeks later."

"1%?"

"Seems hard."

"It's not considered very high. It's alright."

Zhang Ye also felt it was manageable. It was not high at all.

People might say that the hottest variety shows in the country would be considered blockbusters if they broke 2%. Breaking 1% was considered pretty popular. So how could it be easy? Actually, it was not the same. Those were for the Central TV or other provincial satellite TV segments. They covered the entire country's frequencies. Although it did not cover 100%, the signal was in basically all the major districts in the country. There were hundreds of millions of people. As for the Beijing Television Station's Arts Channel, it only covered the area of Beijing. Even if everyone watched it, there were only tens of millions of people. The difference in audience numbers was huge, hence the ratings were not comparable.

For example, for the Beijing Television Station satellite TV segment, if a program could obtain 2% in ratings, there might be tens of millions watching. Then it would be considered to be hot.

But if it was the local channel with the Beijing's Arts Channel, if a

program could obtain 2%, the number of people watching was only about a million. It might even be 800,000-900,000 people. Zhang Ye could only estimate. He did not know the actual figures, as he was still new. However, what he was sure of, was that the ratings required were not considered bad, nor was it hot. It could be considered average, neither high nor low.

The difference was great!

Hence, a satellite channel's ratings and a provincial channel's ratings were completely different concepts!

If one wanted to really compare, it was like Zhang Ye at the Beijing Radio Station where despite being a provincial radio station with a short range signal, he had managed to use "Late-night Ghost Stories" to create history. His ratings had overtaken the ratings of the Central Radio Station, which broadcast to the entire country. Only then could it be said that the Beijing Radio Station's program had exceeded a similar program of the Central Radio Station. The listenership and audience numbers were the most objective statistic. Only then could a provincial station compare with a satellite station. There was no point in looking at percentage ratings, for there was no way to compare them, as the way it was calculated was different.

Of course, getting back to the point.

Taking a provincial audience count to compare with a satellite channel's? This was also impossible. It was fool's talk!

Any satellite channel's program would have a potential audience of hundreds of millions, but what about a provincial channel? The potential audience was just tens of millions!

The difference was nearly ten times!

How could they compare?

Only an anomalous person like Zhang Ye had done it previously. But that was in the radio system. There weren't that many listeners, so

the probability wasn't that impossible.

Chapter 127 - The Recording of the Segment's First Episode!

Three days later.

Thursday morning.

Beijing Television Station recording studio.

"The rostrum should be here, yes, a little bit more." Dafei instructed the stage staff, "The guest seats should be placed on the opposite side of the rostrum."

"The lighting is not good enough; it's too dim." Hou Ge said.

Xiao Lu was preparing the guests and lecturer's introduction script, which were to be given to Zhang Ye.

Although they weren't exactly experienced yet, they were still experts in their fields. They did not fully understand the TV industry and its workings, but they were very professional and it was what they were good at, so there wouldn't be any hiccups.

Zhang Ye arrived.

"Teacher Zhang is here?" Dafei greeted.

Xiao Lu had finished writing and came over immediately, "Teacher Zhang, for you. This is the introduction script. It's for today's lecturer and guests general information."

"That's good, I will memorise it." A lot of hosts who introduced their guests usually held a cue card. Some hosts even made a big issue and used teleprompters. But Zhang Ye never had this habit, he liked to do things to perfection and since he was trained in media, he put more emphasis on going off-script.

Half an hour later.

Hu Fei walked in quickly, "Is everything ready?"

"Everything is ready, Brother Hu." Dafei said. "I've already checked twice over."

Hu Fei laughed, "Good, I'm assured when you guys handle it." Looking at his watch, he said, "It's almost time. The audience will be arriving soon, have the guests and lecturer arrived?"

Xiao Lu said, "I didn't see anyone."

"Still not here?" Hu Fei was surprised, "I've informed them it's at 8 A.M., and it's already half past eight now."

"I will hurry them then." Xiao Lu was in charge of coordination. She immediately made a call. After speaking for half a minute, she hung up and said, "The teachers said that they will be arriving very soon."

Zhang Ye frowned. He had wanted to interact with the teachers beforehand for a short dry run, but it looked like there wouldn't be enough time now.

"Let's not wait any longer, let the audience in first." Hu Fei instructed.

Coordinating with the lecturer, planning for the program, communicating with the lecturer, all of these had been delayed for some time already. Today was already Thursday, and the scheduled broadcast was this Saturday; it couldn't afford to be delayed any further. The recording had to be done by today, otherwise it would be too late.

The audience began to enter the studio.

Some of them had tickets, which were handed out by the station. Some of them were staff members of partnering units and didn't require any tickets.

"Little Zhang!"

"Haha, Teacher Zhang!"

Someone called out to Zhang Ye as he was reading his script.

The trio of Auntie Sun, Big Sis Zhou and Xiaofang had also come over.

"What are the few of you doing here?" Zhang Ye had not expected them and was a little happy.

Auntie Sun laughed, "This is your first time being a host, hosting a new program. Of course we had to be here to support you. We had to fight a long time for these tickets."

Big Sis Zhou pointed at him, "Please do well; I think very highly of you."

Zhang Ye guided them and said, "Then please take these seats at the front row. They are VIP seats. Hur Hur."

"That will be good. We will share some of your spotlight and enjoy the VIP treatment." Auntie Sun and the others took their seats on the first row, which were very close to the stage. The program's tickets were all handed out at the last minute, so it wasn't too formal and there were no seat numbers. Afterall, the recording studio was small, their program didn't have any fame and thus things were not too strict. Since there were no seat numbers, Zhang Ye could still call the shots on some matters, like seating the VIPs at the front. His old colleagues had come to support him. Zhang Ye was definitely touched by this.

The audience members were all now seated.

Former assistant Xiaofang laughed a little, then took out a piece of paper from her bag. It wasn't really a paper, more like a banner, and on it was Zhang Ye's name. They felt like groupies, holding the banner above their heads and swaying left to right.

Zhang Ye smiled bitterly. Surely that wasn't necessary?

Over there, Xiao Lu was anxiously stomping her feet, "Why are they not here yet!"

Hu Fei's expression did not look too good, "Call them again! Do they have any concept of time!"

Xiao Lu called them again, then told Hu Fei, "They seem to be coming over together and even said they will be here immediately."

"This immediately has taken half a day?" Hou Ge said unhappily.

"Their diva behaviour is even worse than the stars? They might have been invited to Central TV before, but what's the big deal!" Hou Di said.

After much discussion and research the past few days, Hu Fei and his program team had decided on presenting on the first episode of "Musings of History". Why? Because this was one of the . This novel had been read by almost everyone, the audience base was large, and its influence was also great. As the pilot episode, its topic would interest a lot of people and help pull up the ratings. Otherwise, if they had presented about a lesser-known historical figure or novel, most people would not understand or know about it. In that case, the ratings would definitely not be good. The first episode was also the most important episode. Hu Fei and the team had to prioritize it over anything else. It would have to be done to the best of their ability!

So they had invited a Renmin University's professor for this episode. He was called Ma Hengyuan. He was not a historical scholar, and neither was he a historian by profession. He was a literary scholar who researched some historical novels and literature works and was considered an authoritative figure in this field. His knowledge on "Romance of the Three Kingdoms" was considered to be very thorough and deep and he even appeared on a Central TV program to give a talk about the Three Kingdoms to a group of university students. It might not be considered a great achievement on the national level, but within Beijing, he was a famous professor. Hu Fei had spent a lot to invite this professor because he acknowledged his

professional knowledge and reputation.

What about the guests?

They were also experts and hobbyists of the field, who were as good as the professor.

But who would have expected, these people were actually so late on the day of the recording. This also represented their attitudes and respect towards the program. Yes, Hu Fei admitted that their channel could not compare to Central TV, but they are also a well known TV station with considerable reach, so how could they do this?

Everyone was waiting for them.

The audience became impatient.

"Why aren't you starting?"

"Wasn't it supposed to start at 8 A.M.?"

"Yeah, it's almost 9 A.M. now."

Zhang Ye had no choice but to announce through the microphone, "Everyone, we are sorry, but the program recording might have to be slightly delayed. Let's record the applause first. Thank you for cooperating." Of course, natural applause would have been best, but in most circumstances, this effect could not be achieved. Therefore, for recording purposes, most TV stations would have their program crew record some applause or cheering to add to the program in post production, to improve the viewing experience.

Xiao Lu went over to lead the applause, "On the count of 1, 2, 3, everyone start clapping together....."

After the applause and audience reaction were recorded, it was back to waiting for the arrival of the lecturer and guests.

A youth stood up and said, "Teacher Zhang Ye, since the recording

hasn't started, can.. can you help me by autographing this?" He took out a copy of "Ghost Blows Out the Light" from his bag.

Zhang Ye smiled and walked over to him from the stage, "Of course."

"That's great. I came today just to see you!" The youth was very excited.

After Zhang Ye had given him an autograph, another teen girl ran up, "I want one, too. I want one, too!"

A moment later, an older sister asked him for an autograph, too, "My child really likes your fairy tales."

After signing three autographs, no one else bothered him. Since Zhang Ye wasn't that well known yet, most of those at the venue probably did not even know him. Not everyone who went on the internet would pay attention to his works and deeds. The amount of people who paid attention to him were still in the minority. This was normal.

"Who is this host?"

"I don't know."

"Is he famous? Why have I never heard of him before?"

"How could you not know Zhang Ye?"

Just as everyone were whispering and discussing, the lecturer and guests finally arrived!

From the backstage, a shadow emerged. The one leading the way was the Renmin University professor, Ma Hengyuan. He was a 50-something-year-old little man with a slightly sharp nose. One look and you knew that he was not an easy person to talk to. Following behind him were two men and a woman; they were today's guests. The men were middle-aged, and both were surnamed Xu. One was Teacher Xu from the Beijing Normal University, the other was Editor

Xu, a deputy editor of a Beijing publishing house. The woman, younger than all of them, was called Ci Yan, and she was a newspaper reporter. She was in charge of the literary section.

Hu Fei was calm, "Professor Ma."

"Producer Hu." Ma Hengyuan smiled, "We were having some discussion on the way here, discussion about the program. That's why we were late."

Hu Fei did not mention it, "It's okay. Can we start now?"

"Yes." Ma Hengyuan said.

"Let me introduce to you." Hu Fei faced towards Zhang Ye, "This is Zhang Ye, the host. He will follow your lead on the set."

Zhang Ye put out his hand, "Professor Ma, how are you?"

Ma Hengyuan gave him a look, but ignored his hand. He nodded, "I know."

He did not want to shake hands?

What's the meaning of this?

Hou Ge, Dafei and the others wore a dark expression. You guys were late, yet your attitude is so arrogant?

That Teacher Xu and Editor Xu also pretended to not see Zhang Ye and only spoke with Ma Hengyuan. It was as if they had deliberately excluded Zhang Ye.

Only the newspaper reporter, Reporter Ci, held out her hand, "How are you, Teacher Zhang?"

"How are you?" Zhang Ye and Ci Yan shook hands, not taking the earlier events to heart.

They were not wearing their microphones yet, so the audience could

not hear what they were saying, but surely they had eyes? When they saw that Zhang Ye had been ignored by the three of them, they all immediately started discussing. Auntie Sun and Big Sis Zhou were even feeling anger and injustice!

"What kind of people are those!"

"They were already given face!"

"Yet they are giving attitudes to Teacher Little Zhang?"

"So what if he is a professor? So what if they are experts? Are they really that full of themselves? Old bast**ds!"

Big Sis Zhou and the others were already scolding them. Zhang Ye's colleagues, Xiao Lu, Hou Ge and the others were very unhappy!

Why are they all so biased and treating Zhang Ye in this manner? With some thought, it was clear. Those people were probably the traditional literary professionals. Zhang Ye had scolded his unit before, scolded his Leaders and also at an event a few days ago, argued with the Beijing Writers' Association on a live broadcast. Even when the National Writers' Association had invited him to join, he did not agree. His name within the literary circle was now rotten. Many of those professionals had now blacklisted him.

Hu Fei whispered, "Little Zhang, bear with it."

"It's fine." Zhang Ye still had some grace. He had to put everyone's interest first. It was his first time as a TV host, so he could not mess this up!

Chapter 128 - Let Them Get Lost. I'll Lecture!

The recording began.

A few cameras were already powered on.

Hou Ge, who was the field director, spoke into the microphone to Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang, everything's in place. If there's any mistake, we can re-record." He also knew that this was Zhang Ye's first time recording a TV Program. Thinking that Teacher Zhang could be nervous or pressured, he said some words to relieve him. Re-recording was not really an issue in TV programs. Some of the programs, which had very high standards, could take as long as four to five hours of recording for a one-hour program. It was done by having a lot of repeated re-recordings.

But Zhang Ye would not relax himself. He was very strict with himself. He treated this as a live recording, so that he would not make any mistakes, "Good day, everyone. This is a new program of the Beijing Arts Channel, 'Musings of History'. I am your host, Zhang Ye."

After the introduction of the program.

Zhang Ye started to introduce, "Today's lecturer is Renmin University's professor, Ma Hengyuan."

Ma Hengyuan stood behind the rostrum and nodded in acknowledgment.

Zhang Ye continued to introduce the other guests before going back to his seat beside the guest's sofa. This was the position for the host.

Ma Hengyuan was not overwhelmed by the stage. He had seen bigger occasions, like being on Central TV, "Good day, viewers and guests. I am Ma Hengyuan. Today, we will be speaking about the Three Kingdoms. Like a beautiful painting that presented the

political situation, it was a time when power struggles were won through wars. It was a complicated time of political strife that lasted a century from the end of the Han dynasty to the Jin dynasty. It was an intense and sharp..."

He spoke for about five minutes.

Ma Hengyuan said, "Speaking about the Three Kingdoms, who do you like?"

The guest, Editor Xu chuckled, "Of course, it's Zhuge Liang."

Another host, the university teacher, Teacher Xu said, "I also like Zhuge Liang. Borrowing arrows with straw boats and the empty fort strategy are both amazing military strategies. It has left a legacy for us to learn from."

Zhang Ye laughed, "I like Zhou Yu."

The two guests named Xu gave him a stern look.

Ma Hengyuan also did not pay any heed to Zhang Ye. He ignored his words and smiled, "Well said. I also like Zhuge Liang. Speaking about the Three Kingdoms, the greatest impression many people would have of it would be of Zhuge Liang. He was an amazing man. Even the original text says that he was a miraculous person. What does being a miraculous person mean? It means that he was a person that did miracles..."

Zhang Ye's face did not betray his thoughts, but his heart was on fire!

Once was fine, twice was fine, but you did it a third time? You aren't even bothering about me?

Ignoring Zhang Ye's status in literature, for it was still controversial, so there was no point mentioning it, but he was still the host of the segment today. It was a very important role. As a lecturer, Ma Hengyuan was going to just treat him as if he did not exist? He

treated the host, Zhang Ye, as thin air? What was the meaning of this? Xiao Lu and Dafei could no longer watch this any further. They were thinking, "Has Teacher Zhang provoked you? Are you f**king sick?"

The program continued.

Later on, Zhang Ye tried to mediate the situation twice to lead the audience.

However, every time he spoke, Ma Hengyuan pretended not to notice and ignored Zhang Ye's words. He did not think anything of Zhang Ye. He just spoke what he wanted to and interacted with the other hosts. In the end, Zhang Ye had been treated by Ma Hengyuan as a meaningless person!

Hu Fei was also angered. He walked to the side stage where Hou Ge was. He used the field director's microphone to speak to Ma Hengyuan, "Professor Ma, please cooperate with the host. Please cooperate with the host!"

Ma Hengyuan did not even blink as if he did not hear it. He still did what he wanted.

Hu Fei could no longer stand it any further. We invited you here with money, so you just needed to work, but what are you doing now? Eh? What are you trying to do?

"Hold on!" Hu Fei shouted loudly.

A few cameras turned off, "Executive Producer?"

Hu Fei said to Ma Hengyuan and a few guests, "Let's go backstage for a while." Then he strode away. He was not only dissatisfied with Ma Hengyuan's attitude, he was also extremely dissatisfied with the way he lectured.

.....

Backstage.

Everyone sat in a resting area.

"What's the matter? The audience is still waiting," Ma Hengyuan was quite unhappy.

Hu Fei asked, "Professor Ma, why aren't you cooperating with the host? Once or twice is fine, but so many times? I even told you through the microphone, right?"

Zhang Ye also looked at Ma Hengyuan.

Ma Hengyuan chuckled, "When I came, didn't you say that the host will cooperate with me? When did it become me cooperating with him?"

Hu Fei's rage was not trivial, "What does it mean to cooperate? It needs to be mutual!"

Ma Hengyuan looked at him, "I have always lectured like that. I do not like people messing things up or interrupting. If you think the program's atmosphere isn't good, then remove the host!"

The guest, Editor Xu, said, "For this, there really is no need for Little Zhang to be around."

"I think so, too." Teacher Xu smacked his lips, "He also doesn't know the Three Kingdoms, nor does he know history. He can be a bit redundant presently. Teacher Ma is right; I think it's best if he doesn't go on up. With a professional commentator of the Three Kingdoms like Professor Ma, and a few guests like us, it is meaningless to have a host!"

Xiao Lu turned nasty, "What are you saying?"

Hou Ge was also enraged, "You are trying to reverse the positions of host and guest?"

"This is my program! It's our Beijing Arts Channel's segment!" Hu Fei looked coldly at the three people, "Your opinion doesn't count in the planning of the program!"

Ma Hengyuan stared at him, "Old Hu, aren't you taking this a bit serious?"

Hu Fei said, "And I can tell you very clearly now that such a program would not work. It is not a fault of the host. It is a fault of yours!" He pointed to the stage outside, "Professor Ma, you gave an introduction to the Three Kingdoms just now, right? Some of it was the notes of the ancient scholars, and some were direct quotes from the work. There is nothing constructive or anything interesting. This sort of program will hardly get 0.5% in ratings, let alone 1%. Everyone has read Romance of the Three Kingdoms, so why would they need to hear you repeating it? And to repeat it on a television station? Is there any meaning to it?"

Ma Hengyuan sneered, "You want something fun? Then why aren't you doing a variety segment. Why would you do a historical segment? History itself is not fun! It is boring!"

The guest, Teacher Xu, frowned, "That's right. We have to respect the historical facts. So how can we talk rubbish? We are all in the business of learning. We are professionals, so there is no right for you to argue with us on this!"

Hu Fei laughed from extreme anger, "Historical segments can't have fun? Who set the rule? If I wanted to tell everyone the story of the Three Kingdoms, then wouldn't I just need to find a storyteller? Why would I need to invite all of you?"

The few people had a falling out. No one could accept the other's way of thinking.

Zhang Ye also knew that the program could not go on like that. It would not have any ratings, so he stood forward and said, "Professor, Teachers, if you do not like me, or think lowly of me, I can reduce

what I say onstage. I can even remain silent and you can enjoy your lecture and analysis. The Three Kingdoms you were lecturing is definitely not passable. If a good program and a good piece of history wants to attract people, it must not only be about history. It must be interesting and also topical. This is not disrespecting history, and it is because we respect this piece of history that we want to think of a way to spread this piece of history to everyone, so that they can deepen their understanding. What do we rely on? We aren't relying on lengthy theories and evidence! We rely on factors that can absorb the audience and pull them in!"

Xiao Lu exclaimed, "Well said!"

Hou Ge said, "Teacher Little Zhang, how can a host like you not be present to speak. That's not necessary!"

But even so, Ma Hengyuan still did not give Zhang Ye a direct look. He gave him a sideways glance, "I'm a professor in the Literature Department. Do I need you to teach me?"

Then there was no way to further negotiate!

These people were impenetrable!

"I also lectured in this way at Central TV." Ma Hengyuan began to put on airs as he defiantly looked at Hu Fei, Zhang Ye and company, saying, "So? Is your Beijing Arts Channel better than the Central TV station? Don't keep nagging at me, and I can tell you what to do. As long as I'm on the stage, then there will be a large audience watching. I can say it in any way that I want! That is my business, and not something laypeople like you should interrupt. Do you know history, or do I know history?" He was not only a professor in the literature department, he was also a famous professor online. He had no lack of fans, so when it came to anything professional, Ma Hengyuan looked down on anyone else. He did not think anything of the Arts Channel.

Hu Fei and Xiao Lu were extremely furious.

A member of the staff came running over, "Producer Hu, the audience has waited a long while and some have even left. This... Are we still recording?"

"Soon." Hu Fei said with a black face. He never expected to have invited such a bunch of old fools. If he knew earlier, he would not have invited them. What was he to do now? He had to finish recording the program today. It was too late to invite other lecturers. Even if another lecturer came, there was no script, so how was he to lecture? There was not a least bit of preparation time for them, forcing them to go onstage just like that!

Ma Hengyuan took his time to drink a mouthful of water. He then said a few words to the guests before slowly getting up, "Let's go. Let's continue recording!" It was as if he had become a mighty lord!

The moment they left, Hu Fei indicated for Zhang Ye and the rest to stay behind.

Xiao Lu said worriedly, "What do we do, Brother Hu? How can we have any ratings like this? Don't you see? The audience is nearly falling asleep! We need to think of something. If not, the moment the program airs, will it be axed the second day? Wouldn't the segment team then be disbanded? This bunch of old fools is destroying our livelihood! They aren't working for us, despite receiving the money, and are putting on airs. I'm pissed. Are they that good, to put on such airs?"

Hu Fei was also helpless, "Teacher Little Zhang, do you have any ideas?"

Zhang Ye looked at the receding back of Ma Hengyuan and company before taking a deep breath, "Brother Hu, I have an idea, but I'm not sure if you dare to do it!"

Hu Fei said seriously, "The program is going to be axed, so is there anything I don't dare to? Tell us!"

Hou Ge and Hou Di were waiting for Zhang Ye's proposal. Amongst them, Zhang Ye was clearly the most witty and most literate person. This was something everyone agreed upon.

Zhang Ye smiled, "We'll tell Ma Hengyuan and company to get lost!"

Hu Fei was stunned, "Asking them to get lost? Then who will lecture on the Three Kingdoms this episode?"

Zhang Ye straightened his shirt's collar, "...I'll lecture!"

Chapter 129 - Little Zhang Creates "Lecture Room"!

Backstage.

Zhang Ye's words shocked people!

Xiao Lu stared, "You'll do it?"

"You are lecturing?" Hou Ge was also surprised, "How are you going to lecture?"

Dafei was quick to persuade, "Don't be rash. This is not a joke."

Hou Di also said, "That's right. You don't even have a script prepared. There's nothing at all. It's not that we don't believe in your ability, Teacher Little Zhang, but when lecturing about history, and especially when lecturing about the Three Kingdoms, one must at least have the experience and age. You might have outstanding literary talent that no one in Beijing can match, but when lecturing about the Three Kingdoms..."

Zhang Ye said indifferently, "Firstly, I do not need a script. I have never needed one in the past, do not need one now, and will not need one in the future. Secondly, I'm not being rash and am not joking. This is a matter regarding the survival of our new segment. It not only touches on our stay here, but also the responsibility of Brother Hu. I would not joke about such matters. Thirdly, the Three Kingdoms I lecture about will be real history. As for that self-righteous Ma Hengyuan and those guests, they are only talking about the novel, 'Romance of the Three Kingdoms'. It is not history at all. Do you know the Three Kingdoms just from reading 'Romance of the Three Kingdoms'? It's fine if a professor from a literature department talks about literature, but talking about the history of the Three Kingdoms? That's simply ridiculous! They don't know sh*t! They are only speaking rubbish! The point is that it would have been fine if they were speaking rubbish, but their rubbish can't even

attract the audience!"

They don't know history?

What they said was all wrong?

Xiao Lu blinked, "That can't be! What they said was very clear. Everyone knows it. It's just lacking in interesting elements. How can this piece of history be wrong?"

Zhang Ye said amusingly, "It is not that the piece of history is wrong, it is them being completely wrong with what they said. If this program was really aired, many people will laugh at us!"

Hu Fei took a deep breath, "Are you sure?"

"I am 100% sure!" Zhang Ye said firmly, "Brother Hu, let's get them to pack up and leave. I'll do it. I don't dare to say how high or low the ratings would be, but if the first few episodes that I lecture go below 1%, causing our segment to be on the brink of being axed, then you will see my resignation letter the second day. I am confident and also have the ability to do a good job with this 'Three Kingdoms Lecture' for the segment!"

Everyone turned silent.

Hu Fei was in a dilemma, "Little Zhang, are you sure?"

"I am sure of it!" Zhang Ye's eyes were cold as he said, "If you believe me, then let me try. I guarantee that I will tell a different Three Kingdoms!"

Xiao Lu only had a wry smile, "Brother Hu, this..."

Hu Fei turned silent with his eyes closed. After a while, he suddenly opened his eyes and gritted his teeth, "Fine! It's on you! I can no longer f**king stand those bunch of old grandsons!" He actually cursed.

Hou Ge, “...”

Hou Di hurriedly said, “Leader, calm down, calm down!”

Hu Fei did not have any regrets after making a decision, “Let Teacher Little Zhang give it a try. I trust him. The reason why I headhunted Little Zhang over was also because of his knowledge and literary skills being able to help this segment at the critical moment.”

Dafei wiped his sweat, “But the station has already decided. This...”

Hu Fei said categorically, “You don’t have to worry about the responsibilities. I’ll bear them!”

Zhang Ye immediately said, “Thank you, Brother Hu. I guarantee that I will not disappoint you or the audience. But I’m not sure if I should list some of my conditions. I want our segment to change names.”

Actually, from the beginning, Zhang Ye was only focused on being a host. He only wanted to do his job as a host well, so he did not give it that much thought. Only after being treated that way by Ma Hengyuan and company did Zhang Ye begin to churn his mind. He recalled a very famous program from his world. It had went viral from North to South!

Three Kingdoms? I don’t know!

But the greats from my world knew!

Historical education program? Ha! Is there any program that can be more popular than that program from his world? No! There was none in that world either! This world had never seen it!

Hu Fei asked, “Change the name?”

Zhang Ye laughed, “This is because ‘Musings of History’ has the meaning of certainty. We cannot bear that responsibility, nor do we have the authority. After all, there are many conflicts about many historical figures and events in the historical records. Some of them

are even opposite of one another. No one knows the actual situation, so I think changing it to "" would be more appropriate. We are not musing about this piece of history to the audience, but with the word 'Lecture', it is just a personal view."

Hu Fei gave some thought before deciding, "This name is good! Heh, why didn't you say this earlier?"

"I didn't think of it earlier." Zhang Ye added on, "And I do not need guests or hosts. I alone would be fine." "Lecture Room" was a show with one lecturer and an audience.

Hu Fei said, "Alright!"

Zhang Ye nodded, "Then that would do. Shall we go onstage?"

Xiao Lu exclaimed, "You, you are going to lecture now?"

"Time is too tight. You didn't even have any preparations." Hou Ge was surprised.

Zhang Ye was confident, "There's no need to prepare. I can do it right now. Hur Hur. I'll drink some water first." Saying that, he sat down on a sofa in the resting area to drink water.

At the same time, Zhang Ye opened the game ring's Merchant Shop quietly. He used 100,000 Reputation points that he had slowly obtained over the past few days to buy a Memory Search Capsule before swallowing it.

.....

The scene changed!

Time was turned back!

He returned to a summer when he was still in high school of that world!

That day was a Wednesday. His parents had gone to work, leaving

behind a bored Zhang Ye, who had just finished his final exams. He switched on the television and couch surfed. Suddenly, the Central TV's Channel 10's program's opening attracted his attention!

"Using stories to talk about figures."

"Using figures to talk about history."

"Using history to talk about culture."

"Using culture to talk about human nature."

"Lecture Room"? Professor Yi Zhongtian's "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms"?

This seemed to be a rerun? He had previously heard of its famous name. There was no other way, for it was too popular. It was as if the entire country's citizens had watched it!

Zhang Ye then began to watch it carefully. The first episode, "Great River Flows East".

The show talked about Zhou Yu, Zhuge Liang and the empty fort strategy. The content was very rich!

Zhang Ye thought in the beginning that it was just the Romance of the Three Kingdoms. Who had not read it, so what could be said of it? But after he heard what Professor had to say, he was stunned. He immediately fell in love with this historical program. It was no wonder so many people watched it. No wonder the entire country was discussing "Lecture Room". This program had completely subverted all previous historical lecture programs. The show revealed its cards in unorthodox manners, but everything was proven in history! Especially, "Yi Zhongtian's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" was one of the episodes with the highest ratings in "Lecture Room"!

Although the later episodes of "Lecture Room" declined over the years and the program was a husk of its former glory days, it was a program no other similar program could surpass in its heyday. It had created a legend!

.....

Memory transferred.

Soon, Zhang Ye's thoughts returned. Five minutes of the Memory Capsule was enough for him to watch three episodes of "Lecture Room" and remember everything about them. It was enough!

Chapter 130 - "Lecture Room – Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms"

The recording studio.

Ma Hengyuan and the others stepped onto the stage and waited. But after a while, Hu Fei, Zhang Ye and the others still had not come over. Ma Hengyuan just went ahead and signaled to the cameraman to turn on the cameras. He then stood behind the rostrum and got ready to begin speaking without the host.

The cameraman said, "The host is not back yet."

"There's no need to wait for him." Ma Hengyuan said straightforwardly.

"But the executive producer is not back yet, too." The cameraman, of course, would not listen to him. He was bothered by it, too, thinking, "Why was this guy acting like a big shot? Wasn't he just a professor? Did he think he was the Station Head!? To be commanding us like this? Do you think that the TV station is your family's business? Mental! Even if you were the authority on the Three Kingdoms, and even had some influence in Beijing, you still couldn't do this. You are looking down on others too much!"

Ma Hengyuan was frustrated, too. He looked at the cameras and asked, "Are we recording or not? I have something to do later!"

Ma Hengyuan thought that he was very famous. He had the pride of a scholar. But the audience did not approve of it.

"Who's that?"

"Why is he such a diva?"

"Ma Hengyuan? Never heard of him!"

"I do know about him. He had been on Central TV before. He was

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quite famous last year."

"Even so, he shouldn't be overriding the staff. He is even giving out instructions now? Isn't this the Arts Channel's program? Is he the station's Leader?"

"What's with the standard of this person?"

"Right. I almost fell asleep listening to him!"

"It was so uninteresting. He's pretty snobbish!"

Everyone had seen diva behaviour before, but that had been from the big stars. Regardless of whether such behaviour was right or normal, those were still stars who could afford to do so. But who the heck are you? A respected literary figure who was a professor from the university with a diva behaviour? This was an uncommon encounter!

At this time, Hu Fei and his team came out.

"Let's get started, Producer Hu!" Ma Hengyuan said impatiently.

Hu Fei was just about to speak, when Zhang Ye stopped him. He wanted to say this himself. Hu Fei understood, Little Zhang wanted to take the responsibility for offending them. He did not reject this after some thought, but just nodded. He and Xiao Lu, Hou Ge and Hou Di returned to their own respective positions. Zhang Ye wasn't afraid of offending anyone. He had already done so to too many people. There wasn't any more burden if he were to offend another one.

Ma Hengyuan ignored Zhang Ye and continued speaking, "Let's talk about Zhou Yu next. Although this person had been characterized in a very positive way in film and TV, in actual fact he was a very jealous person. He...."

"Professor Ma." Zhang Ye interrupted him without holding back.

Ma Hengyuan face sank, "I'm in the middle of a lecture! What are you

Chapter 130 - "Lecture Room – Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" interrupting for?"

Zhang Ye said very impolitely, "We don't need you anymore now. Get lost to as far as your learning goes!"

"What did you say?" Ma Hengyuan was stunned. His face has turned black, "Say that again!"

Editor Xu said, "You, this junior! How can you speak to Professor Ma this way? Eh?"

Zhang Ye said without a change in expression, "I will speak however the person speaks to me!"

Teacher Xu also furiously said, "Incorrigible! You don't need Professor Ma now? Then you will give the lecture?"

Looking at the two guests surnamed Xu, Zhang Ye said, "And to the two of you: we don't require you here, too. If you are willing to listen in the audience, then go there and listen. The production team will leave a few VIP seats at the front for you. But if you intend to make trouble onstage and affect our program, then I'm sorry, but I will still say the same. Get lost to as far as your learning goes. We do not welcome troublemakers and divas!"

As far as your learning goes?

Get lost as far as that?

Haha! This line was too good!

A simple line from Zhang Ye turned out to be a refreshing line to the people in this world. The audience was also stunned upon hearing this. Some of those who knew Zhang Ye's personality were reminded that many of the most popular curses online were created by him. They understood that this person who cursed at others without any worry for repercussions was clearly annoyed by Ma Hengyuan and company. Not only him, after all the events earlier, the audience also began to dislike Ma Hengyuan and company.

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Big Sis Zhou said loudly, "Little Zhang, well said!"

Auntie Sun also added, "Go quickly. Everyone is working hard for the recording. You didn't intend to cooperate and even put on airs and made trouble! What kind of people are you! It's the first time I've seen people like you who took a payment and still showed an attitude to his boss! Do you even make sense?"

The two Xus clenched their fists!

Ma Hengyuan looked coldly at Zhang Ye, "Remember what you said today!"

Zhang Ye said with pleasure, "Don't you try to threaten me. Of course, I remember my words. I want to tell you another thing. Remember your face today!"

Hu Fei did not bother with them anymore, "Teacher Little Zhang, let's start."

Zhang Ye nodded and signalled to the staff to move the sofa away, "The sofa is not needed anymore. Please help to move it away." He turned to Reporter Ci and said, "I'm sorry. There will be some changes to the program. Please proceed to the VIP seats. You made a wasted trip today, so we will treat you to a meal as an apology." Reporter Ci wasn't bad. She had been very cooperative and had shaken Zhang Ye's hand earlier, too. Therefore, Zhang Ye was very polite to her.

Reporter Ci laughed, "It's fine." Then she went to her seat.

Ma Hengyuan finally understood the situation. He laughed angrily, "Don't tell me that you are going to lecture on the Three Kingdoms? You are just a young person. What would you know of the Three Kingdoms?"

Zhang Ye laughed, "Whether or not I know, you just have to listen to find out!"

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"Okay. Then I will have a listen!" Ma Hengyuan laughed hysterically and walked off the stage to his seat in the first row.

The two guests named Xu also followed and sat beside Professor Ma. They were waiting to see Zhang Ye make a joke of himself.

Ma Hengyuan didn't leave. Of course, he actually had hoped to be on TV very much. Even though this was a local station, it was still located in Beijing, which had a strong viewership. He stayed behind as an audience member, as he thought he knew the program staff was fooling around. Let the host lecture about the Three Kingdoms? Let a 20-something-year-old host talk about history?

Isn't this an international joke! Like he'd know a fart! Like he could say a fart! When that happens, you all would still need to swallow your pride and beg me to do the lecturing! Hur. Ma Hengyuan had already thought about it. In a while, he would make Zhang Ye apologize to him in front of the audience, and make the whole program team apologize to him, too. Otherwise, he wouldn't help them!

The audience members were also in discussion.

"Let him lecture?"

"Does he even know about the Three Kingdoms?"

"This person is too young. He definitely can't do it."

"I know him. He's very good at literary works, and has written a few poems which were very good. But how could he lecture on history? Didn't he graduate as a broadcasting major? Isn't he a host?"

Xiaofang did not like what she heard, "Teacher Zhang can do it, right? Big Sis Zhou, Auntie Sun?"

Auntie Sun coughed, "About this, I don't know either."

Big Sis Zhou was also a little worried, "Hopefully, but the Three

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Kingdoms have already been discussed so many times. Everyone would have seen it before, too. This isn't too good to discuss about. And Teacher Little Zhang's history knowledge? I don't think we have heard of it before. We have not witnessed his talent in this field before."

As his old colleagues were worried about him, so were Hou Ge, Dafei and the other new colleagues.

The audience members were skeptical. A lot of them did not believe that he would be able to present it well.

As for Ma Hengyuan and the two Xu guests, they were just waiting for the show to start, so that they could gloat.

Only Zhang Ye was not affected by any thoughts. He waited for the staff to redecorate the stage settings before he stood back on it. He said a few things to them before testing his mic, "Sorry, everyone. Today's program has a few changes. There won't be any guests or a host. I will be the one to talk to everyone about the Three Kingdoms. The segment title will be called 'Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'. It cannot be said that this is a lecture, as it will involve some personal opinions of mine."

Xiaofang applauded. Big Sis Zhou and Auntie Sun also clapped. Everyone else in the audience did not really react. They stayed quiet. Some of them were not even paying attention.

Zhang Ye did not mind. He gave a thumbs up towards Hu Fei.

Hu Fei acknowledged, signalled to the cameraman and did a countdown on the mic, "Get ready. 3, 2, 1, start!"

Zhang Ye wore a smile, and then did an introduction which changed many of the audience's opinions, "Using stories to talk about characters. Using characters to talk about history. Using history to talk about culture. Using culture to talk about human nature. Hello, everyone, and welcome to 'Lecture Room'. I am Zhang Ye and I will be

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bringing to everyone an 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'. Let us talk about some of the things about the Three Kingdoms. The first episode's title is called 'Great River Flows East!'

A strong opening?

He even wanted to talk about history through characters? Using history to talk about culture?

Ma Hengyuan and the two Xu guests looked at each other. They were all chuckling.

Zhang Ye then continued by saying, "What was it like during the Three Kingdoms period? It was a chaotic time. It was a time of hardship. But it was also a time of heroes. Cao Cao had even written a poem about this period of time: 'the bones were left to the wild, not a sound of chickens within a thousand Li'. At this period of time, a lot of people, for the sake of re-unifying the country, had contributed their intelligence and wisdom. For example, the heroic and talented strategist Cao Cao, the loyal and devoted Zhuge Liang, the graceful but not showy Zhou Yu, and the fortuitous Liu Bei. These were the heroes of those times!"

Eh?

This speech was very interesting!

Many of those who were not paying attention earlier were now listening attentively. They had not expected anything worthy of listening to being said by the host. But who would have thought that he had that up his sleeves?

Ma Hengyuan and the others were still dismissive. All of that was in the books. Did you need to say it? Who wouldn't know all of this!

But Zhang Ye's next lines were aimed directly at Ma Hengyuan. Actually it wasn't exactly aimed at him. Zhang Ye was just quoting directly from the show, "Firstly, let's talk about Zhou Yu. Those who have ever read Romance of the Three Kingdoms, heard about

Chapter 130 - "Lecture Room – Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms"

Romance of the Three Kingdoms reviews or watched any Romance of the Three Kingdoms shows, usually have the wrong impression, of Zhou Yu being a very spiteful person. Because we remember the story of the 'Three Infuriations of Zhou Yu', we remember the saying, 'If (Zhou) Yu were to be born, why must (Zhuge) Liang exist as well?'. What we remember was the saying, 'throw the helve after the hatchet'. All of these have become part of our daily pet phrases." He slowly explained, "But the real situation.. was not like this!"

Ah?

Not like this?

Then how was it!

Ma Hengyuan nearly laughed out loud. See! He was full of nonsense already and this was only the beginning!

Chapter 131 - A Professor was Dumbfounded by Zhang Ye's Questions!

Ignoring the whispers and doubts of many audience members.

Zhang Ye was calm and composed, saying, "Zhou Yu was a very loyal and heroic character. When he was 24, he was appointed by Sun Ce as the 'General of the Household Who Establishes Might' and started to gain credit and make contributions. In the same year, he and Sun Ce, who were the same age, married the beauties, Da Qiao and Xiao Qiao. It can be said that Zhou Yu enjoyed success from a young age and was riding the crest of success. He was good-looking, and he did things well. Back then, in Wuzhong, he was addressed as Zhou-Lang. The meaning of the word Lang refers to a young lad, but there is an intention of praise in it. In a place like Wuzhong, Sun Ce was called Sun-Lang, and Zhou Yu was called Zhou-Lang. If translated, they will be 'Stunner Sun' ...and 'Stunner Zhou'."

What?

Stunner?

Xiao Lu and Xiaofang exclaimed!

Quite a number of the female audience could not help but laugh!

Was this talking about the Three Kingdoms? Why were there modern phrases?

"So, think about it..." Zhang Ye looked at everyone, "Zhou Yu was already 'General of the Household Who Establishes Might' in his twenties. He had married the prettiest babe as his wife. It could be said that in the arena of combat, politics and romance, he was well accomplished. So why would he be jealous of others? It was more likely that others would be jealous of him!"

Babe?

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Even babe was used?

Many people nearly fainted. Many people were amused!

"In fact, the historical Zhou Yu was a very magnanimous person." Zhang Ye carried on, "Chen Shou once said that he was a broad-minded person. His contemporaries' ratings of him were also very high. Liu Bei's appraisal of him was that he was magnanimous. Jian Gan's appraisal of him was that he was graceful, so if one was to say that Zhou Yu was a very spiteful person, it is a great wrong!" Ma Hengyuan's program that had been abolished had even said that Zhou Yu was a petty person, but this was refuted by Zhang Ye. Furthermore, he had reason, and his arguments were referenced from the passages in the books. The Face Smacking Specialist vibe was at full flare!

The audience was skeptical.

Ma Hengyuan believed that Zhang Ye was speaking nonsense!

The two surnamed Xu guests completely disagreed with Zhang Ye's view!

Zheng Ye laughed, "Some people might disagree, but I can certainly say that the novel, 'Romance of the Three Kingdoms', is not history. Why is Zhou Yu's image so different from the impression that we have? Why are we both familiar and unfamiliar with the historical period during the Three Kingdoms? There are three reasons.

There are three images regarding the history of the Three Kingdoms. The first comes from historical books. Mainly, it is the image recorded in history. It is the image mainly advocated by historians. This image will be called the 'Historical Image'. I want to make it clear that the Historical Image does not mean historical fact. This is because historical records are not necessarily reliable. The second is the image from artistic works. I call this the 'Artistic Image'. The third one is made from the legends and belief that the common citizens have. I call this the 'Civil Image'."

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People listened and thought at the same time.

"As such, this can already explain why Zhou Yu's image is so different from what we have in mind. This is because everyone has an image and evaluation of a person. Once this image is formed, some people would not be able to accept other images. If you say he is different, you will say that isn't right. You are wrong. So when we see some historical dramas, there will always be an audience member in the comments saying, 'Aiyah, this Zhou Yu doesn't seem right.' Zhang Ye seemed to look at Ma Hengyuan and company and then said, "Eh, this Zhou Yu doesn't seem right? Then have you seen.. the real Zhou Yu?"

The audience laughed again, "Hur Hur Hur Hur."

Hu Fei was also amused. This Little Zhang!

Ma Hengyuan's beard had went crooked from anger, but he could not refute it!

"Hence, history is not a novel, nor are the characters appearing in a literary piece of work." Zhang Ye said, "Then for example, Zhuge Liang. When Zhuge Liang is mentioned, most people will think of the empty fort strategy first, where his military talent was displayed. But actually, all of this was described and created in a novel. Of course, there are some logic and reasons behind it and it was for a good reason. In recent years, there was a person called Guo Chong. This Guo Chong was probably a hardcore fan of Zhuge Liang."

Hardcore fan?

The audience was amused hearing that.

However, Zhang Ye was extremely serious, "Hence, he wrote a book, 'Bringing to Light Five Hidden Matters of Liang'. He revealed five things that most people do not know about Zhuge Liang. The third matter was the . So the empty fort strategy was not seen as fabricated, and had a origin. However, we all know that the words of

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hardcore fans aren't very reliable. I will solemnly tell you that the historical Zhuge Liang was an excellent politician, but his military talent was far lacking. He was in no way a military genius. As for the empty fort strategy..." Zhang Ye said a shocking sentence without any heed, "It doesn't exist at all!"

What?

The empty fort strategy did not exist? It was all fabricated?

Ma Hengyuan immediately was angered, "What nonsense is that!?"

"How can it not exist? Isn't that nonsense!?" Teacher Xu was also angered.

Hu Fei and Xiao Lu were also stunned. The audience doubted even more. After all, many things were already entrenched in their minds!

Zhang Ye said in a manner that was neither too fast or slow, "Many people are questioning this point. This is the position in the hearts of the common people known as the Civil Image I mentioned earlier. However, I still have the same thing to say. History is not a novel. Just now, the person who refuted was Professor Ma Hengyuan, right?"

The cameraman immediately focused the camera on Ma Hengyuan. "You are in the field of literature research, so you research literary works. For the dissection of 'Romance of the Three Kingdoms', I believe not many people in the country can compare with you. However, that is not history. This is an adapted piece of literature inspired from history. If someone still doesn't believe me or does not agree with my view, then let me ask two questions. Guo Chong said that Sima Yi led his soldiers to attack Yangping. Back then, Zhuge Liang did not have any soldiers on hand, hence he came up with an empty fort strategy, causing Sima Yi to retreat. That was it, right?"

"That's right."

"Isn't that so."

"What's wrong with that?"

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The audience answered.

Zhang Ye chuckled, "Then here comes my first question. According to historical records and validation, Sima Yi was stationed at Wancheng in the north of Jing Province. He was not at the battleground in Yangping. Since he was not there, how did this thing happen?"

"Ah?"

"This..."

"Is that true?"

The audience was confused.

Ma Hengyuan and Teacher Xu looked at each other and did not have a clue. They were, after all, not historians, so they could not refute it!

Zhang Ye carried on, "Then there's the second problem. Sima Yi's large army had arrived and Zhuge Liang was very quick-witted. He opened the city gates and got old soldiers to sweep the city gates. Then he had two children with him while sitting on the top of the city gates, singing karaoke."

"Pfft!"

"Karaoke?"

"Haha!"

A few members of the audience were laughing in stitches.

Zhang Ye said, "What does he sing in plays? Standing on the city walls, admiring the mountain scenery, I hear noise and confusion below everywhere. Their generals are in disagreement, that insatiable Sima Yi has attacked me once again? If you are coming, so be it. I am fully prepared. The streets are swept spotless. Tasty wine is prepared to reward your victorious three armies. Since you are here, come into the city. Come! Come! Come into the city, and hear

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Questions!

me strum the zither!"

Everyone laughed again. They felt that the way Zhang Ye acted as Zhuge Liang was too wretched!

Zhang Ye blinked and then said, "At this moment, Sima Yi was already at the city gates. He looked up and smacked his lips. In his mind, he was thinking... What's the meaning of this bro? He's inviting me up to sing karaoke with him? Oh, so if I go up, I'll ended up being OK-ed (killed)? I won't fall for this trick. Retreat!"

Everyone laughed even louder!

Zhang Ye also smirked, "Then here's my second question. This matter does not conform to logic at all. Why did Sima Yi not dare to attack? He was just afraid of an ambush in the city. But how many people could there be hiding in the city? In the era of cold metallic weapons, it was impossible to bury a Scud missile, right? There can't be any other weapons of mass destruction. Couldn't he send some reconnaissance to scout ahead and check if there really was an ambush? Why should he retreat?"

Scud missiles?

Weapons of mass destruction?

The audience was once again tickled!

Ma Hengyuan and company could not say a thing. They had been rendered speechless by Zhang Ye!

Zhang Ye looked at Ma Hengyuan and said, "Also, wasn't Sima Yi able to see Zhuge Liang? Wasn't he hearing him playing the zither above the city gates? And he could even hear him sing karaoke. Based on this description, the distance between Sima Yi and Zhuge Liang must have been very short. Even if you were afraid of an ambush and did not dare to enter the city, why couldn't you order an archer to kill Zhuge Liang? Why did you have to leave?" Pausing for a moment, "Furthermore, according to Guo Chong's account, or according to

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'Romance of the Three Kingdoms', the difference between the military power between the two armies was highly disparate. Some said it was 200,000, while others said there was 100,000. Couldn't you just surround the fortress? Can't you surround the city for three to five days, trapping them inside? Why would you withdraw the army?"

No one could answer Zhang Ye's three questions!

Everyone was listening very attentively, while others were shocked!

Even Ma Hengyuan and company could not say a thing. Every question of Zhang Ye was very sharp. Even academics like them could not figure it out!

There really was no empty fort strategy?

This was all fabricated?

Zhang Ye summarized, "So this claim of the empty fort strategy is completely unreliable. As for the others, such as the , , or . None of these were recorded in history. However, literary works had illustrated him in an extremely exaggerated manner. Zhuge Liang became a person with divine strategy and shrewd calculations, while all the other generals became idiots. Oh, in a war, Zhuge Liang gave his orders to the army. What happened to the other generals? They didn't even know themselves. They just went there, and played it by ear. Then, when they reached their destination, they didn't do anything but open the military orders in the satchel. The satchel had brilliant strategies after all. Only then did they know what they had to do or what to fight. Isn't this treating war like a game!?"

At this moment, it was unknown who first gave an applause!

Bba Bba Bba, following that, several members of the audience also began to join in the applause!

Exciting!

Really exciting!

Chapter 131 - A Professor was Dumbfounded by Zhang Ye's Questions!

Who said that Zhang Ye was unable to talk about the Three Kingdoms and did not know history as a host? What he said was not only humorous and interesting, it overthrew what people knew. It caused people to subconsciously be engrossed in it. And in terms of historical information, there was no problem at all. Didn't you see Ma Hengyuan, Teacher Xu and Editor Xu being dumbfounded by the questions?

The crucial point was that after he used Zhou Yu to refute Ma Hengyuan, he had mentioned Zhuge Liang. Previously, Ma Hengyuan had mentioned how Zhuge Liang was so clever and formidable during his lecture, but in a blink of an eye, Zhang Ye had thrown a bomb. The empty fort strategy did not exist at all! Praying for the eastern wind was completely fabricated! Zhuge Liang was no military genius at all!

If this wasn't face slapping, what was?

Zhang Ye had completely refuted the views of Ma Hengyuan and the two guests! He had ripped them to pieces!

Chapter 132 - Unending Applause from the Audience!

"Hence, be it the empty fort strategy, or praying for the eastern wind, they are just artistic imaginations of the writers. This is not called history." Zhang Ye's words seemed to vaguely beat down on Ma Hengyuan, Teacher Xu and Editor Xu. He then said, "What if we use artistic works such as 'Romance of the Three Kingdoms' or plays of the Three Kingdoms as a basis to understand history? If we used the plot of these artistic works as lectures, or used them to analyze these historical figures, then it would be making things too trivial. Even the real image of the historical figure is something you don't understand, so what can you analyze?"

Ma Hengyuan and company nearly cursed out!

Zhang Ye! Do you have no end to that? Who are you trying to beat upon?

Teacher Xu immediately stood up and shouted loudly, "What a load of crap! How can a young kid like yourself know any history!?"

The audience was startled. What's wrong with you? Have you gone mad?

Hu Fei was also angered, "Stop the camera!" This scene was definitely not suitable for broadcasting.

Zhang Ye looked at them and said, "If you think what I said is wrong, you can refute it. If your point of view is right and it makes sense, anyone will listen to it. Please tell me which part of what I said was nonsense?"

Ma Hengyuan also said, "You just don't know a thing!"

Zhang Ye laughed, "I'm asking what I do not know. Can you tell me?" Seeing that they could not say a thing, Zhang Ye's face sank, "The

three of you say I'm not right. Fine, I am willing to accept the opinions of others. But can you at least say something? Without any reasons or arguments, you are just saying that I do not understand. You just keep insisting that I don't know a thing. Are you professors and teachers, or are you rogue hooligans? Even I know that when a teacher lectures, he would need to use reason and arguments to convince a student. Why are experts and professors like yourselves unknowing of that fact? Is this a joke? You say I do not understand. Yes, I don't understand. So, are you gods? Wherever you say there is light, there will be light?"

The audience erupted into laughter. They felt that this host was extremely humorous!

"What you said is totally unfounded!" Ma Hengyuan said angrily with a black face.

Big Sis Zhou was the first person who could not take it any longer, "You old fart, what do you mean by saying that Teacher Little Zhang's words were unfounded? Everything he said was clear and following the details!"

Auntie Sun also scolded, "What mess are you trying to create!?"

Xiaofang said angrily, "To think he's a professor. He's so lacking in manners!"

A member of the audience also said, "That's right. He was doing a good job, and we were enjoying it. Why are you interrupting offstage? Previously, you even said the host interrupted you? Ah, others can't do it, but when it comes to you, you can?"

"Hurry and go back home!"

"Right, stop ridiculing yourself. The host is doing such a good job!"

"And Professor Ma? Just an undeserved title! I really wonder how you went on CCTV! With the Three Kingdoms from what you said just now? Our whole family was nearly falling asleep from it!"

"The three of you are really funny. It's clear that you are turning angry from embarrassment!"

"You even said the host doesn't know history? I think it's you who do not know!"

Quite a number of audience members began to boo. They did not have any good impressions on these so-called professors and experts who put on airs!

Ma Hengyuan and the two Xu surnamed guests still wanted to speak. Even Teacher Xu stood up and flared at the audience, "You can go on television saying the Three Kingdoms like that? Do you even know history!?"

Big Sis Zhou erupted, "Do you only know how to f***ing say that? You just keep saying others do not know. You are f***ing sick!" She cursed!

Teacher Xu was flustered as she pointed to Big Sis Zhou, "I dare you to scold me again!"

A person in the audience could no longer let this go. He stood up and stood by Big Sis Zhou, "Why are you shouting at a woman like that!? If you have the ability, shout at me! Shout for me to see!" He was a stout middle-aged man with a height of 1.9m!

Teacher Xu immediately shut up.

Auntie Sun also spat, "Only you know! Only you are the professionals!?"

"What the heck!"

"How can they be so hypocritical!"

"Did us the audience pick the fight? Why are you yelling at us?"

"Hurry and get lost! What kind of sh*t are they!"

The audience began to curse. The situation was quite out of control!

Zhang Ye was also disgusted. He immediately took the microphone and said, "A few of the stronger staff, I'll trouble you. Please throw the people who have interrupted the recording out!"

Dafei and Hou Ge had long disliked them. They immediately rushed forward!

There were two guards and three staff members who volunteered. They immediately surrounded Ma Hengyuan and company. Lifting them up, they were thrown out of the studio's door. Not only were they not cooperating with the recording, they did not listen to anyone's directions. They had even messed up a scene and impeded the recording. Not only would throwing them out not be a problem, even beating them up would have been fine. Did you really think that you were some big shot star? Bullsh*t!

The third guest, Reporter Ci from before, also shook her head and sighed. Ma Hengyuan and company had really lost their reputation and had disgraced themselves!

Zhang Ye cleared his throat, "There has been a complication, so please do not mind. Let's continue analyzing the Three Kingdoms."

Hu Fei did the countdown once again, "Three, two, one. Begin."

Zhang Ye continued from before, "So that is why we must differentiate between 'Historical Image' and 'Artistic Image'. The differences are huge, but then we ask: is the 'Artistic Image' worthless then? It does have value. There's much worth in the studying and analyzing of it, like the 'Empty Fort Strategy'. Sima Yi was a scholar. The way he thought would be more complicated. When something is said or an action is made, he would have given it some thought. Aiyo, what does this mean? What could this mean? Hur Hur, if it was a gang of thieves or bandits, they would have entered the city directly, with the attitude of 'who cares!' Then what would have happened? Zhuge Liang would have been caught!"

Everyone was laughing for the umpteenth time.

After speaking for another ten minutes, Hu Fei made some hand signals.

Zhang Ye understood that this episode's time was almost up, so he made a closing, but suddenly remembered that this was the most important first episode, so how could he just make a simple closing to it? It didn't seem to be good enough; it didn't match the beginning well. With a flash of brilliance, Zhang Ye said, "The first episode is coming to an end. Some of you may still be wondering why this episode was named as 'Great River Flows East?' Because I have composed a melody poem, and these four words are a very important part of this melody poem. So I would like to use this as an ending, which I was lucky enough to have gone to the Red Cliff and had been inspired by it to create this melody poem."

Melody poem

Ancient poetry?

A few people were listening in earnest now. They had likely heard of Zhang Ye's 'Shuidiao Getou' before, and knew of his melody poetry's prowess.

Zhang Ye built up the moment; this was a famous Su Shi melody poem. It was comparable with 'Shuidiao Getou'. In his previous world, there were other versions of it. But the one he would be using was Yi Zhongtian's opening to 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms', although it was not used in full.

When speaking of the Three Kingdoms, Su Shi's melody poem had to be mentioned as well!

But since there was no Su Shi in this world, many other literary scholars involved with Three Kingdoms poems had also not existed, Zhang Ye made some modifications accordingly to the flow of 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'.

Zhang Ye looked at the audience and began reciting, "Lyrics to Remembering Your Charm – Remembrance of the Tale of the Crimson Cliff."

The audience were listening earnestly, they were curious to know what it would be.

Zhang Ye said with a balanced tone, but his voice had no lack of majestic energy, "The great gushing Yangtze with piling waves flows towards the east; away it carries gallant souls of the remote bygone days."

The first line had captured everyone!

The ancient fort on the west is said to be The Crimson Cliff, where Zhou of the Three Kingdoms era defeated Wei's navy. Stones were hurled into the sky indiscriminately; Mighty waves must have crushed onto shores hurling high snow-like foam." Zhang Ye said with a smile, as his eyebrows appeared concentrated, "The river and mountains today's landscapes paint; Where once there were many courageous and heroic men. Picture Zhou in his prime; dressed in plain clothes together with his young bride, gallant he must have been. Topped with a silk crest, he held in his hand a fan of feathers; with humor he helped see to that the masts and sculls of Wei's navy go up in smoke and ashes turn into. My mind wanders in the history vested hither; My sentimentality, no doubt, has caused my early grey. Life is a dream; Allow me to libate a drink to the river, the moon and its reflection."

Many people were engrossed listening to it!

The river and mountains today's landscapes paint? Where once there were many courageous and heroic men?

Many of the male comrades became very passionate when they heard it! As though they were now in battle during the Three Kingdoms era! They could hear the sounds of battle around them!

The female comrades were all charmed by Zhou Yu's description of 'With humor he helped see to that the masts and sculls of Wei's navy go up in smoke and ashes turn into.' What sort of grace was this? What level of daringness was this?

But in the end, everyone was a little hurt by the first line of Zhang Ye's poem!

Yes, "Great River Flows East". How many heroes in history had been washed away by the waters of the great river?

What a spectacular "Great River Flows East"! What a great "Lyrics to Remembering Your Charm – Remembrance of the Tale of the Crimson Cliff"! What a great "Lecture Room"! What a great Zhang Ye!

Hu Fei stood up, stunned!

The audience also didn't make a sound when they heard it!

Zhang Ye closed off with this, "As it is, how many events of history are hidden within light-hearted conversations? Starting from today's program, I will be sharing with everyone through light-hearted conversations an analysis of the Three Kingdoms. But where should we start from? I think that we should begin from that era's most contentious figure, whether in historical image or civil image. Let him lead us as we delve into the most complex and magnificent history next week with 'The Real Cao Cao'!"

After finishing.

The recording studio was silent for a moment.

Suddenly, Big Sis Zhou and Auntie Sun stood up and applauded with all their might!

Everyone else stood up one by one from their seats and applauded with admiration!

Even the staff present, the cameraman, Hou Ge, Hou Di, Dafei and

others also applauded loudly. They were all very excited!

In that time, the studio was filled with thunderous applause!

It went on for a full minute before stopping!

No one left, as they did not want to leave!

Zhang Ye was very flattered and clasp his hands together, "Thank you, everyone. Thank you, thank you." This was a huge acknowledgment to him!

But in the closing poem, there was a flaw. Because at the end, there was a sentence about early graying of hair. This was Su Shi's plight and not Zhang Ye's. Therefore, with analysis, this would be a small flaw. But Zhang Ye did not care, it was not a bother to him!

My hair has precisely grayed early!

I precisely have gray hair at a young age!

Are you going to bite me?

Chapter 133 - Waiting for the Rating!

After the program.

The audience cleared from the studio. A lot of them were left wanting for more. As they left, they were discussing about Zhang Ye's "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms".

"What a good lecture!"

"That's right; I was so engrossed in listening!"

"I just came to join in on the buzz, and was thinking of improving my knowledge at the television station. But who knew that I would encounter such a quality program? I will definitely watch every episode!"

"The same goes for me; I will watch every episode for sure too!"

"Such an exciting program... Only a fool would not watch it!"

"It also enriches our knowledge. I only found out today that the 'Empty Fort Strategy' did not exist!"

"Hur Hur, compared to this host, those so-called experts are like clowns. Their knowledge is not enough and their delivery was so boring. Who would want to listen to them blabber? They are totally not as good as that Zhang host. Ah yes... He's called Zhang Ye; I will remember him!"

.....

After the studio was cleared out.

Zhang Ye looked at his colleagues, "Was that okay?"

Xiao Lu was the first to run up, "It was not only okay, it was *too* okay!"

Hou Ge also rushed forward, "Man, Teacher Zhang was really able to

speak about the Three Kingdoms! You even gave the expert professor a hard time! And you let the audience clap for you for the whole day!"

Zhang Ye humbly said, "It was not that I was good; it's just that the experts were clueless to begin with. About the 'Empty Fort Strategy', Zhuge Liang and Zhou Yu, all of that was just history's general knowledge. With just some digging, anyone would know. Even without researching, just reading "would make it understandable. Even though 'Records of the Three Kingdoms' is also a literature work, compared to 'Romance of the Three Kingdoms', it was more historically unbiased. As long as it was something unverifiable, 'Records of the Three Kingdoms' would not blindly write about it. There's also a lot of information to help the reader understand about that period of history."

Dafei blushed and said, "I have not heard of 'Records of the Three Kingdoms'."

Xiao Lu coughed, "I've heard of it, but never read it. This book seems to be less popular; not many people have read it before. Besides, some of the things that you mentioned about, I did not even know about them. Do you think that everyone's knowledge is as rich as yours?"

What?

There are people who have never heard of "Records of the Three Kingdoms"?

That shouldn't be! How can anyone not know about it?

Only then did Zhang Ye understand. Although in this world there were classics like "Romance of the Three Kingdoms", the cultural background was a little different. Su Shi did not exist, and a number of other works also did not exist anymore. Even though "Records of the Three Kingdoms" was still preserved, the influence and popularity of it was different from Zhang Ye's previous world.

Because of the game ring's modifications, it had created such a situation now. It had created a world where everyone seemed to have the wrong perception and understanding of the Three Kingdoms. If it were in his previous world, this would not have happened. Because even though most people did not know of the real Three Kingdoms, a big portion of them still did understand the true Three Kingdoms!

No wonder that literature professor, Ma Hengyuan, was not clear about things like the empty fort strategy. Because this world's study of the Three Kingdoms went through "Romance of the Three Kingdoms", while the most authentic "Records of the Three Kingdoms" and other similar works were not mainstream! This was why when Zhang Ye brought Professor Yi Zhongtian's "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" first episode out, it had received such a big reaction!

This was helping the illiterate!

Zhang Ye did not know whether to laugh or to cry when he thought of this.

Hu Fei had just finished speaking with the cameraman. He then rushed over and gave a squeeze on Zhang Ye's shoulders, clearly emotional and said, "You were great, Little Zhang! That was done too well!"

Zhang Ye laughed, "As long as I didn't throw your face, that is good enough."

"You, throw my face? Haha!" Hu Fei excitedly said, "Let me tell you, this is exactly what I wanted in a program. It was even better than what I had expected! I listened from the beginning to the end without missing any words. I dare to say that this is the best historical segment I have listened to before!"

Xiao Lu said, "That's right!"

Dafei said, "It can't even be described with 'wonderful'!"

Hou Di gave a thumbs up, "Just one word – awesome!"

"Did you write that melody poem by yourself?" Hu Fei asked.

"Yes," Zhang Ye replied.

"You are surprising me over and over again. The background of this poem... Amongst all other Three Kingdoms poems, nothing can compare to it. It was too well written!" Hu Fei said happily, "If I knew you would be so good, I wouldn't have invited that Ma Hengyuan. I didn't even have to look for guests! Do you think I have nothing better to do? I would have just put you in. Yeah, but the incident this time, with all those last-minute changes in the program name, studio settings, lecturer change and such, we will have to seek approval from the Arts Channel again. We need the Leader's approval!"

A cameraman said, "Producer Hu, it should be done in an hour. Any deletion needed, you can just assign someone to follow up with us and we will do so accordingly."

Dafei, who was in charge of the technical and studio settings, said, "I will follow up with them."

Hu Fei said "Okay, I will leave it to you then. Once it's done, I will send it up for approval."

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Afternoon.

Lecture Room's first episode was completed. The segment was edited to its allotted time and informational graphics were added in.

Hu Fei watched it once over, and being satisfied, he looked for the Arts Channel Leader, Wang Shuixin, in his office. When he went in, the Leader was having his lunch.

"Director, you are eating?" Hu Fei laughed.

Wang Shuixin did not look happy, "Old Hu, I was just looking for you. I heard that your program recording encountered a big problem. In the end, even the program name was changed? And the lecturer and guests were thrown out? That was the lecturer that you had a hard time inviting. What is wrong with you all?"

Hu Fei was angry at the mention of him, "There's no need to invite them anymore. I have a better candidate here. The program also has a better development plan now. Hur Hur, do you still remember that I wanted Zhang Ye here at all costs? He is now the lecturer. We no longer need a host or any guests. The program effects were still very well done. No, it's precisely because we don't need those that the program's effect is so good!"

Wang Shuixin frowned, "Zhang Ye? What can he say? Old Hu, I know you think highly of this young man, but don't you think that you are being too biased? This is a historical segment we are talking about!"

"When you look at the recording, you will understand." Hu Fei knew that he didn't need to say too much, so he just handed the recording over to him.

Wang Shuixin lowered his head and looked, "Let's go." He asked a few other deputies and staff members to accompany them to watch the screening.

"Zhang Ye?"

"He is speaking about the Three Kingdoms?"

"He's just a young lad. What does he know about the Three Kingdoms?"

But a few minutes after the screening began, no one made any further comments.

After an hour had passed, everyone looked at each other. They were

all astonished and no one said a word.

Hu Fei asked, "What does everyone think? Are the changes acceptable?"

A head from another program team said in jealousy and regret, "If I knew this person was so capable, I would have fought with Old Hu for him and brought him into my own program team!"

"Director?" Hu Fei looked towards Wang Shuixin.

Wang Shuixin was silent for a moment before saying, "Let's just air it and see what the viewership is like on Saturday. We will see if the audience approves; if it does well, we will continue Sunday's segment."

Hu Fei replied, "Won't it be too rushed if we were to record on Saturday?"

Wang Shuixin flatly replied, "We still have not seen what the market's response to it is. We need to be careful. After all, Little Zhang is young and lacking in qualifications. The audience might not agree to him lecturing on history. So we need to make adjustments according to the actual scenario. Let's broadcast it to test the waters. Only then can we decide if he can continue being the lecturer of this segment!"

Putting it plainly, Wang Shuixin did not trust Zhang Ye that much. Wang Shuixin already felt that it was inappropriate for Zhang Ye to become a host or guest earlier on for such a big program. He felt that Zhang Ye's height and image were all problematic. And now, it was even worse. Zhang Ye went from a host, who would appear occasionally, to the only lecturer of the program? He became the most important person on the program? This was a bit too fast!

However, Hu Fei was extremely confident, "Alright then, let's wait for the rating."

A deputy who spoke previously said, "With this standard, the rating definitely can't be bad. Just that 'Lyrics to Remembering Your Charm'

- Remembrance of the Tale of the Crimson Cliff' makes it exceptional!"

Another woman said, "That might not be true. The tastes of the market is becoming more and more complex these days. No one can figure out what programs the audience likes. Even people like us, with years of experience, make guesses from our experience. Who dares to guarantee? I think that this program is just average. It is unconventional, but isn't the content a bit too sensational? The empty fort strategy really doesn't exist? That's too assertive!"

A middle-aged man present, who was a bit more learned, said, "According to what I know, the empty fort strategy is indeed fabricated. I once got reprimanding by a scholar who researched history."

The woman shook her head, "But the audience doesn't know that. It is really challenging the beliefs of the audience. Sometimes being unconventional might result in an opposite effect."

"I'm rather optimistic about it."

"I don't think it will do. A young man can't hold the ground. If there are any mistakes in logic or historical facts, the audience will pick a fault with it and curse us to death. After all, a historical segment is all about authenticity. Who knows if what Zhang Ye said was right or wrong? If it was all made up by him and found out by the audience, then our television station's reputation will be hammered!"

There were disagreements with different judgments.

Wang Shuixin rapped on his table to stop the debate, "There's no need to say anything anymore. Let's wait for the rating on Saturday. That would be the most objective thing."

Chapter 134 - An Alarming Rating!

Friday.

Zhang Ye rested for a day.

Upon being informed by Xiao Lu, he switched on his television at home, and then tuned to the Arts Channel.

"Beijing's BTV Arts Channel's new segment, 'Lecture Room'. Inviting Beijing's well-known broadcasting host, Silver Microphone awardee, Beijing Mid-Autumn Festival Poetry Meet's champion, Beijing Couplet Competition's champion, famous poet, famous literary author, famous children's fairy tale author, famous supernatural best-selling author, famous advertiser, leader of the popular phrases on the internet, Teacher Zhang Ye. With him as lecturer, he will let us have a taste of the period of the warring Three Kingdoms. He will tell everyone things you might not know about the Three Kingdoms. BTV-Arts. We look forward to you watching, this Thursday at 1 P.M.!"

There were so many titles that Zhang Ye turned a bit red from hearing them. And nearly all of them were prefixed with the word 'famous'. Although Zhang Ye did have these works and achievements, he knew clearly that he was far from worthy of these titles with the word 'famous'. He did not dare to accept it. However, it was an advertisement. There was no other way of doing it. Advertisements were all done this way. They had to use some gimmicks to attract the attention of eyeballs before the broadcast.

This was the advertisement of his own channel.

Hence, it did not spare anything in bragging about Zhang Ye.

At this moment on the internet, a few video websites released advertisements for "Lecture Room". This was all because of Hu Fei. As a pretty well-known former producer of Central TV, he was definitely given some preferential treatment after being headhunted

by the Beijing Television Station. Of course, the station gave him quite a bit of advertising for his new segment, both online and offline. They had done their best!

Everything was ready.

Now, only tomorrow's rating mattered!

Zhang Ye also knew of the Leader's attitude from Hu Fei. If the rating was not ideal, then he might not have a chance to be the lecturer for "Lecture Room". The program was likely to return to the initial template from before. Zhang Ye would then return to being a host that only appeared from time to time. Hou Ge, Xiao Lu and the other colleagues had their hearts strung. However, Zhang Ye did not feel the pressure, or it could be said he was not worried at all!

It was just a provincial station's 1% rating!

What segment was this? This was "Lecture Room"!

Although Zhang Ye did not know how high the ratings would be, he was certain that it would not be below 1%. If it was, he might as well jump into a river!

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Saturday.

In the afternoon at 12 o'clock.

Zhang Ye had prepared something to fill his stomach before he met his unit's colleagues, to watch the broadcast together. However, while he was rummaging through his refrigerator, someone suddenly knocked on his door.

Knock, knock.

The knocking on the door was very slow and very dull.

Zhang Ye opened the door and did not see anyone at first glance.

Only when he lowered his head did he see a very short girl. It was Rao Chenchen.

Chenchen glanced at him, "My aunt is calling you over for lunch."

Zhang Ye was overjoyed, "I happen to not have eaten. Let's go, let's go."

The two went to the landlady's house. Rao Aimin was taking off her apron and had finished cooking. Seeing Zhang Ye, she greeted with him with a, "Let's eat!"

"Well, thank you, Landlady Auntie." Zhang Ye did not stand on ceremony as he picked up a pair of chopsticks to wolf down the food.

Rao Aimin derided him, "Look at the way you eat. Were you reborn from a starving ghost? I'm telling you that I need to go out in the afternoon to settle the residential information for Chenchen. It was not settled the last time, so I need to go again. I won't be home, so help me babysit. I do not trust others."

Zhang Ye smiled wryly, "Man, so this meal wasn't for free. Landlady Auntie, I won't be resting today. I still need to go to work in the afternoon."

Rao Aimin picked her eyebrow, "I don't care about that. Anyway, the child is in your hands."

Zhang Ye said helplessly, "But how can I bring the child to the television station?"

At this moment, Chenchen looked at him and said with a hoarse voice, "Television station? I want to see!"

"There's nothing to see there. It's all office and equipment!" Zhang Ye said.

Chenchen ignored his words and stared at him, "Zhang Ye, bring me to see the television station."

"You guys figure it out. I don't care." After finishing the meal, Rao Aimin packed her things and left.

Zhang Ye was at a loss of whether to laugh or to cry. He could not leave Chenchen alone at home, so after some thinking, he drove his BMW X5 with Chenchen to his unit.

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Television station's door.

After getting out of the car, Zhang Ye reached out his hand with his palm facing up.

Chenchen looked at him before reluctantly placing her tiny hand into Zhang Ye's.

Zhang Ye brought the little rascal upstairs. On the way, many of the television station's staff looked over at Chenchen. They liked her a lot.

"She's so pretty!"

"Eh, whose kid is that?"

"Why is she so cute? I really want to pinch her."

"Eh, isn't that Zhang Ye? He has a kid?"

Upstairs, in the segment team's office. Zhang Ye led the child in as the office turned into chaos!

Xiao Lu seemed to melt, "Aiyo, aiyo. This kid is so pretty!"

Zhang Ye explained, "My neighbor's child. She has something to do in the afternoon and got me to take care of her for a day, so I brought her to the unit." Looking at Hu Fei, he said coyly, "Leader, your thoughts?"

Hu Fei laughed, "It's alright. There're so many of us here anyway.

When you are recording the program, others can help you take care of the child."

Zhang Ye glanced at Chenchen and smiled wryly, "I suspect I'll have to take care of her. Others can't handle her."

Xiao Lu smiled and walked over, "What do you mean by others can't handle her? I'm very good at taking care of children. Back then, I took care of my young nephew for a week. He had a great time with me." Saying that, she bent down and said to Chenchen, "Little rascal, you are so cute. Let sister carry you."

Chenchen glanced at her, "Auntie, there's no need."

Xiao Lu nearly fainted, "Who's the auntie? I'm a sister!"

Chenchen eyed her from top to bottom a few times before letting out a laugh, "Hur Hur."

Xiao Lu nearly vomited a mouthful of blood.

Hou Ge volunteered, "Let me do it. That bag of bones won't be able to carry you. Little rascal, let uncle raise you high, high up."

High, high up?

Chenchen shriveled her mouth, "Immature."

Hou Ge, "..." He suddenly suffered from internal injuries.

"All of you won't do. Watch me. You must pander to a child's liking." Dafei smiled and greeted her, "Come to uncle. Uncle will teach you how to play games."

Chenchen did not look at him and instead looked at Zhang Ye, "Zhang Ye, you can still play games at work? No wonder television programs these days are getting boring. The employees are not working."

Dafei nearly planted his face onto the ground as he looked carefully

at Hu Fei.

Hu Fei erupted into laughter, "This young lady sure is interesting."

Only then did everyone understand why Zhang Ye had said that he had to take care of her even while he was recording, while others couldn't. This was no child. She was clearly a tiny adult. She was too derisive with her words!

Xiao Lu and company tried a few times to communicate with Chenchen, but they were helpless. Not to mention carrying her, they could not even hold onto Chenchen's hand to bring her around the television station. Chenchen did not agree to anything. Her little hand was only exclusive to Zhang Ye. No one else could hold it. This little rascal refused to recognize them!

Hu Fei suddenly looked at his watch, "Stop fooling around. The program is beginning."

"Right, right. I nearly forgot about it. Quick, switch on the TV." Xiao Lu immediately switched on the television. There was one in the office and the television was quite good. It was a 50-inch television and it was mounted on the wall. The direction it faced could also be adjusted freely. She then turned her head to Chenchen, saying, "Little rascal, your uncle Zhang Ye will be on television soon. Let's not talk about the impressiveness. All the burden of our program rests on your uncle alone. Whether the program stays will all depend on today's rating."

Everyone was sitting before the television. Although they had watched the recording live and they had watched it after the editing, there was a different feeling when watching a broadcast.

"It's here!"

"Time is up."

"Heh. Teacher Zhang, you sure look okay."

"That's right; there's an author's air to him at a glance."

Zhang Ye was actually quite happy deep down as he quickly said, "No way, no way."

This was the first time he was appearing on television. And it was also a program with him alone. And the time slot was not bad. So, of course, Zhang Ye was quite excited. Seeing himself looking awesome while lecturing on television, he was quite in admiration of himself. As such, he got out his cell phone and sent a few short messages to his parents, relatives and friends. He also informed his three younger cousins, getting them to watch the show.

This was different from a radio station. It was a television station. It was Zhang Ye's brand new step onto a bigger stage.

"The empty fort strategy... It doesn't exist at all!"

"The great gushing Yangtze with piling waves flows towards the east; away it carries gallant souls of the remote bygone days!"

The program was done broadcasting as the advertisements rolled in.

Immediately, Xiao Lu, Dafei and company applauded in the office. The applause was all dedicated to Zhang Ye.

Hu Fei got up and left. One could tell that he was not very sure either, "I'll go get the rating!"

"It will be out so early?" Xiao Lu was surprised.

Hu Fei said, "The result calculated at this moment is just a preliminary estimate of the rating. It is not accurate, but it isn't that much different from the actual rating. It won't deviate too greatly."

Hu Fei left.

The few of them were left anxiously waiting.

Hou Ge raised the spirits as he said, "It should not be a problem.

Teacher Little Zhang did a very good job."

"What we are afraid is that single mishap. What if the audience doesn't like it?" Xiao Lu said as she worried about the gains and the losses.

Dafei asked, "What are your estimations? I'm estimating about 2%."

"The first episode has such a high rating? That's not realistic, right?" Hou Di said, "I'm estimating 1.5%."

Xiao Lu said, "Anyway, we just need 1% to keep the program. I would be satisfied with it."

As they chatted, Zhang Ye did not say a word. He was actually more concerned with the viewership rating than anyone else. As every number and every result in the television station would become a foundation of Zhang Ye's qualifications and achievements, so naturally he took it very seriously. He clearly would not work in the television station for the rest of his life, nor would he do a program for the rest of his life. He had to go to higher places to develop himself.

Now, "Lecture Room" was a historical educative segment. Be it the host or the lecturer, one's looks were not very important. What was most important was a person's knowledge and ability to orate. There was no doubt that this was the best place Zhang Ye could be. It was the best place for him to develop. As long as he built a good foundation for himself and created good results, then it would pave a solid path into the core of the entertainment industry.

That was a place where things were ruthless. Zhang Ye could not rely on his looks, the way others could. He had to rely on his qualifications and skills!

Rating?

Let's hope it's higher!

Just as everyone was worrying, Hu Fei returned.

"Brother Hu!"

"How was it?"

"What was the rough estimate? Did it pass one?"

Everyone kept asking. Zhang Ye's heart also missed a beat upon seeing Hu Fei's expression.

At this moment, Hu Fei's expression was sunken. His emotions did not seem good. As he heard them, Hu Fei inattentively slumped into his seat and remained silent for a long while.

Xiao Lu was alarmed, "It did not hit 1%?"

Dafei inhaled, "Our program is going to be axed? Or it needs to change a person?"

However, who knew the Hu Fei, who was sullen looking, suddenly lost that heaviness as he erupted into laughter, "The initial estimate of the rating is 7.8%! Our program is hot! And it is extremely hot! The Arts Channel's Leaders, the television station's Leaders and other segment teams were dumbfounded when they saw the results! None of them could believe it! Hahahaha!"

Chapter 135 - Extreme Validation from Beijing University's Professor!

"7.8%?"

"Holy sh*t! It broke 7?"

"This is too amazing!"

"Brother Hu! Are you bluffing us!?"

"That's right; I thought we were done for when you came in with your face sullen!"

Everyone in the office was in jubilation. Xiao Lu threw all the documents in her hands into the air. She was unable to contain her joy and kept screaming!

Zhang Ye was also scared by Hu Fei's earlier behaviour. When he knew the real rating, he gave a sigh of relief. He knew it! This was the well known "Lecture Room", and he had presented an exact reproduction of Yi Zhongtian's version of the show. How would it then receive a rating of less than 1%? It was all because of Hu Fei's antics that scared them. Who would have expected Brother Hu to have such a side to him? But with some thought, Hu Fei was also too excited, so he decided to play a trick on them!

Dafei said, "Teacher Zhang, congratulations."

Xiao Lu had come back to her senses now, "Right, right. Teacher Zhang, in the future we have to add another title to your introduction: famous program host!"

"Seven point something percent... That is at least 2nd place in our Arts Channel's more than 20 years of program listings. Even if we were to include all of the programs that were ever shown from this television station, this would definitely be in the top 15 to 20 places.

This is really too awesome!" Hou Ge said with amazement.

Zhang Ye quickly replied, "It's all because of Brother Hu's good leadership. It's everyone's credit and also our team's contributions. I am not capable of all that by myself."

Hu Fei laughed and pointed at him, "Don't act all humble!"

Xiao Lu giggled, "Leader, are we getting a treat tonight?"

"Treat? Of course there will be a treat!" Hu Fei announced, "During tonight's celebration feast, everyone has to be present!"

"Oh, that's great!" Xiao Lu cheered, "I want to have big prawns!"

Little Chenchen also raised her head and said, "I want to eat hairy crabs."

Zhang Ye smacked her head, "You want a part in everything. Hur Hur."

Chenchen threw her tantrum and said, "Zhang Ye, you did not wash your hands! Don't touch my head."

Everyone was amused by the little one.

After that, Hu Fei cautioned, "Teacher Zhang, Sunday's program recording is scheduled after this at 5 P.M. Please get ready your script.... Oh, right. I forgot that you don't need those. Hur Hur. Then maybe you can do some conceptualization for the second episode, 'The Real Cao Cao'. The others can go and freshen up, but don't let it drag back your work. After the celebrations, get back to work in the afternoon. Make the most of the weekend. Let's go towards a rating of 8%! We will bring 'Lecture Room' to the top of the Arts Channel with the highest ratings! We will show those who doubt us what we can do! Is everyone confident?"

"We are!"

"We are confident!"

"That's for sure!"

"Haha. With Teacher Zhang Ye, who can scare us!"

Everyone was giving their opinions and thoughts. They were full of fighting spirit!

When they first arrived at the station, not many people expected things from the motley crew of those who dabbled in TV drama and journalism. Even for the program itself, many of those from other programs were not optimistic about it. Historical segment? Scientific segment? They felt that there was no market for this. Those who had talked behind Hu Fei's back were now proven wrong by their team's vision and working ability!

A rating of 7.8%!

Who would now dare to gossip about them anymore?

Those who did were probably now still in a state of shock!

.....

Afternoon.

Zhang Ye signalled from his seat, "Chenchen, come over."

Chenchen came over from Dafei's side with a cellphone. She was playing with it and then looked up and asked, "What?"

"Don't make trouble at Uncle Dafei's side. Come over here. Don't be further than two meters from me." Zhang Ye insisted that she come over. This child was different from other children; she wasn't so straightforward to handle. Zhang Ye thought that it would be better if she was in his sight. Otherwise, if something were to happen, he couldn't possibly answer to Rao Aimin. "I will give you half my seat; you can play here. If you want to do something else, tell me. If you

need the toilet, ask Sister Xiao Lu to bring you."

Chenchen rolled her eyes, "I'm not unable to take care of myself."

Zhang Ye gave half his seat and sat her down. He went online to check on the comments. This was part of his job. He would take in suggestions from everyone.

Upon looking, he saw the attention that he had gathered!

"Zhang Ye went to the TV station?"

"D*mn, why did this guy become a lecturer?"

"Yeah, does he have the qualifications? Isn't he just a university graduate? And he's a broadcast major graduate, too, right? This doesn't match up! He's not a learner of history!"

"One look and I know that you all have not watched 'Lecture Room'!"

"You watched it? How was it? It must have been a mess, right?"

"A mess, my a*s! You don't even know how good it was to watch it!"

"Yes, yes. My dad dragged me to watch it. It was so intriguing to watch!"

"This Zhang Ye spoke too well. It seems like you guys are saying he is very famous? I have really never heard of him. I need to check the internet. Otherwise, I will be behind the times."

"This talk about the Three Kingdoms is really too godly!"

"Is that so? Why do I feel that it is just normal?"

Everyone had all kinds of opinions, but the number of those who praised it was in the majority.

Of course, the doubtful voices were also catching up.

"This Zhang Ye, what does he know about the Three Kingdoms! Zhuge Liang was not a military genius? What the heck! He dares to insult my idol?"

"The empty fort strategy does not exist? Hahahaha. What a joke!"

"Borrowing the east wind was a historical event, right? How could it not exist?"

"To find someone who doesn't know a sh*t about the Three Kingdoms to speak about it? What is wrong with the television station!"

"That's right! With this kind of standard, he can appear on TV? With those kind of looks, he can appear on TV? I am laughing. Alright, I will admit that Zhang Ye can write poetry well. In Beijing, the number of writers and authors who dare say that they can write better poetry than him can be easily counted. That 'Lyrics to Remembering Your Charm – Remembrance of the Tale of the Crimson Cliff' and 'Shuidiao Getou' can be considered as incomparable. Zhang has such capabilities, and no one can question that. But to speak about history? He is far from it!"

But just as these people were scolding, suddenly, a Weibo verified account belonging to a Beijing University history professor commented. He presented today's "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" examples cited by Zhang Ye in its original form and said, "It's true that there are too many people in our country these days who do not know enough about the Three Kingdoms history, but they write books and appear on TV to speak about it. This is getting too common and it is also our history world's sadness. But I must tell everyone that the kind of person that you guys are discussing about is not Zhang Ye. With just the first episode's 'Lyrics to Remembering Your Charm – Remembrance of the Tale of the Crimson Cliff', I also have to address Zhang Ye as Teacher Zhang!"

"Uh."

"History professor?"

"That is a professor of Beijing University!"

"Let's not talk first, we should listen to what the professor has to say."

Finally, someone from the field with authority has spoken. The netizens on Weibo had also quietened down.

The history professor said, "I can tell everyone that, as a history professor, what Teacher Zhang Ye has said can be fully backed by facts, records and has good historical logic. Of course, some of that is Teacher Zhang Ye's personal opinions; I will not comment on those. But since this is a discussion, everyone has their own thoughts. They can add their opinions and analysis into it. A little deviation is normal. But even so, the deviation cannot be too much. Like the empty fort strategy and borrowing the east wind? These are not recorded in history. In fact, many history experts and I share the same analysis as Teacher Zhang Ye. These two events did not exist. Even if they did, they couldn't be so exaggerated, nor could they have happened because of Zhuge Liang. This is totally cooking up facts or embellishment, but it is not the true history. Zhuge Liang is also not a military genius; at most, you can say that he was a military practitioner. Zhuge Liang can also be called a political genius, but his true achievements were not with the military!"

Below, a lot of people immediately Liked the comment and followed it.

Within them, there were a number of history scholars, including the Beijing University professor's colleagues, his students and postdocs. Even other university's professors began to start commenting to argue for Zhang Ye, to let this historical truth dawn upon the mass audiences.

"What?"

"There was really no empty fort strategy?"

"F**k! Zhang Ye was the one who spoke the truth? Those other lecturers were the ones who were bullshi**ing?"

"I've been enlightened! I nearly scolded the wrong person!"

"That's not right. I recall that there was a professor on the scene during the program's recording. He was even given a shot. I know him. That person went on Central TV before. He had doubted Zhang Ye!"

The Beijing University's professor clearly knew Ma Hengyuan, "You are talking about Ma Hengyuan, right? I also saw him. However, you have to know that Professor Ma is an elite in the realm of literature. But if you want to talk about his research and contribution to the realm of history? Sorry, but he doesn't exist in our history circles." He was probably long aware of Ma Hengyuan's spread of misinformation about the Three Kingdoms, so he was not pleased with him. Hence, his tone was not very polite.

"So that's the case."

"Sh*t, that means this Zhang Ye is so good?"

"No way. I must watch the next episode!"

"Are there tickets to the live recording? My dad loves this new segment so much. I want to get a ticket for my dad to let him watch it live and also see with his own eyes Teacher Zhang Ye's awesomeness!"

Public opinion quickly changed. Not many people doubted Zhang Ye anymore. With so many history professors and scholars affirming it, who could say a thing?

Finally, that Beijing University professor and a few history professors recommended "Lecture Room", "I had not thought of the subject for my upcoming lesson for graduate students, but now I have thought of it. I will get them to do a thorough analysis of 'Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'. This is a good program. This is a program

with real history mixed in with Zhang Ye's personal views that agree with historical reasoning. If I have a chance, I really want to have an exchange with Teacher Zhang Ye, face to face. I will watch every episode in the future."

Upon seeing this, Zhang Ye quickly replied, "Professor, you are too kind. There's no exchange to speak of. I should be the one learning from you."

The Beijing University History professor said, "You are being humble, Teacher Zhang. Just with your historical standard and lecturing ability, even in Tsinghua or Beijing University, you will at the minimum obtain a title of Associate Professor!"

Associate Professor?

Man, I can even be an Associate Professor?

But why was that impossible? Zhang Ye recalled that there were several famous hosts in his world who went to universities to become associate professors to lecture after quitting their jobs. Some of them even took hosting as a sideline, while they had an internal position in the university. This direction into academia was not bad.

Zhang Ye was slightly tempted, but he knew that the professor was just making a remark. He did not have the credentials yet. He had to prove himself.

"Teacher Zhang is impressive!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye, I love you!"

"I have three televisions at home! Every 'Lecture Room' episode in the future, I'll turn on all three televisions! Well, but it seems that the television station ratings are calculated through sampling statistics. Three televisions would probably be of no use!"

"I don't really like the Three Kingdoms, nor did I read the novel. But

as long it's Teacher Zhang's work or segment, I will unconditionally support it!"

"Because of that line, The river and mountains today's landscapes paint; Where once there were many courageous and heroic men', I have become Teacher Zhang's hardcore fan!"

"Well said. Every one of Teacher Zhang Ye's poems are so classic. It was too fast when shown on TV, so I didn't see it clearly. I'm hoping that Teacher Zhang Ye will post the original text!"

With the doubts ending, what was left were the cheers from Zhang Ye's fans.

Zhang Ye responded to his fans' request. He posted "Lyrics to Remembering Your Charm – Remembrance of the Tale of the Crimson Cliff"!

Immediately, everyone began to forward it and Like it. Furthermore, all of the comments were full of praise, drowning out everything else!

Initially, people were unsure or did not understand Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms, so there were many criticisms and doubts. But with this poem, not a single person issued a statement criticizing it!

This poem was too good!

The romance, warring and the appearance of heroes in the era of the Three Kingdoms was vividly embodied in this piece!

Many people even believed that amongst all the poems on the Three Kingdoms, this poem was the best, and.. that there was nothing that could compare!

Chapter 136 - The Difficulty of Getting One Live Ticket!

4 o'clock.

Two hours after the program was broadcasted, the reactions and reviews online became more and more heated. The discussions and praises kept coming in. Some areas outside of Beijing, like Hebei province or the northeastern provinces, were not able to receive the broadcast of BTV – Arts Channel, but they got curious and, with the trending news of it, went ahead to search for online videos and watched "Lecture Room"s first episode on streaming websites.

The program was going viral!

It was really viral!

Shortly after, a few people suddenly loitered around outside Hu Fei's team's office. A 30-something-year-old woman and two youths looked in and said, "Excuse me. Is this the office of 'Lecture Room'?"

Xiao Lu, who was the closest to them, replied, "Yes. Who are you looking for?"

The woman said, "It's like this. We are from BTV – Sports Channel, and are your fellow colleagues. I would like to ask if there are any tickets to today's recording for 'Lecture Room'?"

Xiao Lu looked at Hu Fei, "Leader?"

"There are. Besides the ones we distributed, we still have about 50 tickets left." Hu Fei opened the drawer and generously passed the tickets to Xiao Lu, "I had nearly forgotten about them. Please distribute them as you like. Hur Hur."

Xiao Lu gave them three tickets.

The woman said, "Thank you so much. If there's any competition, as

long as it's sports related, we will definitely have some tickets. Just look for us."

Xiao Lu smiled, "It's fine. We are all colleagues."

Ring, ring, ring. Suddenly, Hou Ge's phone rang.

Hou Ge answered, "Hello. Old Sun? I'm busy right now; it's almost recording time. I will call you back tonight."

The caller seemed to be someone from the television station, "Don't hang up. First, help me get a few tickets for 'Lecture Room'. I have a few friends who like the show very much. Since they know I work here, they are insisting that I help get tickets for them. My goddess is one of them! Old Bro, you need to help me out here. My happiness depends on you! I will come upstairs to look for you later. That's set, so leave me three tickets at least!"

Hou Ge was speechless and hung up.

Outside, there was someone again, "Is Dafei around?"

Dafei looked up, "Yo. Isn't that Science Channel's Brother Wu?"

That Brother Wu smiled, "Dafei, my dad and mom would like to attend the live recording of 'Lecture Room', I heard you start at around 5 to 6 P.M.? Let me have two tickets then."

Dafei generously agreed, "Sure. If uncle and auntie wants to watch, it won't be problem."

Wave after wave, people came to ask for tickets. Some were for themselves and some were for friends. There were even people asking for their parents and relatives. In the blink of an eye, their 50 tickets became less than 40 tickets. It was decreasing rapidly, but the number of people who came to ask for tickets kept increasing.

"Hou Ge, give me a ticket!"

"Brother Fei, are there still any tickets? Just one will do."

"Sister Xiao Lu, please just give me one. My friend really wants to come. If I don't get one for him, how can I show my face!"

Xiao Lu did not know whether to laugh or to cry, "But I don't have any."

"Help me to find one, please. Thank you."

"Oh, alright then. Teacher Zhang, can you give me two of your tickets?" Xiao Lu could only turn to Zhang Ye for help.

The 50 tickets from before were already handed out to the team earlier. Zhang Ye had received ten tickets himself. Since he did not know many people in the station, he handed them to Xiao Lu, "Take them."

This afternoon, Hu Fei's program team had become highly sought after. It was difficult to get ahold of a ticket from them!

Later on, the people from the advertising section who knew Zhang Ye from before also wanted some tickets. But Zhang Ye had none left. He was practically empty.

Xiao Lu wiped off her sweat, "So our program is this popular?"

Hou Ge also said tiredly, "Whoever comes next, I won't be able to give anymore tickets to. I'm out of tickets, too."

Hou Di seemed to enjoy the attention. He said, "When we are going around next time, we can puff our chests out and be proud. Let's see who dares say our program cannot make it!"

Zhang Ye laughed. Suddenly, he looked around, "Eh? Where's Chenchen?"

Xiao Lu also helped to look around, "I don't see her around. Where did she go? She couldn't have gotten lost, right?"

Hou Ge happily said, "Can you even lose that little one? Anyone can be lost, but she will never be lost! She's got the street smarts! I've never seen a kid as smart as her!"

As he was saying that, Chenchen came back holding a can of cold Coke, walking and happily slurping her drink. She even gave a delightful burp!

Zhang Ye stared at her, "Where did you go to? I told you not to wander around!"

Chenchen put out her hand and said commandingly, "Zhang Ye, give me a live ticket."

Zhang Ye was stunned, "I will bring you in later. You don't need a ticket. Why would you need one?"

Chenchen pointed outside towards the door, "That auntie bought me Coke. I promised her a ticket."

Zhang Ye smacked his forehead. He had been utterly defeated by the little imp. She even knew how to take bribes now. He had to give Chenchen the last ticket in his hand.

Chenchen took it to the auntie.

She said before leaving, "Thank you, lovely baby. Teacher Zhang, thank you, too."

Hou Ge was very excited, "Look. You guys, even the kid has been activated. This shows how popular our program is. They are crazy for it!"

Hu Fei laughed, "Alright, we should get to the studio earlier."

Hou Ge said excitedly, "Right, we should work hard on today's recording, too. Usually the first episode's ratings are higher. After all, it was a new program. It's more refreshing and audiences watch it with hopes that it will be different. But from the second episode

onwards, the quality really matters. If it's not a good program or does not hold up to expectations, the ratings would drop by a lot. We have to do better in this episode than the last one!"

Dafei gave to Zhang Ye a bottle of mineral water, "Teacher Zhang, it's all yours."

"Leave it to me." Zhang Ye took a sip before leading Chenchen by her hand to the recording studio.

.....

The recording was starting soon.

The audience had gradually entered the set.

Zhang Ye was testing the microphone onstage, when he noticed a few people walking in. They were the Arts Channel's several Leaders, including the Director, Wang Shuixin. He had actually come to observe the recording.

Hu Fei went forward to welcome him, "Director."

Wang Shuixin sat down with the others and said, "Carry on, Old Hu. We are here today as audience members. We just want to have a look; you don't need to be bothered by us."

Hu Fei was not bothered, "Okay, then we will do our work."

Today, there were many colleagues from the television station. They took up a fifth of the seats in the studio. Some of them really liked the program, while the others were instructed by the Leaders to observe and learn. After all, the preliminary rating for "Lecture Room" was too surprising; the first episode hit 7.8%. With such success, there was definitely something worth learning here.

There were many people.

So many pairs of eyes.

These included the colleagues of the television station and their Leaders.

Zhang Ye could feel a little pressure, but it wasn't much. It did not affect him too much, because he had the mental strength and he was never afraid of being onstage!

It was almost time.

Zhang Ye went to the camera and pulled Chenchen, who was curiously listening to what the cameraman was saying, to the audience seats. He carried her up, placed her on a chair and instructed her, "Sit still. When Uncle is recording, don't move or run around. Understood?"

Chenchen impatiently nodded, "Understood."

This child... Sometimes, she made people worried. But most times, she was the most reassuring child, because little Chenchen was different from children her age. She was more mature and knew how to behave, even if you didn't tell her.

Zhang Ye went onto the stage, assured.

Hu Fei said, "Teacher Zhang, are you ready?"

Zhang Ye habitually signalled a number 1 with his finger. This was a habit from the days of being a radio host at the radio station. It was a way of communication to say it was time for a recording or live broadcast in the radio station.

"Alright. Everyone, on cue. 3, 2, 1, start!"

Zhang Ye was very professional. After all, he was a graduate from the broadcast major. He had no expression at first. But once the cameras started rolling, his face wore a big smile, "Hello, everyone. Welcome to today's 'Lecture Room'. I am Zhang Ye. Last episode, I read a melody poem for everyone. It was very well received, especially the part 'With humor he helped see to that the masts and

sculls of Wei's navy go up in smoke and ashes turn into', that had received many positive remarks. It highlighted Zhou Yu's coolness. Yes, actually many of the quotes from any literary person are unreliable."

A few people smiled.

Zhang Ye was self-deprecating about his words, and said, "With humor he helped see to that the masts and sculls of Wei's navy go up in smoke and ashes turn into', this was a little exaggerated. He wasn't that cool; it's only my artistic polishing that made him so. Likewise, Cao Cao had also been artistically polished into a more complex character. Today, we will be speaking about him. When we mention Cao Cao, there are at least three perceptions of him. First, as a hero. Second, as an arch-careerist. Third, as a traitor. So, which one was the most accurate depiction him?"

Which was the most accurate?

Cao Cao was definitely a traitor or an arch-careerist! Were there still any doubts?

Zhang Ye's question had piqued the curiosity of everyone. They were wondering what Zhang Ye would say now.

Zhang Ye continued on, "People say that Cao Cao was wicked. A lot of people do not like him. During the times of Northern Song, Cao Cao was already an unpopular person. So why was he unpopular? Everyone knew that Cao Cao had famously said this before, 'I'd rather do wrong to others, than have others do wrong on me'. What did this mean? This was simply saying that he would rather be the one doing wrong to everyone than to have anyone do any wrong to him. To have had said this, this person must have been really wicked. That was why people hated Cao Cao. Now, let us clear this up as to whether this was the truth."

The audience stirred.

What? How can that not be the truth?

F**k, yesterday you had just vindicated Zhou Yu, then took off Zhuge Liang's halo. Today, you want to vindicate Cao Cao, too? But Cao Cao's case has already been judged! How can there still be disputes? Those words were said by him. If he could have said it, how could he have been a good person?

Wang Shuixin frowned; he hated Cao Cao very much too.

A lot of colleagues from the television station also looked at each other, waiting for Zhang Ye to continue on.

Zhang Ye said, "On this matter, there are some contradictions in the records of history books. It was likely due to Dong Zhuo's persecution that led to Cao Cao fleeing from the capital. While fleeing, he came across an old friend's house. This old friend was called Lu Boshe and he was involved in the tragedy when Cao Cao killed him and his family. There are three versions of this incident. The first one was....." After saying that, Zhang Ye analyzed, "Actually, Cao Cao did not mean to kill them or had killed them wrongly. When they died, Cao Cao was very sad, too. Sigh, what's done is done. Saying he'd rather do wrong to others than have others do wrong on him... So let us look at the situational analysis of this. Cao Cao likely said this as a form of self-comfort, to put the blame on himself for the mistake he had made. But when it was presented in Romance of the Three Kingdoms, he said that with a sense of self-righteousness. In fact, Cao Cao's original words were not as everyone had known it."

Oh?

What were his actual words?

It's not this? Really not?

Zhang Ye slowly explained, "Cao Cao's original words were 'I'd rather have done wrong, than have others be wronged.' But this was changed in Romance of the Three Kingdoms, where he was implied

to be self-centered. This would have made the difference; Cao Cao said those words for that particular situation. Since they were dead, nothing could be done to make up for it. He could only admit that he was in the wrong, rather than let them die under the guise that he was right to kill them. This showed a certain kindness in him. Therefore, from this matter, it could be said that most people's impressions of him are questionable."

"Moving on to the tolerance of Cao Cao....."

"Cao Cao's will was written as such....."

"So I believe that the evaluation of Cao Cao's should be summed up in these three words — a lovable arch-careerist! Why a lovable arch-careerist though? Please stay tuned to the next episode, "The Mystery of the Arch-Careerist"!"

Zhang Ye finished with a bow.

As this moment, everyone erupted into applause!

It was the same reaction as the first episode. This time, all the audience had also stood up. Bba bba bba bba! The applause was all for Zhang Ye!

What a cute "lovable arch-careerist"!

So Cao Cao was actually not as they had known him to be!

This condemned traitor had such a side to him!

Everyone were hooked on listening to the lecture. A few of the audience members rushed up to Zhang Ye for autographs when the recording was done. They liked his program very much and were very impressed by Zhang Ye's knowledge!

Chapter 137 - Meeting Thieves in Crime!

At night.

Hu Fei brought everyone out for the celebration feast.

There was a newsstand on the way. Xiao Lu said, "I'm going to buy some newspapers."

"Buy a few more." Hu Fei laughed, "The relevant papers should have it."

"Okay. But leader, you will need to let me do a claim for those." Xiao Lu giggled and joked around.

Hu Fei laughingly said, "It's only a dollar each. You are so stingy. Fine, I will submit a claim."

After the papers were brought over, Zhang Ye also took some of them and brought Chenchen to the restaurant which Hu Fei had booked. Sitting in the hall, he started flipping through them. Sure enough, the reports were out.

"A mind-changing Analysis of the Three Kingdoms!"

"Lecture Room ignites the studies of National History!"

"BTV – New Arts Program, record-breaking rating creates a new miracle in historical programs!"

"Lecture Room – Why did it become so popular? Watch the series and be brought into Zhang Ye's world of the Three Kingdoms!"

"Zhang Ye – A miracle man at every stage, from being a radio host to a supernatural author to a fairy tale writer to an advertising creative to a television lecturer. See Zhang Ye's route of success!"

Many of the Beijing newspapers mentioned his new program. One of

them had even chronologically listed out his achievements!

"What a great success!" Hou Ge praised.

Dafei smiled, "Teacher Zhang, this time you are famous in Beijing again."

Zhang Ye dismissed it, "That's not true. With my image, no one would remember me."

Just as he said that, a middle-aged couple, who were having lunch in the same hall, suddenly pointed at Zhang Ye. They stood up and walked over, "Are you Teacher Zhang?"

Zhang Ye acknowledged, "That's me."

The woman said happily, "Oh, it's really you."

"I told you he looked like him," her husband said. "Teacher Little Zhang, we watched your program. It is really good. Everything on TV these days are variety programs. They are either pranking or singing. I'm so bored of them. There's no depth to them at all. I still prefer 'Lecture Room'. You are too humorous and made us laugh. The suspense is good, too. It especially hooks us in. Moreover, the program is really good for knowledge. I've learned a lot and have a deeper understanding of history now. This is what I call a good program. Even though those variety programs have good ratings, but what's the use of them? They don't even compare to 'Lecture Room'."

Zhang Ye quickly replied, "Thank you. It's all thanks to your support. It's because of everyone that my program could achieve such a result."

The woman suggested, "Could we have a picture together?"

Zhang Ye smiled, "Of course. No problem," and stood up.

Xiao Lu volunteered, "Let me help you take the photo." She took the digital camera from the woman. She snapped two photos for them.

The couple walked away, satisfied.

Hou Di said, "Look at the popularity of our Teacher Zhang."

Zhang Ye had not expected this. This was the first time that he had been recognized outside. At Chenchen's school, he did have some fans who wanted his autograph, but that was after Zhang Ye mentioned who he was. They did not recognize him first. It could be said that TV was the best form of promotional media. It was where you could become famous most easily. Look, he had been with the radio station for so long, had written so many poems and fairy tales, and yet he remained an unknown. But now, just after one episode of "Lecture Room", people could recognize him. There would still be more episodes broadcasted in the near future. His popularity would definitely keep rising. Yes, even if the broadcast area was kept within Beijing, and even if his popularity would be confined to the city's audiences, but that would be considered quite a success!

The dishes were served.

The steaming hot crabs were being served at the table.

"Chenchen, this was ordered by you. Eat up." Xiao Lu took some to put on her dish.

But Chenchen was looking for something. She finally found a pen and a notebook and looked at Zhang Ye with her big eyes, "Zhang Ye, sign this for me."

Zhang Ye was a little surprised, "Did the sun rise up from the west today?"

Chenchen urged him, "Help me to sign a few more. I will give it to my teachers when I go back to school. This way, even if I don't do my homework, they won't scold me."

Zhang Ye nearly fainted, "Was this your motive all along? Then I won't sign it."

Chenchen used her small hands to push him, "Sign it, sign it."

Everyone was tickled funny by Chenchen, "Your Uncle Zhang does not have so much charm to do that."

Chenchen pursed her lips and said, "He has. One of my female teachers is his hardcore fan. My form teacher is, too."

"Female teacher?" Hou Ge said jealously, "Sigh! Sigh! When will I have treatment like this!"

.....

After dinner.

Everyone headed home after having a good time.

Zhang Ye drove home with Chenchen to Jiaomen. When they arrived, Chenchen had already fallen asleep. Zhang Ye parked the car and tried to wake her up, but she stayed sound asleep. It had been a long day for the child. She had been following him all around the television station, all day long. Zhang Ye undid the seatbelt and carried her in his arms. Heh, she was quite heavy. He turned around and went into the lift to go upstairs.

Dong, dong.

Dong, dong, dong.

"Landlady Auntie?" Zhang Ye shouted from outside the door.

It was almost 9 P.M. There was no sound in the house. Was Rao Aimin still not home?

The shout had woken little Chenchen. She rubbed her eyes cutely, "Zhang Ye, I want to sleep."

"I know, but I think your aunt is not home." Zhang Ye continued knocking.

Suddenly, there was a sound of a small movement coming from inside the house. Squeak. Then came another sound. Ding, dang. The noise was not loud, but both Zhang Ye and Chenchen heard it.

"There's someone inside?" Zhang Ye was stunned.

Chenchen said, "There's a burglar! A burglar!"

Zhang Ye expression changed, "Maybe Landlady Auntie might be at home? Did she get tied up by the burglar?"

Upon hearing, Chenchen said "That's not possible. My aunt is very skilled at kung fu. In this whole world, less than 20 people can beat her!"

Zhang Ye said, "Are you exaggerating?"

Chenchen glanced at him, "It's up to you to believe it or not."

Zhang Ye knocked on the door again, but there was no answer.

Chenchen nervously pulled him, "Zhang Ye, quickly get inside. Quickly!"

"How can I get inside? I don't have the key!" Zhang Ye was also getting worried. He didn't believe Chenchen's words. Even though the Landlady Auntie knew some kung fu, she was probably an amateur. Besides, she was a woman. What if the burglar had a knife.....

No way!

I need to get in!

Zhang Ye looked left and right. Along the hallway was a house with some construction materials outside the door. Inside, there were some PVC boards, the kinds that were used as a roof for the kitchen and bathroom. Zhang Ye quickly walked over and bent down to pick up a piece and broke off one end of it. Then he walked back to the

landlady's door and took out an earpick that was chained to his keys. He inserted the earpick in and adjusted the PVC board. With a twist and a push, the lock moved along with the earpick!

Chenchen asked curiously, "What are you doing?"

"Opening the door," Zhang Ye said.

Kacha! The door was unlocked the next moment!

Chenchen wore an expression of shock. She was dumbfounded!

This was the Skills book he had gained from the last draw at the lottery. For items, he still had two "Saves" and a "Lucky Bread". As for the Skills Category, he had eaten ten Taekwondo Experience Books, while he had eaten seven Calligraphy Experience Books. Finally, he had eaten the least with Lock Picking Experience Books, with the number at two. However, in a small and simple district, even two Skill Experience Books were enough for Zhang Ye. He did not need to think much, as the scenes of how to pick the lock appeared in his brain. There were at least five to six methods that could easily allow him to open Rao Aimin's door.

Zhang Ye threw the keys to his own house to her, "Go to my house. It's dangerous here!"

Chenchen didn't want to do it, "I'm not going. I also know kung fu. My mom and aunt taught me the Eight Trigrams Palm since I was two!"

Zhang Ye suspiciously said, "Eight Trigrams Palm? Then I know Taiji!"

Chenchen argued, "I really know it! My aunt is the Eight Trigrams Palms' number....."

Zhang Ye called 110 and threw the phone to her, "Quickly report to the police. I know that you are smart and know how to tell them. Quickly, go!" He had become serious with her because he was worried that something had happened to Rao Aimin in the house. He had to get inside immediately, but he couldn't possibly bring the

child in with him!

Chenchen could only hold the phone and move further away, "Hello. Policeman uncle? There's a burglar at my house!"

With the little one gone, Zhang Ye didn't have any second thoughts. He suppressed his emotions and walked into the house. He looked around and took the broom from the shoe cabinet beside the door. With the broom in hand, he slowly and carefully walked further into the house. After just two steps, two shadows appeared! It was already dark, and the house was unlit. He could only see that there were two men. They were not too old; they were in their twenties!

Shua!

There was a beam that flashed!

It was a knife! Each of them had a knife!

The moonlight was reflected by the blade onto Zhang Ye's face. He saw it clearly and his face went pale!

Holy sh*t! There really were thieves! I'm finished, I'm finished! This bro is done for today!

However, Zhang Ye did not take a step back and instead moved forward and bolstered his courage, "How dare you rob a private residence under broad daylight! Are you looking for death?"

A thief immediately decided, "Kill him!"

"Alright," said the other thief.

Zhang Ye flustered, "I'm telling you, don't come over. I know kung fu. Stay away from me. If you come closer, my internal energies will injure you with vibrations!"

The two thieves, "..."

Zhang Ye carried on, "What happened to the Big Sis in the house!"

What did you do to her?"

A thief said, "What Big Sis?"

Zhang Ye was relieved when he heard that. They did not know? The Landlady Auntie wasn't home? Then that was great!

"Cut the crap with him. Attack! Let's quickly leave after killing him!" One of the thieves was clearly the leader.

Zhang Ye swung the broom in his hand in a flustered manner, "Don't come over. I'm telling you not to come over. I can really injure you. You haven't seen my prowess! I don't usually fight! But when I do, people will die!" This rascal was a broadcasting professional. All his skills used his mouth!

Chapter 138 - Zhang Ye's Shows His Prowess!

Even talking about killing now?

And even internal energies?

You even know kung fu?

The two thieves looked at Zhang Ye and his physique and immediately realised that this was a guy who wouldn't have passed physical education in primary school. Looking at his weapon, a broom, made them even less worried. How could they be afraid of him?

The two of them went up against him at that point!

Zhang Ye readied the broom once more, ready to start the fight with the thieves!

The taller thief attacked first with a few slashes of the knife!

Zhang Ye was scared sh*tless, but at least he was somewhat capable. While brandishing the broom, he could ward them off at a distance of one meter. They could not approach!

However, the thieves were not dumb. How much offensive power could a broom have? A thief decided to move forward and ignored the two hits of Zhang Ye's broom. It was not especially painful. He wanted to get into "close combat" with Zhang Ye as the shiny sword stabbed over!

Zhang Ye threw the broom down, as he was out of options!

The two thieves sneered and began to approach!

It was unknown when Chenchen suddenly appeared behind him, "Zhang Ye!"

Zhang Ye was worried, "The damn kid! What are you doing here! Quickly go! Hurry!" He could tell that the two were really capable of killing. As Zhang Ye had seen their faces, now with Chenchen here, Zhang Ye could no longer run. As long as he retreated, Chenchen would definitely be caught!

"No one leaves!"

"Kill the both of them!"

The two thieves turned aggressive!

Chenchen was, after all, just a child. She did not even run and just stood rooted to the spot!

Zhang Ye was truly angered at this moment. In his opinion, it was alright to slash at him, but for them to do it to a child? They even wanted to slash at a child? F**k your grandpa! In that instant, Zhang Ye was no longer flustered. His heart was filled with angry emotions!

Let's risk it!

Who gives a f**k who your mother is!

Without the broom, Zhang Ye's hands were empty, but he still charged forward at the two thieves! The shorter thief lifted the knife above his head and slashed at Zhang Ye's head! At this second, a movement suddenly appeared in Zhang Ye's mind. It was as if he had long learned this movement and had honed it a thousand times. Without any thought, he lifted his leg and very accurately kicked the knife in the short thief's hand. And like a conditional reflex, Zhang Ye moved his body to the side and lifted his right leg and used a very precise Taekwondo side kick, hitting the thief's stomach!

Smash!

The thief fell backwards in shock!

The other tall thief was surprised as he quickly stabbed his knife at

Zhang Ye!

Zhang Ye's body slanted and evaded it as much as he could, but his arm was still grazed by the knife, causing blood to flow out!

The tall thief kept his momentum as he stabbed at Zhang Ye a few more times. He was also new to this, so his stabbing was not very accurate!

Zhang Ye dodged three times consecutively and his anger flared once again. Phew. As he sent a straight kick, he kicked the knife out of the second thief's hand. Instead of retreating, Zhang Ye charged forward! He kicked the tall thief's crotch fiercely and heard a terrible cry from him. However, Zhang Ye did not seem to stop. With a turn of his head, he moved his thigh and did a complete roundhouse kick from Taekwondo, hitting straight at the person's chest!

Smash!

The second thief was sent flying backwards!

At this point, not only were the two thieves stunned, even Zhang Ye himself was dumbfounded!

Holy sh*t! I am really an expert! Who knew that this bro was so powerful! Who knew that the ten Taekwondo Experience Books were so useful!

Zhang Ye immediately felt inflated and felt awesome. As he cursed, he began stamping the two thieves on the ground. He did not give them have a chance to recover, "What did I say? Eh? What did I say? I told you that I knew kung fu! And you guys didn't believe? Your dog eyes are blind! Now do you know? Eh? I already said I did not dare attack because I feared for your lives! And you still force me!?"

Smash! Peng!

One stomp after another!

Zhang Ye felt a high from it!

"Hero! Hero, spare us!"

"Aiyo! We failed to recognize a great person like yourself! Please stop beating us! Ah! Please stop beating us!"

The two thieves began pleading.

At this moment, many neighbors were startled!

The sirens of police cars were heard downstairs. Five to six policemen had arrived!

"Where're the thieves? Where are they?" Two policemen even came with guns.

Zhang Ye also stopped his beating, "Comrade policemen, here they are. I have subdued the criminals!"

The policemen also saw the two knives in the house and were surprised, "They were using knives and you managed to subdue the two of them alone?"

A young policeman was suddenly stunned, "Eh, you are... You are that...that...one on the television! Zhang Ye! You are Teacher Zhang Ye!"

Zhang Ye smiled, "That's me."

Chenchen shouted, "Zhang Ye! Blood! Blood!"

Zhang Ye waved his hand, "It's no matter; I'm alright." But when he looked down at the wound left behind by the criminals, he wobbled and immediately collapsed and leaned on the door frame, crying out, "Aiyah, hey! I can't take it anymore! I can't take it!"

The policemen were speechless, "...It's fine. It's just a small wound."

A neighbor also said, "There's not that much blood."

The policeman, who recognized Zhang Ye, said, "Should we call an ambulance?"

Zhang Ye screamed like he was a pig being slaughtered, "Hurry and call the ambulance! Hurry!"

Suddenly, Rao Aimin's figure appeared along the corridor, "What happened? Chenchen!"

Chenchen rushed at her aunt and grabbed her waist upon seeing her aunt back, "Aunt! Thieves came to our house! Zhang Ye was injured!"

Rao Aimin's face sunk, "What about you? Were you injured?"

Chenchen said, "I'm fine. Zhang Ye was protecting me all this while."

A female neighbor said, "I saw it when I came out. Little Zhang sure was good. In the beginning, he was unable to defeat the criminals, but once he saw that they were slashing at Chenchen, Little Zhang was angered and charged at them without any regard. Finally, he used a few kicks to defeat the two thieves. Little Rao, your tenant sure is good!" The auntie gave a thumbs up. "If it were anyone else, they would have long fled!"

When the policemen and neighbors heard this, they felt respect for Zhang Ye!

The only regret was that Zhang Ye did not look anything like a big hero at this moment. The entire corridor was filled with his screams as he covered his arm, "Is the ambulance here? Is the ambulance here?"

Everyone, "..."

A policeman asked Rao Aimin, "Are you the landlady?"

Rao Aimin ignored him and walked straight towards Zhang Ye, "Let me take a look." Grabbing his arm, she pressed an acupuncture

point on Zhang Ye's back. Following that, she pressed forcefully on an acupuncture point on his arm. After massaging it for about ten seconds, she released her hands. "There's no need for an ambulance. It's fine. I'll wrap it up for you in a while."

A miraculous scene happened!

The wound on Zhang Ye's arm had ceased bleeding!

A tenant exclaimed, "Landlady Auntie, you are a traditional Chinese medicine doctor?"

Zhang Ye said eagerly, "I think it's safer to send me to the hospital. What if there's poison on their knives!"

Everyone was at a loss once again. Do you think this is a wuxia novel? Poison?

The thieves were handcuffed by the police, but suddenly the tall thief had a burst of strength as he jumped up. He was trying to escape!

Rao Aimin glanced at him. She was about two meters away from the thief. But when she suddenly made a move, it seemed like she was moving in the style of the Eight Trigrams. She did not even run, but with a twist of her body and two steps, she had appeared in the blink of an eye behind the thief. With her palm raised slightly, she pressed forward. It did not seem to use any strength, but when her palm hit the running thief's thigh, the thief suddenly flew up and slammed to the ground with a thud!

There was no scream and the thief did not even move. The thief laid on the floor, motionless. He had fainted! Seeing the thief's thigh, everyone gasped! His thigh had deformed! There was no need to ask to know! His bones must have been broken!

Just with that one palm?

That light palm?

And it looked like a fluttering move! How could it break bones!?

Rao Aimin's attack frightened the people present, as they turned dumbfounded!

Zhang Ye was also dumbfounded. Your sister! Can you not be so fierce? He knew that Rao Aimin was truly angered, but he had never expected her to be so powerful. Thinking of the words Rao Chenchen said before, Zhang Ye suddenly believed in it. Rao Aimin had really trained in Chinese martial arts? This was the Eight Trigram Palms? However, Zhang Ye had seen the Eight Trigram Palms before. Many old grandpas and grannies did the Taiji or Eight Trigram Palms in the parks. But who had seen such powerful Eight Trigram Palms!?

An old policeman exclaimed, "Is this...hidden force?"

"What? This world really has hidden force?" a younger policeman gaped.

"That can't be! She's just a woman; how could she have reached the point of having hidden force?" another policeman said softly in disbelief. "Isn't that something that only Chinese martial arts grandmasters could obtain?" And all of this was just from what they heard. They had never even seen it before! Could the thief have broken his bones himself when he fell to the ground?

The policemen could not figure it out. Since none of them had even seen a Chinese martial arts expert, none of them could tell, so they could only blindly guess.

The surrounding neighbors did not understand, "What's hidden force? What does it mean?"

An old policeman looked at Rao Aimin with respect, "May I know who..."

Rao Aimin leered at him, "I just deal with renting apartments."

The old policeman cleared his throat, "Is that the case?"

Rao Aimin said, "The matters here have been settled, right? I have someone injured here, and the child has received some shock. Can the testimony be left until tomorrow?"

"Alright, alright. Please take a rest. We will come again tomorrow." The old policeman led the group, as well as the two thieves, away.

The other neighbors were not too concerned with Rao Aimin's prowess, as everyone knew how Rao Aimin had previously beaten two hooligans in the tiny district bare-handedly. They all knew that she was powerful and knew some kung fu. Everyone's focus was on Zhang Ye. He had stepped forward bravely to protect little Chenchen!

"Zhang Ye, you are too fantastic!"

"Little Zhang, I saw you on television. I never knew that you became a celebrity!"

"Ah? Little Zhang went on television?"

"Isn't that the case? None of you have watched 'Lecture Room', right? Little Zhang did a very good job!"

"To think that Little Zhang, who could not pay his rent when he first came, is now working at a television station in the blink of an eye!"

"Then we must call him Teacher Zhang in the future. Just the quality of being able to risk his life to save another... The results Teacher Little Zhang has obtained is in no way strange!"

"That's right. Little Rao, you must thank Zhang Ye well in the future!"

"Right, if not for Little Zhang, your house would definitely be robbed clean. Chenchen would also be in danger!"

Chapter 139 - Teacher Zhang Shamelessly Refuses to Leave!

Deep into the night, even the moon was setting.

Rao Aimin's house, a small maisonette.

After the matters were settled, Zhang Ye lay on the landlady's large fragrant-smelling bed and began to brag, "Landlady Auntie, you may not know, for you came late and didn't see me. Did you know how formidable I was? Eh? In the beginning, I was haphazardly swinging a broom so as to appear weak to the enemy. Do you understand about appearing weak? It wasn't that I couldn't beat them. How can just the two of them be a threat to me? What a joke. That would be ridiculing me. Firstly, I was letting them lower their guard, and secondly, I was fooling around with them. I have kung fu myself, Taekwondo!"

Rao Aimin was rummaging through for medicine in a first-aid kit.

Chenchen leered at Zhang Ye, "...Hur Hur."

Zhang Ye smirked, "Little rascal, what's with that reaction of yours? The pathetic me you saw just now was me just acting. It was really just an act. I was fooling around with them. Did you see uncle's two key kicks that kicked away the knives? Was it interesting? Was it powerful? Haha! That was like a kick from a god! Also, my most beautiful roundhouse kick, that was practically a model example found in textbooks! Was I cool?"

Rao Aimin found a bandage and ointment and smacked him, "Stop bragging. Lie still!"

"Aye," Zhang Ye looked at her worriedly, "Landlady auntie, can you do it lighter. Will this ointment hurt? If it's painful, I sure cannot withstand it. You must..."

Rao Aimin had already poured the ointment!

With that, Zhang Ye screamed out loud, "Ah! Painful, painful, painful!"

Rao Aimin used a cotton bud to dab at his wound, "Endure it, even if it's painful."

"It's really painful! I can't take it! I'm dying! I'm dying!" Zhang Ye wanted to push her, to prevent her from using the ointment.

Rao Aimin roared, "Kid, stop moving!"

"No can do, I don't want it!" Zhang Ye became shameless.

Chenchen looked at him, "Zhang Ye, you are so shameless."

Zhang Ye cried out, "What do you mean, shameless!? If you have the ability, come try it! Ah! Ah!"

Rao Aimin gave a glance and sat down and restricted his body to prevent him from squirming before dabbing his wound with ointment, "To call yourself a cultural artist or host, or someone on television. Look at what you are!"

Zhang Ye also immediately stopped moving, "Cultural artists are also people!"

After Rao Aimin finished dabbing his wound with ointment and bandaged him up, "Who asked a kid like you to not wait for me to return home? If you think there are thieves at home, just give me a call and wait for me to return!"

Zhang Ye grumbled, "Didn't I think that you were at home, and was afraid that you had been tied up by the thieves and was in some danger? Or else, do you think I would choose to fight it out with thieves?"

Rao Aimin was still sitting beside him, "Even if there were twenty of them, they would not be even able to come close to me, let alone two thieves. To think that a kid like you wants to act powerful!"

Zhang Ye grunted, "Who knew you were so powerful?"

Chenchen smirked, "I already said that the number of people who can defeat my aunt does not exceed..."

Rao Aimin interrupted her speech, "Aren't you speaking too much? Return to the house and do your homework!"

Zhang Ye was also curious and asked, "Landlady Auntie, are you really so powerful? What kung fu do you train in? Eight Trigram Palms? When did you learn it?"

Rao Aimin tied a knot in the bandage, "Ask less about my matters!"

"Aunt, I'll be going to do my homework," Chenchen said reluctantly.

Rao Aimin turned her head, "Wait a moment. Have you thanked Uncle Zhang?"

Chenchen acknowledged tersely and looked towards Zhang Ye, "Thank you, Uncle."

Zhang Ye waved his hands, "You're welcome. It was convenient. It's nothing."

After the child left, Zhang Ye no longer cared about his face, "My other arm is also in pain."

"Was it twisted?" The corner of Rao Aimin's mouth showed her frustration.

Zhang Ye lied down with his face down and presented his arm behind him, "Yes, treat it for me."

Rao Aimin took his arm and began pressing on it.

Zhang Ye felt extremely comfortable.

Suddenly, she began massaging his hand, and naturally, the landlady's hand was placed in Zhang Ye's hand. Her hands were not

very slender and was a bit hard, yet it presented a different feeling.

Zhang Ye was enjoying himself greatly.

"It's done!" Rao Aimin got up, "Your injury is fine. You will recover in a few days. Don't touch water and don't eat stimulating foods, such as mutton, fish and shrimp or spicy foods."

Once food was mentioned, Zhang Ye felt hungry and rolled on the bed before looking at Rao Aimin, "I'm hungry. I want to eat ."

Rao Aimin squinted her eyes, "A kid like you became a lord?"

Zhang Ye cried out, "I'm severely injured; I can't even move."

"Look at a man like you behaving this way. Chenchen is even stronger than you!" Rao Aimin's mouth was vicious, but she was soft-hearted. She turned and left, "Wait a while!"

A while later, the fragrance of Zhajiang could be smelled from downstairs.

Zhang Ye took in a few delightful breaths of the fragrance.

After that, Rao Aimin brought a bowl of noodles upstairs. She threw it on the table in a bad mood, "Eat it!"

Zhang Ye looked up with watery eyes, "My arm is injured. The other arm has also been pulled. I can't move. Feed me." Upon seeing the landlady's face go black, Zhang Ye immediately sat up from the bed, "Hai, I was just joking. I'll eat by myself."

"It's hot."

"I know. Hu. Hu. It's so fragrant. Your cooking skills are awesome!"

"Just eat, there's no need to say so much when eating. Why do you have so much crap to say!?"

On the other side, little Chenchen, who was done with her

homework, smelled the fragrance and came over, "Aunt, I also want to eat Zhajiang noodles!". She then stared at Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye protected his food, "I'll fight with anyone who wants to steal my food!"

Chenchen said, "Zhang Ye, give me half. Give me half of yours!"

.....

After the meal.

The young and old one were done eating and were lying on the bed, rubbing their stomachs.

Rao Aimin gestured with her chin towards the door and said to Zhang Ye, "Alright, it's almost 11 P.M. Kid, get lost. These two girls need to sleep!"

Zhang Ye shamelessly refused to leave, "No. What if I fall sick at night? What if there was poison on the knife and it shows its effects at night? There's no one to take care of me at home. When I shout for someone, it would be useless. Also, what if the thieves' accomplices seek me for revenge? Although my kung fu is quite formidable, but that's when I'm not seriously injured. I can't go. I have to stay here."

Rao Aimin stared at him, "Why is a rotten kid like you so squeamish?"

Zhang Ye was lying down comfortably and said in life-cherishing way, "Anyway, I will be staying here. If there's anything, I'll call out to you at night. You know traditional Chinese medicine and can save me in time."

Chenchen did not have any reactions. She lay beside Zhang Ye and fell asleep. Even her shoes were not taken off.

Rao Aimin was unforgiving with her mouth, but she had great maternal instincts. She gently took off Chenchen's tiny shoes before adjusting Chenchen and covering her with a blanket. She then

glared at Zhang Ye and covered his legs with a blanket, "Just this night. Get lost tomorrow!"

Zhang Ye acknowledged, "Then I'm sleeping."

After switching off the lights, Rao Aimin did not seem tired. She carried a book downstairs into the living room.

Zhang Ye had gone through quite a lot today. He had never fought before, ever since he was young. Today, he had even injured himself after battling with the criminals, so he could not last any longer. He fell asleep the moment his head hit the bed.

Chapter 140 - Taking Advantage again!

Late at night.

Rao Aimin and Chenchen were both asleep.

After Zhang Ye slept for an hour, he was suddenly bright and alert. Besides, he was laying beside the landlady. Her bathrobe's sleeves was on Zhang Ye's shoulder, so she was very near to him. The bed was filled with the fragrance of a mature woman, which came from the landlady. Her body's warmth was even constantly emitted, so it would be a wonder if Zhang Ye could carry on sleeping. His heart began to turn itchy like a cat's claw. He once again thought of taking advantage of Rao Aimin like the last time.

Try touching another time? However, it was not easy to take advantage of the landlady. Although Rao Aimin did not pursue the matter the last time, she had still thrown Zhang Ye over her shoulder from the bed onto the ground. Just thinking of it made Zhang Ye feel jittery. He did not have the guts, despite feeling the temptation. However, after a lot of thinking, he came to a conclusion. That's not right. He was now a patient, so the landlady wouldn't be too harsh on him, right?

It was worth it, even if she turned rough!

Being thrown over the shoulder was also worth it!

Zhang Ye was emboldened and was planning to risk his life. Despite the lesson from the burglar who broke his leg, this fellow was risking his life to be a hooligan!

Turning his body sideways, he went from facing the ceiling to facing the landlady. Rao Aimin was sleeping with her back facing him. Her long hair was coiled up, revealing her white neck. Zhang Ye took a deep breath. He moved his hand under the blanket and slowly lifted it up to move it over. As his hand moved across the warm bed, he

touched the landlady's bathrobe at her hips. After some hesitation, he grabbed her hip, despite the bathrobe separating them.

One second...

Two seconds...

The landlady did not respond.

Zhang Ye became even more bold as he gently squeezed the cloth on her hips.

But at this moment, Rao Aimin suddenly moved. Zhang Ye felt her body move, and the bed shake. She used one hand and pinched Zhang Ye's hand, and then threw his hand off from her ass. Zhang Ye felt himself perspire and did not dare move. However, Rao Aimin did not seem to say a word after she made that move. It was like she had returned to sleep.

"Aunt." Chenchen woke up groggily.

Rao Aimin turned around, "What?"

Chenchen yawned, "I want to pee."

Rao Aimin acknowledged, "Got it." She threw away the blanket and stepped down from the bed, barefooted.

Chenchen could go to the toilet herself, as she was not too young anymore. She could do anything adults could do. But as she was too short, she could not reach the bathroom's light switch. Hence, every time that she needed to go to the bathroom at night, she would need to get Rao Aimin to switch the lights on for her. It didn't matter in the day.

The lights switched on.

Chenchen dragged her tiny slippers as she rubbed her eyes.

Zhang Ye was afraid that the landlady would settle the score with

him. He pretended to sleep and even pretended to make a few sleepy grunts.

Huala. The toilet's flush was heard. Little Chenchen walked back and fell back to sleep the moment she crawled back into bed.

Rao Aimin switched off the bathroom's lights and returned to bed. Pulling the blanket open, she placed her beautiful legs inside and lay down. She then covered herself and went back to sleep.

After waiting for more than ten minutes.

Zhang Ye looked towards Rao Aimin from the side again. Her back was still facing him. Zhang Ye's heart turned crooked again. After some struggles with his thoughts, he moved his hand over, bit by bit. This time, he touched Rao Aimin's outer thigh under the blanket. As the landlady's hips were perky, and a woman's hip bone was naturally wider than a man's, her thigh was naturally in a higher position with her laying sideways. Zhang Ye had to go through quite a lot to reach there. His arm was beginning to ache. After all, he had sprained it while fighting with the burglars. He wanted to move his hand lower. If he let his arm rest on her thigh, then it would be a lot more comfortable. With that, if he moved his hand downwards, then he could move his body over. His fingers could then grab onto the opening of the landlady's bathrobe, and then move upwards.

It was unknown if Rao Aimin was sleeping or not, as she did not move.

Zhang Ye uncovered a bit of the bathrobe on her legs. After uncovering it, he flipped it backwards.

Rao Aimin's right leg was naturally exposed. However, Zhang Ye could not see it due to the blanket, but he could still touch it.

Smooth!

Tight!

Soft and delicate!

However, just after touching a few times and before he could recollect the pleasant feel of it, Rao Aimin's hand suddenly shot out and grabbed Zhang Ye's wrist, throwing his hand once again.

Zhang Ye coughed. Seeing Rao Aimin not throw him over her shoulder, he was no longer afraid. He became bolder. After his hand was thrown, Zhang Ye moved his hand over again with his face straight. He touched the behind of her ankle and thigh, and swept across it a time or two. Maybe it was because it was a bit hot under the blanket, Rao Aimin's leg was also becoming sweaty. It was moist, but her sweat was fragrant. It came with her body's delicate fragrance.

Eh.

He touched fabric.

When Zhang Ye's hand moved backwards, his thumb touched the fabric at the corner of Rao Aimin's hip. It was 100% cotton. Zhang Ye understood that this was definitely the landlady's panties. She took off her bra when sleeping, as it was uncomfortable. However, she did not take off her panties.

Zhang Ye used his finger to feel the fabric. The boundary was thin cotton without lace. Moving further upwards, his fingers touched all sorts of patterns. They were definitely flowery patterns. Zhang Ye rubbed his hand a few times and felt the overall fabric. He discovered that it was likely peony flowers or roses.

She wore very traditional undergarments.

Zhang Ye swallowed his saliva as he felt his heart heated up.

At this moment, Rao Aimin turned around. From being on her side, she lay flat.

Zhang Ye quickly pulled his hand away with fright. After a second

and seeing Rao Aimin sleeping, he moved his hand over again. This time, he touched the landlady's waist. After feeling the perimeter, Zhang Ye hesitantly moved further in. He released the bathrobe's belt, which was very easy to release. Then he carefully separated the frontal bathrobe of the landlady. He squeezed his hand into the bathrobe and touched her stomach.

Oh?

There was a scar?

Previously, Zhang Ye had seen it, but he did not pay much attention to it. With this touch, he realized that Rao Aimin was covered in scars. Some of them were protruding and clearly left over from injuries. It was inevitable for martial arts practitioners. However, Zhang Ye felt his heart ache for her.

Rao Aimin suddenly spoke, "Can you sleep already?"

"Cough, yes, yes," Zhang Ye said embarrassingly.

Rao Aimin threw his hand out from her clothes, "Sleep! I'm sleepy!"

Since she had already spoken, Zhang Ye did not dare to be impetuous again. Clearing his throat, he lay down properly and did not touch the landlady again. Hai, it was best to stop before she got angry. If he really angered Rao Aimin, probably ten of Zhang Ye himself would end up being beaten up by the landlady.

However, he had taken a lot of advantages!

Zhang Ye secretly moved his hand to his nose and smelled it. It was filled with the fragrance of the landlady's sweat. Of course, it wasn't really especially fragrant, but it was a smell that made his heart be at ease.

Chapter 141 - Introduce a girl to Zhang Ye?

Sunday.

Zhang Ye woke up in the morning.

He was awoken by the pain. Even before he could open his eyes, he was already groaning in pain. When he opened his eyes, he saw Rao Aimin dressing his wound.

"Don't move!" Rao Aimin said.

Zhang Ye shouted, "Let go! Painful, painful, painful!"

Rao Aimin thundered, "Keep still! It's almost done!"

Chenchen also woke up, and she was hurrying at him in bed. Even a child looked down on him.

Zhang Ye didn't care; he cherished life and was afraid of pain. He could only focus on himself now, "Lightly, lightly! The pain's killing me! Ah, ah! I'm gonna die!"

Finally, Rao Aimin gave him a pat, "Alright, it's done."

Zhang Ye fell back onto the bed, sweating, "I can't move anymore. I'm gonna die!"

Rao Aimin patted hard on his thigh, "Don't play dumb with me. The wound has already started to close up. As long as you don't move heavy stuff, it will be fine. Hurry up and get up!"

Zhang Ye grumbled, "Can I have breakfast? If I get breakfast, I will get up."

Rao Aimin pulled Chenchen up, "Let's go. The two of us will go have breakfast. He can stay there if he wants!"

"What? It has already been prepared? I'll be right there!" Zhang Ye

tumbled out of bed to brush his teeth. His actions were very quick. He tore open a new package holding a toothbrush which was placed there and used a pink face towel to dry his face without knowing who it belonged to. From the smell, it should be the landlady's. Last night, Zhang Ye had enjoyed her scent close up. Even his hands held the scent from her body. He was naturally familiar with it.

Downstairs.

The two of them had already started on breakfast.

"Hey, why didn't you two wait for me." Zhang Ye sat down and took an egg with his chopsticks and stuffed it into his mouth, "Mmmm, delicious!"

Ring, ring, ring.

Zhang Ye phone, which he had left upstairs, was ringing.

"Landlady Auntie." Zhang Ye said when he heard the phone ring, "My leg still hurts. It would be hard to go up and down the stairs. Can you help me get the phone?"

Chenchen pouted and said, "Fragile!"

Zhang Ye stared at the little one, "Your uncle, I, was hurt badly. Understand?"

Rao Aimin slammed her chopsticks on the table, staring at Zhang Ye, "I am not going to take it up with you because you protected Chenchen! Are you addicted with commanding me?" Even though she said so, Rao Aimin still went upstairs and threw the phone to him.

The phone stopped ringing.

Zhang Ye took a look at the number and called back, "Hello, Brother Hu."

"Little Zhang." Hu Fei asked, "Are you stuck in a jam? Didn't you say that you were coming earlier today?"

Zhang Ye sighed, "Let's not talk about it. I might not be able to make it today."

Hu Fei knew that Zhang Ye was very professional, as he would usually arrive one to two hours early, in order to work or clean up the office. No one was as professional as he was in the office. He was a guy who would work to death. Most of the time, he would be forced to go on leave by the Leader instead of taking leave himself. Therefore, Hu Fei understood that something must have happened, "Why? What happened?"

Zhang Ye sighed again, "Yesterday, a neighbor's house was burgled. There were two of them, and both had knives. I had to do something, so I fought them and my arm was wounded."

Hu Fei said surprised, "Eh? Is the injury serious?"

Zhang Ye replied, "It's not so serious; I just need some rest."

Hu Fei said, "You are really great. A literary man like you went up against some criminals. They even had knives. Don't you want to live anymore? Next time, don't force it. What if something happens? Luckily, you are fine! Alright, I will give you a few days off to rest. You can come back when you are better! I will bring the team to go visit you tonight!"

Zhang Ye quickly said, "Don't, don't. The team is busy, and my injuries are not that serious. Don't bother everyone. I will return to work on Monday."

Hu Fei said, "Alright, take good care of yourself then."

Zhang Ye said, "Okay. Thank you for your concern, Leader."

He hung up. Rao Aimin then said to Chenchen, "When you grow up, remember not to learn from a certain person. A small injury, and

he's crying like he's going to die."

Chenchen had a sip of her porridge, "Mmh."

Hearing what the landlady said, Zhang Ye was not angry. He stole a glance at Rao Aimin's outfit that she was wearing today. She was wearing an all-white pair of yoga pants and it was skin-tight.

However, there was a fabric belt wrapped around her legs. Her top was black, without many frills. The landlady usually wore clothes that did not look trendy and looked old. However, she wore it beautifully. Especially those yoga pants... They clinged to her thighs and beautiful hips tightly, showcasing her curves. Her figure was fantastic.

After breakfast.

Rao Aimin didn't keep him around, "Okay, get lost now."

Zhang Ye asked, "Then, am I going to get any lunch?"

"I'm going to bring Chenchen to the police station to have her statement recorded. You are injured, so I will bring back the statement form for you to sign. I have no time to make lunch, so don't expect too much!" Rao Aimin then chased him off.

.....

Afternoon.

Zhang Ye couldn't bear with the hunger any longer. He went to the landlady auntie's house, but no one was around. He received a call from his mom at this moment, so Zhang Ye decided to head home.

Caishikou.

The area around his home.

Zhang Ye pulled down his sleeves before heading upstairs. He did not want his dad and mom to see his injury, so as not to worry them.

When the door opened, there were lots of voices inside!

Zhang Ye got a fright when he entered. He saw 3-4 people the moment he entered, and there were more inside.

His mother pulled him in and said caringly, "Come inside. Did you eat yet? Mom cooked something for you."

Once inside, Zhang Ye noticed there were 8-9 people. He knew all of them. They were all the elder neighbors. "Auntie Zhang, Auntie Chen, Uncle Sun, Brother Li, Grandpa Liu."

It was 1 P.M. now and the TV was tuned in to BTV Arts Channel. They were watching 'Lecture Room' and Zhang Ye was talking about Cao Cao's life on TV.

"Aiyo, Little Ye is back!"

"You are a big star now!"

"Right, right. You've done your family proud!"

"Brother Zhang, I envy you so much. Your son is so great!"

"I carried Zhang Ye around when he was still young. Who would have thought that he has become a big star in the blink of an eye. When he was young, I had already known that he would grow up to do big things!"

"Brother Zhang, really, you and your wife. How can you tell us only today? I did now know that Zhang Ye has already become so famous in Beijing. Why did you hide it from your old neighbors?"

Everyone was busy discussing.

His mother said with pride, "That's not true. This kid has only just began. It wasn't worth mentioning, hur hur. Actually our son didn't want us to mention it to anyone. Don't you know my son? He has always maintained a low profile! Besides, I don't like talking about

such things. It's not a big matter, so I didn't tell you all beforehand." Actually, this was not the reason. The reason was because Zhang Ye had only informed them yesterday that he had started work at the Beijing Television Station. The program was also going to air very soon. They didn't like to talk about it, my ass! He maintained a low profile, my ass! Otherwise, by that mouth of his mother's, how could she hold it in? Whenever Zhang Ye had some results, she would want to let the whole neighborhood know!

Uncle Sun nodded vigorously, "Yes, yes. Little Ye has always maintained such a low profile!"

Grandpa Liu laughed heartily, "That's the making of a great person! Good! Really good!"

Auntie Chen excitedly held up Zhang Ye's mother's hands and sat down, "Little Ye's mom, I heard that Little Ye doesn't have a girlfriend yet? I have a niece who is quite pretty and has a good job at the bank. Why don't we arrange a time for them to meet up? They can get to know each other."

His mom played hard to get on his behalf, "Aiya, our Little Ye is not that old yet. I have not considered him dating so early on."

Auntie Chen said, "He's not that young; he's already 23 years old and will be 24 in no time. It's the right time to start a family."

Brother Li said, "You can't say it like that. Actually, look at all the big stars. They marry late, and there are a lot of them who are not even married at 40. Marriage will affect their careers, so there's really no rush."

The program ended.

The neighbors went back to their own homes.

Only then did Zhang Ye begin to have the lunch prepared by his mother. He had been chatting with the neighbors earlier, "Hu, I'm starving. Dad, mom, why did the neighbors all come over?"

His dad said with a straight face, "It's all because of your mom. She's been telling it to everyone, and now the whole neighborhood knows that you are famous!"

Zhang Ye, "..."

His mother dismissively said, "My son is on TV! Can't I be happy about it? Can't I?"

His father said, "Being happy about it is one thing, but don't exaggerate like saying Little Ye has even appeared on satellite TV, that Central TV has already targeted to headhunt him to their station. You are saying all that without any basis!"

Zhang Ye said while eating, "Dad, mom is just being happy. Let her be. I've not brought much pride to our family in all these years. Now that I have achieved some results, mom can finally be proud. Like our Auntie Chen, when I was young, she still spoke behind me saying that with my looks, I would never be able to find a wife. Yet she wants to introduce someone to me now, and it's even her niece. Just let mom get back all the pride we've lost in the past."

His mother, hearing that, immediately stood up and hugged him. She said to her husband, "Look, look. Our son is the one who truly cares about me! A mother still prides herself by her son, don't you know? Those neighbors have been talking behind our backs all these years. Now I can finally prove them wrong!"

His father did not bother anymore and continued reading the papers.

His mother sat down, "But speaking of earlier, I've seen Old Chen's niece before. Her looks are quite good and she has a good stature, and she's about 1.66 metres tall. If you really think it's a good idea, do go and meet her. If not, then tell mom who has caught your eye. Mom will settle it for you! You are a big star now, and your status is now different. In the past, others would be the one to choose you, but now it's you who can do the choosing!"

"There's no rush."

"Really, you don't have anyone in mind?"

"No one; you don't need to worry about this."

Zhang Ye ate silently. There were some things that he would never tell his mother.

Of course, he had someone in mind. The landlady auntie, the Heavenly Queen... He had them in his mind, but would they have him in their minds? Impossible! And with their ages, his father and mother would never agree to it! Therefore, there were some things that Zhang Ye only had passing thoughts about!

Chapter 142 - Growing Success of "Lecture Room"!

Monday morning.

Zhang Ye went to the police station to record his statement. It didn't take too long. After taking care of the issue, he finally arrived at work.

"Ah, Teacher Zhang!"

"Why did you come to work?"

"Didn't Brother Hu give you time off?"

"How's your injury? Where is it? Is it serious?"

When he arrived, Hou Ge, Dafei and the others surrounded him and asked him many questions out of concern.

Zhang Ye folded up his sleeves to show them, "Thank you for your concern, everyone. I'm fine. It has almost recovered and shouldn't affect work too much."

Xiao Lu was shocked, "Such a big wound?"

Hu Fei also came over, "It's a knife injury? That's dangerous!"

Zhang Ye answered, "It's already healing up. A few more days and it should be totally fine."

Hu Fei pointed at him and said in earnest, "You... It's not that I want to criticize you. Even if you were being a good samaritan, there should be a limit. Do you understand? You have a good heart and intentions, but this is out of your abilities. You are in the literature field and were a radio host. Your kung fu hangs off your mouth and is written with a pen. Yet you dare to pick a fight with criminals? And even two of them? With knives? You really don't value your life!"

Zhang Ye smiled, "It was Chenchen house. I was worried that her aunt was tied up. She's very good to me, so I had to help. Besides, they were going to attack Chenchen. I was right there, so I couldn't have not done anything. Even if I had to fight for my life, I couldn't let a child get hurt."

"So that's how it was!" Hu Fei understood. He squeezed Zhang Ye's shoulders, "Well done!"

Xiao Lu had a face full of admiration, "Teacher Zhang is really an ethical man! He's a role model for the people! Our role model!"

Dafei took the initiative to get some water from the water cooler, "Teacher Zhang, don't exert yourself. Today, leave everything to us. If there's anything you need, I will get it for you!"

Zhang Ye quickly said, "I appreciate your kindness, but it's okay. I can move around. It's just a little injury. Hur hur. When I was slashed that day and bleeding, I didn't even raise an eyebrow. In the end, I fought with all I had and captured the two thieves. When the police arrived, they wanted to call an ambulance for me, but I rejected it. A small injury like that needs an ambulance? What a joke! Wouldn't that be an insult to me? It's a small injury, so don't worry!"

Xiao Lu was stunned, "You are that fierce?"

Zhang Ye boasted, "I'm not bad at all. I'm pretty alright."

After chatting, Hou Ge suddenly asked, "Teacher Zhang, did you watch yesterday's 'Lecture Room'?"

Zhang Ye replied, "I had some things to handle yesterday, but I did catch a bit of it. It was okay; it didn't have many problems."

Hu Fei laughed and said, "Yesterday, I had everyone come to work earlier to discuss the second episode's editing and the issues for the third episode. We would like your opinion on how to edit it, such as which parts to cut away and which parts to keep. After hearing about your injury, I did not ask you further. I discussed with everyone else

and we decided to do it similar to the first episode, keeping it fully. However you said it, we will keep it as it is. When we saw the comments on the internet later on and asked some professionals for their opinions, everyone said this episode was as good as the first one. It was not draggy. Every part had a hook that kept the viewers interested. It's basically a textbook for history classes!"

Dafei said "Yeah, an ex-colleague, who is also an old friend of mine, called me. He said that my editing and treatment of the show were very good, and even the netizens said so. Hur hur. But they don't know that I didn't even have to do any changes. Not a frame was cut. Your lecture was too good, and the rhythm was too well controlled, so there was nothing irrelevant to remove. Teacher Zhang, you are really making my job obsolete. In all my years of editing, even the best ones had to be edited a little. But I have never seen an episode where after a program has been recorded, no additional editing was required!"

Xiao Lu happily said, "If not, Teacher Little Zhang would not be called Teacher Little Zhang!"

Zhang Ye thought to himself. Of course, there was no useless footage. He did not know how Yi Zhongtia gave the lecture, but the "Lecture Room" he watched was the edited product; it was the essence, so of course there wasn't anything that could be cut.

"Right... How was the rating for the 2nd episode?" Zhang Ye asked, "Did it maintain or go up?"

"We still don't know. In a while, we will. Wait a while." Hu Fei looked at his watch, "It will be soon."

Everyone went back to their seats, but no one did any work. They were all anxious to know the ratings. The beginning few episodes were the most important to them. From the ratings, it would show the potential and momentum of the program. Many in the station were also focused on it; the ratings were the decisive factor in many decisions.

Five minutes...

Ten minutes...

A person suddenly came.

It was Editor Wei. Zhang Ye had seen him once before. It had been the day when he arrived early and saw him, a pretty old man, cleaning the office for them. He had even asked for an autograph from Zhang Ye. Later, he found out that Editor Wei had offended Wang Shuixin and was given menial tasks to do.

Hu Fei apparently knew him, too, "Brother Wei, why are you here?"

Editor Wei smiled, "The director wants you and Teacher Little Zhang to go to the meeting room. Maybe something is up."

"They could have just gotten someone else to notify us. There are many other younger staff in your department. Also, a phone call would have sufficed. You are poor in health, so don't keep running around." Hu Fei said.

Editor Wei laughed, "Don't take me for an old man. I'm fine. My health is good!"

Hu Fei said, "I will speak to the Leader afterwards, to transfer you over to our program team. You have to bear with so much working at your department. There's no need for that. I can't bear to watch it go on like this."

"Thanks, but it's okay." Editor Wei said.

After chatting for a while, Hu Fei brought Zhang Ye along with him.

Behind, Editor Wei followed them out. He ran into several of his team's colleagues. Everyone was very polite and greeted him.

"Uncle Wei," a girl said.

Another youth said, "I went home a few days ago and bought some

tea back with me. I'll bring some for you later."

Behind, a woman said, "Oh, yes. Our department has saved a lot of bottles. When they wanted to throw them away, I didn't allow them to. I will put them under your desk later."

Editor Wei said, "Thank you. I will go get them from you instead."

"No need, no need. Let me bring them to you." the woman said.

In front, Zhang Ye witnessed the scene and asked curiously, "Editor Wei is so well-liked?"

Hu Fei sighed "That's only natural. Every time the station holds a donation drive, Brother Wei always donates the most. Which colleague here has never received kindness from him? As long as anyone asks, he would help, no questions asked. He even takes the initiative to help everyone clean up, change the water dispenser, and fix the air conditioners."

Zhang Ye asked, "Then what's the matter about the bottles?"

Hu Fei explained, "Brother Wei usually sells old bottles. Sometimes after work, he would go rummage through the trash outside. You must think that he does not have enough money, right? Of course he doesn't. The money he gets from those are either donated out or to sponsor some children who can't afford to go to school. Previously, one of the children he sponsored graduated from a university. That child came to the television station immediately after the ceremony with his family to kowtow and thank him. The child even calls him Father Wei. When I saw it myself, I was so touched. I heard that Brother Wei supported more than ten children through school with his salary and money that he gets from selling bottles! He's such a great man. How can anyone not respect him?"

Zhang Ye frowned, "Then why is Uncle Wei not appreciated?"

Hu Fei sighed, "Don't mention it, or I will get angry. I will only tell you briefly, but don't tell this to anyone else. It's Wang Shuixin's son. He

came to the television station some years ago and flirted around. He was being very touchy with a few women, when Brother Wei saw it and used a chair to chase him away. In the end, Director Wang removed him from his position and used him like an assistant. He has him send documents, move stuff around, and does not leave him any dignity.

Zhang Ye's expression changed, "There's such a thing?"

"I just know about it. Don't spread this around." Hu Fei said.

After hearing this, Zhang Ye's impression of Wang Shuixin became worse. This old bast**d!

.....

In the small meeting room.

There were quite a few people who attended. The Arts Channel's section and different program teams in charge all attended.

Wang Shuixin, who was seated in the centre, pressed his hands together and smiled, "Old Hu, you're here? Take a seat. Let's officially begin the meeting. Let me first announce the ratings for this weekend's 'Lecture Room'. 'Lecture Room's first episode garnered 7.72%, slightly lower than the estimated 7.8%. As for the second episode's ratings... It's 8.06%!"

The meeting room was in a state of shock!

"It broke 8%?"

"Breaking 8% on the second episode?"

"This... How did the rating get so high?"

The other program teams' personnel looked at each other.

Zhang Ye snapped his fingers secretly under the table. In his previous world, "Lecture Room" had a highest rating of only 0.5%.

That was at its peak, but of course that was the national rating. If we were to use total viewers, the 8% that the BTV-Arts Channel had would surely not even be near to the 0.5% viewership. But it should not be compared that way. To be fair, one had to use Beijing area's viewership as a comparison. In that way, Zhang Ye's version of "Lecture Room" far exceeded Yi Zhongtian's "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" ratings in the Beijing area. This was without a doubt!

Why was it higher than the original version?

What reasons caused this?

Zhang Ye analyzed the causes to be due to the numerous modifications to the culture of this world. This world had less knowledge of the Three Kingdoms compared to his previous world. It could even be said that they were far lacking in their understanding. Everyone did not have a clear understanding of this historical period. Their understanding of it was all from "Romance of the Three Kingdoms", so when "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" was released, the shock and uproar it created was bigger and that caused it to be more well received!

"I called for everyone today regarding a matter." Wang Shuixin looked at them and said "I would like to single out praise for the team behind 'Lecture Room'. Through their hard work, our Arts Channel's overall rating for the weekend was also pulled up. We are already firmly in third place overall in the whole of Beijing Television Station. We were even in 2nd place on Sunday. But for the weekdays, our results are always in limbo. What's the problem? We have done some research. Yes, we are lacking a signature program. We were unable to capture the attention of the audience, to make them think of watching the Arts Channel when they turn on their televisions. We want to change that through an outstanding signature program, to pull in more viewers and bring up our ratings!"

Wang Meng, the person in charge of the Music Charts program asked, "What is your direction?"

The Entertainment News director asked, "You want to add a new program? But there are no good ideas."

"No." Wang Shuixin said, "What I want is to extend the broadcast of 'Lecture Room' from Monday to Friday as well, for a total of seven days a week!"

Jiang Fen was shocked, "But....."

Wang Meng didn't quite agree too, "But there's no program slot available!"

Wang Shuixin explained, "If there are no slots, then we make one." He took a chart out to give a look, "I noticed that at 3-4 P.M. on weekdays, there's a skit and crosstalk segment. Its ratings have always been low, as it's an old program with old material. Those skits and crosstalk have been repeated again and again, and there's nothing new to it. The audience is also tired of watching those. To obtain the rights, we have to pay for the copyright, making us lose more than we gain. I don't think that there's any need to keep such a program running. With this slot opened up, and pushing the segment at the weekday 1 o'clock by an hour, we can let 'Lecture Room' carry on broadcasting from 1 o'clock to 2. What does everyone think?"

No one said anything. Since the Leader had decided on it, they had no grounds to rebutt.

"Old Hu, can your side make it?" Wang Shuixin asked.

Increasing the program's time, and especially with an increase with five days, Hu Fei naturally agreed with both hands, "I have no problem. I'm not sure about Teacher Little Zhang..."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "I have no problems, too. The program is in my head, so I can do it at any moment." Increasing the program's time also meant accelerating Zhang Ye's accumulation in his reputation, so he naturally did not object to it. It was more tiring, but

all that mattered was he become famous!

An Arts Channel's Leader asked, "How many episodes of 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' are left remaining?"

Zhang Ye gave some thought. Many things in the original 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' could not be used. As the world's culture had changed, for example, there was no point talking about famous people like Lu Xun or Qian Xuesen. There was definitely need for some reduction, but it could not be that much, "No matter what, there should be ten plus episodes."

That Leader nodded, "Alright, ten plus episodes is the best. If you have more to say, then please do so. You are the highlight of our channel."

Wang Shuixin looked at Hu Fei, "Old Hu, when 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms ' is done, quickly find a lecturer to take over as soon as possible. We must let this segment be long-lasting, and it must be well-done!"

Hu Fei said, "I got it!"

"Alright, then it's decided. You are dismissed!" Wang Shuixin got up and left.

The other segment teams said after the meeting was dismissed, "Old Hu, Teacher Zhang, congratulations."

"Hai, with such ratings, you really make us die of envy. If our segment can break 8...no, breaking 5 would do. I would be so happy that I'll wake up in the middle of sleep!" a supervisor said.

Wang Meng laughed out heartily, "Then pull Teacher Zhang over to your side."

Hu Fei stared at them, "I'm telling all of you, no one is to dare touch Little Zhang. I will really have a falling out, so don't even think about it!"

Chapter 143 - Establishing Zhang Ye's Official Fanclub!

After reaching home.

The clock was pointing at 8:30 P.M.

Starting tomorrow, Zhang Ye and the program team would have to busy themselves with recording "Lecture Room". Preparing to take over the timeslot of the cancelled crosstalk program, they had to create the work plan and program, so they worked until it was quite late. Luckily, Hu Fei got someone to buy them dinner takeouts, so that they didn't go home hungry.

Huu, tired.

Oh, right. Let's take a look at the reputation.

The program had been broadcasted over the past two days and Zhang Ye had been holding back from looking at his Reputation points. When he was lying in bed, he brought up the game interface!

Total Reputation: 980,271!

980,000! It was almost a million!

Thinking back, when he had first started the broadcast for "Ghost Blows Out the Light", he would gain an additional 20-30,000 Reputation. But this time, in just two days, he had gained so much? This meant that on average, he had gained about 500,000 of Reputation each day? It was about 20 times more than what he would have gotten at the radio station?

Although Zhang Ye had a few incidents that had led to his Reputation jumping by a few hundred thousand, they were one-offs. Those times, he had captured the attention of people, which led to the jump in Reputation points. Those kind of incidents happened

only once in a blue moon.

It was different now. With “Lecture Room” scheduled to be broadcast seven days a week, the large number of Reputation points earned each day would become the new normal. What sort of concept was this? Even if a lot of people went to work from Monday to Friday and couldn’t watch the program in the afternoon, they could choose to watch it on the internet at night. The rating would not be as high as on Saturdays, but a few hundred thousand Reputation points a day would not be a problem!

A few hundred thousand Reputation points a day!

This would mean a rhythm of playing the lottery more than once per day!

Zhang Ye did not play the lottery today; he wanted to accumulate his Reputation points. So he bought three memory search capsules and ate one to start searching through his memory of Yi Zhongtian’s “Analysis of the Three Kingdoms”. After finishing the first capsule, he ate another two. In the end, he had a bit left to search through, and so annoyingly had to buy another memory search capsule, for a total of four now, to finish up the series of “Analysis of the Three Kingdoms” memory search.

When he first used it to search through “Ghost Blows Out the Light”, one capsule would have been enough to memorize a lot of words. But this time, he had to expend quite a number of them. Firstly, maybe because a novel was presented as text, it was more simplified and easier to memorize. A video would include subtitles, audio and video, etc, which was a lot more complex.

Secondly, “Ghost Blows Out the Light” was memorised continuously when he had nothing to do other than reading, so the memory data was more ‘whole’. “Analysis of the Three Kingdoms” was watched by Zhang Ye at different times, sometimes on television, sometimes online. The timings were irregular and the continuity was pretty much broken. Therefore, there were some difficulties in searching

the memory and more capsules were used.

Four capsules!

400,000 reputation points!

Zhang Ye felt the pain of spending for the extra capsule, and so to change his mood, he switched on the computer to check on the Celebrity Rankings website. He searched his name.

He was still ranked as an E-List celebrity!

But what made Zhang Ye happy was that in the past, he had just entered the E-List rankings and was at the bottom of it. He had floated around the last few places while he was out of work. Without exposure, he had even dropped a few places and had nearly fallen off the E-List! But now, his ranking had skyrocketed. It was as if he took a rocketship up from the bottom to somewhere above the middle. If the trend continued, after he finished with "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms", he might even fly up into the D-List rankings!

Come on!

He was getting closer to his dreams!

"Is Teacher Zhang around?"

"Paging for Teacher Zhang Ye!"

"@ZhangYe! God, please respond!"

Suddenly, a lot of people were @-ing him on Weibo.

His Weibo client was always on. When he saw it, he immediately opened up Weibo to see what was happening and why they were all looking for him.

ZhangYeNumber1Fan had @ him. When Zhang Ye saw it, he replied to him, "I'm here."

"Haha, the god is here!"

"He's been called out!"

"We have something serious to discuss. Brother Number1, you discuss it with Teacher Zhang."

There were many of Zhang Ye's fans standing by on Weibo today, and Zhang Ye did not know what was going on.

ZhangYeNumber1Fan mentioned, "Teacher Zhang, we all had a discussion today. In the past, we called ourselves your troll army. In fact, we really were a troll army. We were always trolling around or getting into arguments with others. But now, most of those who joined in the commotions for fun have become fans of your works. Some of us like your novels, some of us like your modern poetry, some like your melody poems, and some like your new program 'Lecture Room'. Then, there are some like me, who like all of your works. After our discussion, we realised that we can't call ourselves your troll army; that's too meaningless. Besides, we were trolls in the past, but have now become your fans."

Zhang Ye blinked, before typing, "What you mean is..?"

ZhangYeNumber1Fan replied, "We would like to set up your fan club. Although your fame is still far off from those established celebrities, and you're only an E-Lister, many E-Listers don't have an official fanclub because they don't have many fans. But that's them. You definitely have many fans. Just our army alone has a few hundred of us. Don't see us as a pile of loose sand. When you need our help, we will always respond. We are your hardcore fans!"

"Right!"

"I will join, too!"

"Count me in!"

"My large saber is again again again again again again again

unable to endure the thirst!"

"Haha, Big Saber Bro is here again! Why do you always only have that to say?"

"Teacher Zhang, please decide soon. As long as you agree, we can set up the fan club. In the future, we will go wherever you command us to go!"

Everyone lent their support!

Seeing the fans like this, Zhang Ye was a little touched, "Okay. Of course, I don't have a problem, but I have been very busy lately. I definitely don't have the time to manage it. Can you all elect a moderator?"

"Is there a need for election?"

"Just let Number1 do it!"

"Right, Number1 is the most suitable!"

"I fully support it. Every time Teacher Zhang has a problem, Number1 is always the first to rush in to help. We can't do any better than that."

"Big Saber Bro is not bad, too. He is also a fierce general!"

"Then Number1 will be the moderator and Big Saber Bro will be the deputy moderator?"

No one had any qualms about that.

Zhang Ye then said, "Alright, then it's decided. I'll have to trouble Number1 and Big Saber Bro in the future."

ZhangYeNumber1Fan said, "It's no trouble at all. Since everyone trusts in me, then I won't reject it or it will appear corny. Also, Teacher Zhang please do not worry. I will definitely manage your fan club properly."

Zhang Ye private messaged him, "1482642921. This is my cell phone number. Let's keep in contact." He also sent it to Big Saber Bro.

Ring, ring, ring.

A phone call quickly came in.

Zhang Ye picked it up, "Hello. How are you?"

The person on the other side of the phone had, to his surprise, a female's voice, "Hello, Teacher Zhang. I'm ZhangYeNumber1Fan. Hur Hur. It's such a pleasure to hear my idol's voice."

Zhang Ye said in surprise, "You are.. female?"

She said, "I never said I was male. Oh, the bios was made up." Saying that, she said very properly, "Let me introduce myself. You can call me Number1 or Yang Lian. I'm about twenty years old, and have been working at a private company after graduation. I'm just a small employee at the moment, but I studied management, so I have some experience in management, so I can definitely do well managing your fan club. Teacher Zhang, where do you think our HQ should be set up? We must set up a fan platform, so that it is easy for everyone to interact and increase our club's cohesion."

Zhang Ye was not very familiar with this, "What's your suggestion?"

Yang Lian said, "Typically, those A-list celebrities have their own personal websites, which are also the gathering ground for their fans. However, we do not have the ability to do so, nor is there a need. Also, a specialized website is too limiting and more closed off. I think it's best if our fan club's HQ is on Tieba. It's fast and easy to communicate. Its capacity is big, so if it is done well, it can last a lifetime!"

Zhang Ye found it reasonable, "Alright, I'll follow what you said. Sorry for troubling you."

"You're welcome. Then I'll register on Tieba now. Phew. I'm a bit tired

today. I don't know why I'm so tired these few days. Hur hur. I'll quickly do it up and go to bed. I'll rally the masses tomorrow." Yang Lian said.

Zhang Ye said, "Alright, then rest early and don't overwork yourself."

This world also had Tieba, but it was not , but it was another search engine's Tieba format. In general, there was not much difference, and it only had a few different functionalities. What Yang Lian said was reasonable. Tieba was the best HQ for a fan club. People could interact freely over there, airing their own views. They could also post notices and broadcasting information. It was quite an open platform.

What about Weibo?

That definitely wouldn't work!

Other than Weibo, in this world, there were other instant messaging programs like , which all had several limitations. It was easy to see why these communication tools did not work. It was alright for a small group of people to communicate, but once the fan club's numbers increased, there was no way they could support it.

Weibo was the same. It was pretty good as a platform for promotion and posting messages. There were many people there and the spread of news was faster. The only thing was that the community capabilities were not perfect. There was not enough personal space. It was alright for Zhang Ye to use it for himself, but it was not convenient for his fans to interact with each other, so it naturally would not do.

Also, the member situation on Weibo was complicated. He already had about a hundred thousand fans on Weibo, but in fact, less than 20% of them were real fans. It was likely that only 10% of them were really fans. A large number of people were not really fans who supported him, so the number on Weibo was less reliable.

Di Di.

ZhangYeNumber1Fan's short message came: The Tieba account has been established. It's called "Zhang Ye's Nest". I'll be sleeping. Hehe. Teacher Zhang, good night.

Chapter 144 - A Fan is Diagnosed with a Terminal Illness!

The next day.

Beijing Television Station, recording studio.

"Last week, I brought up a point of view, that Cao Cao was a lovable arch-careerist. So, was that right? Let us talk about it part by part."

"Let's talk about an arch-careerist first. What is an arch-careerist, exactly?"

"Cao Cao's family background was very bad....."

"So we can come to the conclusion that Cao Cao was a lovable arch-careerist. His treachery and heroism were one aspect of him, but in fact, Cao Cao had wanted to be an able minister. But what stopped him from becoming one? Please watch the next episode, 'An Able Minister's Path'. Thank you, everyone."

The third episode had finished recording.

The audience instantly stood up and applauded!

A few other people at the side clapped and cheered!

Zhang Ye had to catch his breath. His forehead was sweating. An hour of nonstop talking and standing was physical work, too!

Xiao Lu hurriedly ran over to pass him a towel to wipe off his sweat.

Dafei brought over a bottle of mineral water for him, "Teacher Zhang, have a drink."

"Thank you." Zhang Ye drank with big mouthfuls and felt better.

Hu Fei walked over, "Why don't we have a break? You are still injured,

so don't force it."

Zhang Ye waved, "I'm fine, Leader. Our program will be broadcast within the next two days. Today is the deadline, so we have to record a few more episodes. Otherwise, if something unexpected happens in the next few days, what would happen if we were to stop broadcasting after just a few episodes? I intend to record three to four episodes by today."

Hu Fei said, "So many? Are you able to take it?"

"No problem." Zhang Ye saw that some of the audience members had returned from the washroom, so he said, "Let's begin."

.....

4th episode, "An Able Minister's Path"

5th episode, "Where to go from here"

6th episode, "Two wrongs don't make a right"

7th episode, "Foresight"

Although he said that he would record three to four episodes, Zhang Ye couldn't stop once he started. The more he spoke, the more spirited he became. He did not want to stop. After dinner, the audience was rotated and Zhang Ye continue recording. In the end, he had finished the recording for the 8th, 9th and 10th episodes!

Eight episodes were recorded in a single day!

They had even recorded next week's broadcast!

After the recording studio was emptied, Xiao Lu, Hou Ge and Dafei were all exhausted.

Xiao Lu stared blankly, "Teacher Zhang, your battle strength is really too strong. I've never heard of anyone recording from the morning until the end of the day. And it's only you speaking; you don't even

have a helper!"

"It's not only battle strength." Hu Fei laughed, "Teacher Little Zhang's eloquence and memory are also godlike. He doesn't even have a prompter and can speak off-script the entire way. Back when I heard people from the Beijing Radio Station say that Teacher Little Zhang recorded 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' for eight hours nonstop without a script, I did not believe it. I thought they were bullsh*tting. But now, I really believe it!"

Hou Ge laughed, "Today's two batches of audience members must have got a kick listening to it. We enjoyed it, too. It was done so interestingly. The details were full of ups and downs!"

Hu Fei said, "Everyone, thank you for the hard work. Let's go. It's time to get off work."

.....

At night.

Before he slept, Zhang Ye switched on his computer and first checked for news regarding him on the internet. Most of it contained the raving reviews for "Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms". After scanning them, he clicked into his fan club's HQ in anticipation. The Tieba's name was "Zhang Ye's Nest". The two moderators had been approved: ZhangYeNumber1Fan and Big Saber Bro. Zhang Ye did not apply to be a moderator, for he did not have time to manage the affairs of the Tieba account. However, he was its spiritual leader and the core figure. After all, this was a fan club established for him.

There were nearly a thousand posts in the forum.

A stickied post was an announcement and rules of the fan club made by ZhangYeNumber1Fan was included in it. For example, they had to support Teacher Zhang unconditionally. There should not be any internal squabbles and everyone was to be united, etc. She really did seem like a talent good at management. These things were

done very well.

Big Saber Bro also posted, "Why am I a moderator? I'm just in charge of battles; I don't care about anything else."

This Big Saber Bro was also quite an interesting fellow. Zhang Ye had left his cell phone number with him yesterday, hoping to contact him and have an exchange of words. However, who knew that Big Saber Bro would not give him a phone call? It was like Big Saber Bro only had battling and curse words in his dictionary. He did not care about anything else.

Zhang Ye tapped his keyboard and was thinking of posting something, but he stopped after some consideration. He used his voice to record a message and posted on it. He imitated a Hunan province's accent, "Comrades, I announce, Zhang Ye's fan club...is established...today!"

"Ha, Teacher Zhang has appeared!"

"Idol! I've seen my idol!"

"Why is it this accent?"

"Teacher Zhang, you are being mischievous again. Haha!"

Others might not understand why he did so. As for why a Beijing person like Zhang Ye had to use a Hunan way of speech to say it, only Zhang Ye himself was amused. There was quite a bit of mischief in it. These words were known by everyone in his world. They were the original words said by the Chairman at Tiananmen when the country was established. The accent was the same, but it was just changed slightly by Zhang Ye. Using a mighty figure's words as an opening speech was also a showcase of how much Zhang Ye treasured his fan club. It also showed his hope for an auspicious and smooth beginning.

Uh, the only problem was that the number of fans was lacking.

The number of people who joined Zhang Ye's Tieba page was less than 3,000 people.

This result was even after Zhang Ye promoted it on Weibo, and ZhangYeNumber1Fan promoted it along with others fans. No matter what, while Zhang Ye's fame was at best passable in Beijing, he was still nothing in the other provinces. He had just debuted and did not have any foundation or influential works. Naturally, his fan numbers were lacking. However, it was alright. Zhang Ye was confident that his fan numbers would increase with time. This was just the beginning. Everything needed a gradual process. There was no reaching the sky in a single step.

.....

Inside Tieba.

Zhang Ye interacted with everyone and began chatting about anything under the sun.

Suddenly, someone said, "Eh, why isn't Number1 here today? Teacher Zhang has already appeared. Shouldn't Number1 always be the first to reply?"

"Maybe he's sleeping?"

"Recently Number1's online time isn't very stable."

"Could it be due to work?"

"She isn't feeling well. She went to the hospital today."

"Ah? She? Number1 is a female?"

"The brother on post #5, you know Number1?"

"Yes, I'm her middle school classmate. Recently, she has been lacking in energy. She even called me a while ago, saying that she would go to the hospital. I have no idea what the results are. Maybe she's

suffering from fatigue with work."

Zhang Ye felt bad seeing this. He thought Yang Lian had fallen sick because of busying herself for him. Yesterday, she had said that she was tired all the time, as she felt unwell. Hence, Zhang Ye gave Yang Lian a phone call. Ring, ring, ring. No one picked up, despite it ringing more than ten times.

Zhang Ye also had nothing else to say. He went to bed.

.....

The next day.

Once again, he was caught up with work.

And the results for "Lecture Room" was building its foundation by the day!

Wednesday. It was the first day "Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" was broadcast on a weekday. Although there was an inevitable drop in its rating, its reception was still very good!

Wednesday's rating: 5.08%

Thursday's rating: 4.99%.

Friday's rating: 5.11%.

When it was the sixth and seventh episode, which were broadcast over the weekend, the ratings once again jumped up, while everyone was resting. It respectively hit 8.09% and 8.12%!

With the ratings stabilized, and with a tiny growth in numbers, everything was a given. There was nothing stopping the ratings legend that was "Lecture Room". Amongst all the similar historical and educational programs in the same period, "Lecture Room" crushed its competitors. And even when counting the number of people tuning in, the Jinshi satellite television station's historical

segment paled in comparison to "Lecture Room"'s numbers!

The program was hot. There were all sorts of discussions regarding "Lecture Room" on the internet. The number of clicks on the online video broke a million views for every episode. Many people either wanted more or felt that they had missed something after watching the television broadcast, so they would watch it on the internet another time or two. Few people watched "Lecture Room" as a form of entertainment, but rather, they watched it as a form of culture. Most watched it with the hopes of learning.

Naturally, Zhang Ye's name as the main lecturer was mentioned again and again. He was becoming more and more recognized by the day. His career was developing very well!

.....

However, on this day.

Zhang Ye had finished recording a few episodes yesterday, so the Leader gave him a day off. He switched on the computer after eating breakfast and checked his Tieba. Immediately, there was grievous news!

"Where's Number1?"

"Right, where's the moderator?"

"This is our fan club's leader. Why isn't she here?"

"It's already been five to six days, right? Why haven't we seen her?"

Then, a post was made. The poster was the self-proclaimed middle school classmate of ZhangYeNumber1Fan, "Number1 has fallen really ill! These few days, I could not get in touch with her over the phone. In the beginning, she did not pick it up, but later, her phone was just switched off. It was only last night when I contacted Yang Lian's mother. Her mother said that.. she was hospitalized in Beijing. The hospital has already diagnosed that she suffers from

myelodysplasia. I heard that it is in the initial stages of contracting leukemia and needs a bone marrow transplant urgently. However, the medical fees would be more than a million Yuan. And that's just the minimum. Their family situation has always been average. Her parents are just workers. What.. are they to do!? I'm dying of worry!"

"What?"

"Is that true?"

"Leukemia? How's that possible!?"

The classmate of Yang Lian said anxiously, "Which of you are in Beijing? Who can help me visit Yang Lian? I do not know the situation at all. I'm worried that something will happen to her! Yang Lian was very competitive in school! To get such a terminal illness... I really do not know what she... I beg of you. Please visit her for me!"

"Who's in Beijing?"

"Is there anyone?"

"Everyone, help out!"

"Right, let's see what her situation is like. If it's bad, we can begin a round of donations!"

Zhang Ye's expression changed and he immediately replied, "Give me the address to the hospital!"

Chapter 145 - ZhangYeNumber1Fan is Jumping off a Building!

8 something.

Zhang Ye went out, despite the bright morning sun. He clenched tightly a piece of paper, which had the hospital's address that he had obtained from Yang Lian's middle school classmate. He then drove his BMW straight towards the hospital.

On the way, he kept calling Yang Lian.

"Pick it up! You have to pick it up!"

Once, twice, thrice. She did not pick up!

Zhang Ye could not help but curse. She did not pick up her phone and had pretended to disappear. She did not inform others of such a big matter. Was she trying to shoulder it all by herself? But can she shoulder it? Zhang Ye was burning with anxiety. He was a person whose heartstrings were easily tugged.

Yang Lian, you sure are good. Whenever I, Zhang Ye, got into trouble, every time people questioned and scolded me online, you were the first to step in front of me. You were always the one leading everyone to fight for me and protect my honor. Now that you are in trouble, now when you need help, you don't even tell me? You must be looking down on me, Zhang Ye!

His BMW flew!

He drove faster and faster!

.....

Beijing People's Hospital.

This was one of the best hospitals that treated leukemia in Beijing.

There were no more parking spots in the hospital. Zhang Ye left his car in a parking spot by the road and strode towards the main building of the hospital. Scanning the address, he knew that Yang Lian lived in one of the wings. However, he did not know which level and room she was in. He had to ask when he went in. It was alright. As long as he knew her name, he could find her from the hospital's records. The most important thing was that Yang Lian had to be able to hold on!

There was a middle-aged woman in front of him.

"Big Sis, please hold." Zhang Ye called out to her.

The woman looked back at him, "Oh? What's the matter?"

Zhang Ye held out the address and said, "May I know which building is this wing?"

"Oh, it's that one." The woman pointed and then said to him, "You must be a reporter, right? Quickly go. It's just behind the wing. She's almost jumping off."

Zhang Ye was stunned, "What does that mean?"

The woman said in surprise, "You aren't a reporter? Hai, then it's my fault. About half an hour ago at that wing, a girl sat on the top floor, as if she was jumping off at any moment. Quite a number of policemen have come. No matter how they persuaded her, she wouldn't get off. Hai, young people these days are seriously... They think too lightly of their lives and want to commit suicide so easily. It wasn't easy for their parents to rear them. Go take a look. I'm leaving."

Zhang Ye suddenly felt an ominous premonition. He no longer walked, but ran as he charged towards the back of the wing.

When he arrived, it was filled with people!

Right inside, there were about seven to eight policemen. They had

cordoned off an area with police tape.

Behind them were doctors and nurses from the hospital. There were many families and patients gathered in the outer perimeter. Everyone was looking up and pointing.

"Little Lian! Come down quickly!" an old father's voice cried out.

An old mother was wailing too, "Little Lian! Don't frighten mom! We have money! We have lots of money! We can definitely treat you! Child, come down quickly! Quickly come down!"

The old father shouted out with his head raised up, "We only have you as a daughter! Even if we smash our iron pots and pans into pieces and sell them as scrap metal, we will definitely make sure you recover!"

Little Lian?

Was it really Yang Lian?

Looking up, there was a girl with average looks. She looked to be in her twenties and was dressed in patient overalls. She was sitting on the roof of an eight-floor building. Her legs were dangling in midair!

Zhang Ye's face went pale. However, he pulled a nurse beside him and asked to confirm, "What's the girl's name upstairs?"

"It's Yang Lian." The nurse was in no mood to care about him. After she said so, she immediately went to pull Yang Lian's parents back. "Auntie, Uncle, don't say that. The more you say that, the more your daughter won't think straight! Do you think that she wants to commit suicide because she can't handle the stress and the illness? It's not because of that! I'm this block's nurse! I even took care of her the day before! She knew that she needed a million in medical fees, and that there was no guarantee of success! That's why she chose to commit suicide! She..." Saying this, the nurse's eyes turned red, "She's afraid of being a burden!"

At this moment, a female doctor in her fifties came to one of the policemen and said agitatedly, "Mr Policeman! You must save that child! She's a good child! She's too filial! She knew her family could not bear the burden of the medical fees! So, she..." There was a lump in her throat, "You do not know how she has been passing the past few days. She knew that she had nearly expended all of her family's money over the past few days. She kept saying that she did not feel good, so she did not eat. She did not take a single bite and even gave the hospital food to her parents. She only knew how to save money for her parents and ate only one meal a day. She also prevented us doctors and nurses from telling her parents. She told us to tell her parents that she had already eaten if they asked! Later on, a few of us doctors and nurses could not stand watching this any further. We then took turns bringing food for her and managed to finally make her eat!"

A male doctor also said emotionally, "Quickly save her!"

When the old mother heard this, she cried even louder, "Little Lian! Why are you so silly!? If you aren't around, what are we to do!? What do you want us to do!"

When the policemen heard this, they were clearly disturbed!

"We must save her!"

"Our men have already gone up to persuade her, but..."

"That's right. We don't dare to approach her. She is already sitting up there. If some mishap happens while saving her, she might..."

Over there, a middle-aged man in a white doctor's coat stood forward. He seemed to be the Leader of the hospital. He shouted, "Young comrade, come down first and talk. The medical fees aren't a problem. You should be treated first before we talk about the medical fees. Besides, there are a lot of good-willed people in society these days! I don't believe that no one would help you! I don't believe everyone's conscience has been eaten by dogs! I'll lead! I'll donate

30,000!"

"I'll donate 5,000!"

"I'll donate 2,000!"

Everyone expressed their intentions to donate. Although this amount of money was useless and just a drop in the bucket for the medical fees, they wished to summon back this filial girl.

But no matter how long they persuaded, Yang Lian remained unmoved. She did not even look down, nor did anyone know if she heard what they said. She only looked quietly at the sun in the sky.

The policemen looked at each other and had ugly expressions. From their experience, they knew that this young lady had made her decision. There was no way to change her mind. Typically, those who insisted on seeing various people and said a lot in a fierce manner before committing suicide were not really wishing to die. However, Yang Lian's behavior was too calm. Clearly, she had made her decision!

Suddenly, the reporters arrived!

A few Beijing Television Station's reporters came. Some drove an interview truck. The moment they got off, they pointed their cameras to the top of the building.

"Come down!"

"Everyone will help you!"

"Yang Lian! Come down first!"

"If you die, who is to take care of your parents?"

Everyone used all sorts of words, but the girl up there remained unmoved.

Suddenly, something happened. Yang Lian lifted herself with both

her arms and stood up on the top of the building, "Thank you. Goodbye."

"Ah!"

"She's jumping!"

"Oh no, oh no!"

"Little Lian! No! No!"

The leading policeman tried his best to shout into the walkie-talkie, "Move!"

"There's no time anymore! It's too far!" The other side of the walkie-talkie replied in a hurry.

At this moment, many people covered their eyes. At this moment, everyone was feeling extremely grieved!

A child, a young girl in her twenties, actually chose to end her life, so as not to burden her parents or trouble her family. This sounded simple, but how many people in the entire world would do that? She was extremely filial!

No one wanted her to die!

At this moment, everyone was out of options!

A few reporters and cameramen also revealed doleful looks!

Many doctors and nurses who had interacted with Yang Lian in the hospital over the past few days even teared up. They were crying!

At that split moment, Zhang Ye had already arrived behind a few policemen. With a grab, he took a loudspeaker from a policeman and spoke out to Yang Lian, who was about to jump down the next second. Zhang Ye was not long-winded, nor did he preach. He only said a poem and did not say it slowly or quickly. His tone was very calm, "When cobwebs sealed my stove without mercy; When the

smoldering embers lamented poverty; I didn't yield, but smoothed out the ashes of despair; And with the lovely snow I wrote: In the future we trust."

Yang Lian stopped in her motions and looked downstairs with a surprise. She looked at the person reciting the poem downstairs!

The police were angry, "What are you doing?"

"Who let you say anything? You grabbed my loudspeaker?" Another policeman charged forward.

But immediately following that, an old police leader blocked him, "Don't move. Let him speak!"

Zhang Ye looked upstairs and exchanged gazes with Yang Lian, "When my purple grapes turned into the late fall dew; When in somebody else's bosom I found my flowers lay; I didn't yield, but with a vine withered and frosty; I wrote on this dismal land: In the future we trust."

Saying that, Zhang Ye slowly walked a few steps towards her. His hands were raised into the sky, as if he was grabbing the sun, "With my finger, I'll point to the waves rolling to the horizon; With my hands, I'll hold the vast sea that props up the sun; And wielding a pen so nice and warm in the morning glow; In a childish handwriting, I'll write: In the future we trust."

Everyone was stunned!

A young man with such a mighty poem had made the entire area silent!

Zhang Ye smiled, "The reason why I have absolute trust in the future is because I trust the eyes of the future beings, who have eyelashes that bat off the dust of history and pupils that pierce through writings of years past. No matter how people think of our rotten flesh; The gloom of being led astray, and the anguish of defeat; Be they moved to tears in profound sympathy; Or shooting a sneer or

even a sharp ridicule. I have no doubt that people will judge our backbone; Our countless quests, bungles, failures, and successes; With enthusiasm, in all fairness and objectivity!"

"Yes, anxiously I'm awaiting their judgement."

"Trust firmly in the future, my friends."

"Trust in our unyielding effort!"

"Trust in the victory of youthfulness over death!"

"Trust in the future, and cherish life."

Chapter 146 - Zhang Ye Takes Care of the Surgery Fees!

Chapter title is a spoiler, highlight it to read it now, or see it at the bottom.

And with the lovely snow, I wrote: In the future we trust?

I wrote on this dismal land: In the future we trust?

In a childish handwriting, I'll write: In the future... we trust?

Zhang Ye had recited "In the Future We Trust" and had forcefully stopped Yang Lian, who was at the top of the building, in her steps. Everyone in the hospital's yard was smitten by it. When they looked up to look at the girl about to commit suicide, they were shocked!

Yang Lian cried. She covered her face and squatted on the roof, crying her heart out!

"Who is this person?"

"I don't know him. Where did he come from?"

"Her parents said so much to no avail, and the police and everyone else persuaded for so long without any use. But that person used a poem and managed to change her mind?"

"This person looks familiar?"

"Right, right. I find him familiar, too, like I've seen him on television!"

The crowd immediately looked at the youth holding the loudspeaker!

In the end, it was a Beijing Television Station's News Channel's staff member and reporter who recognized him. A female reporter exclaimed "Aiyo, isn't that Teacher Zhang Ye?"

"Zhang Ye?"

"Lecture Room's Zhang Ye?"

"Yes, that's him! I was wondering why he was so familiar!"

"So it's him! No wonder he could freely compose such a great modern poem!"

This poem contained too much energy. It was a positive, energy-filled poem, filled with ponderment and an endeavor to improve. When everyone heard it, they were still wondering how a person could produce such an amazing piece of work on the spot. But when they heard that the person was the famous poem composer, Zhang Ye, they were enlightened.

Probably only this person, who became famous from writing poems, and also this Zhang Ye, who had numerous classic poems, had such skill! And many people had previously heard that it was written in the Beijing Times that when Zhang Ye was still in the radio station, he had used two poems to save a female university student who was on the brink of committing suicide. Zhang Ye had such a prior achievement in this area!

This time it was jumping off a building, that time it was cutting the wrist.

That incident had previously been a very discussed topic. A lot of the people here today had been doubtful then, thinking, "How could a few poems, which were just some literary works, have such a charm? How could it save a life which was already imminently lost?"

But today!

At this place!

When they heard Zhang Ye reciting his poem, they were no longer doubtful. All they felt was a sense of shock in their souls!

"In the Future We Trust" — This was a great poem!

In Zhang Ye's previous world, those that were qualified to be labeled as "Great Poems" did not number many. "Flying Bird and Fish" was not one. "See Me or Not" was not one either!

But "A Generation" was one of them!

"In the Future We Trust" was also one!

This poem was written by the poet Shi Zhi in 1968. This poem used its profound thoughts and beautiful imagery and a catchy text to let people know how to live well and encourage oneself in the worst of situations. It taught people to promise oneself to have an unshakable resolve for tomorrow.

This poem was previously spread in society in handwritten form and quickly became a common thing spoken in a generation of youths. As it was quite an old poem, even quite a number of youths from Zhang Ye's world had not heard it before. However, if another work was mentioned, almost everyone would know. That was Wang Feng's song. That song was adapted from "In the Future We Trust" and was created as a song to show respect to idols.

The sound of crying could be heard upstairs.

Zhang Ye looked up and said loudly, "You said that you like my poems, so I will dedicate this 'In the Future We Trust' to you. So get down now!"

Upstairs, the police rushed over and grabbed hold of Yang Lian.

Yang Lian did not resist and disappeared back over the ledge onto the rooftop.

Seeing this, everyone present heaved a sigh of relief!

"Great!"

"She's finally safe!"

"Such a good child has finally been persuaded!"

Beijing's several television stations and newspaper reporters all rushed over to capture this scene.

"Did you record that?" a female reporter asked.

"Everything was captured; don't worry," the cameraman assured.

"That's good; this news footage is going to be great!" the female reporter said excitedly.

If it was just any typical suicide by jumping case, it might not have gone on the news. After all, this sort of things happened frequently every day, and there were too many to be reported. However, with a filial daughter who wanted to commit suicide so as not to be a burden on her parents, and with Zhang Ye, a person notorious both in the literature and broadcasting circle, whose every work went viral in Beijing? This was definitely topical. There was no need to even mention the birth of "In the Future We Trust"!

At another side, Yang Lian's parents were crying and walking towards Zhang Ye thankfully, "Teacher Zhang, you, why did you come? My daughter has always been a fan of yours. Even while she was in hospital these past few days, she has always been watching your works and poetry. She really likes you a lot!"

Zhang Ye answered, "Yang Lian's middle school classmate posted on the internet and I saw it. So I asked for the hospital address and came."

Yang Lian's mother cried, "We are so grateful to you! Thank you!"

Yang Lian's parents grabbed Zhang Ye's hands, "If not for your poem, Little Lian might have..."

Zhang Ye said anxiously, "It was nothing. You don't have to be so

serious. Let's go upstairs and look at Yang Lian!"

At this moment, everyone was enlightened. So this young girl, who had contracted a terminal illness, was Teacher Zhang Ye's hardcore fan. And Zhang Ye, who was a public figure, had actually rushed here, despite work or rest for a fan. This made everyone feel nothing but respect for Zhang Ye and his professionalism. It was considered common for fans to do things for their idols, but for a celebrity to do something for a small fan was impressive!

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In the wing.

Fifth floor ward.

Yang Lian had been brought back to her room and was settled down by the police and nurses. She laid on the bed.

Typically, the police would escort the person back for education and a statement in such societal cases of suicide which garnered interest. If it was serious, they would be remanded, but due to Yang Lian's condition, the police did not do that. They closed one eye. Besides, this girl's matter had really touched many of them. Hence, once she lay down, the police exhorted the few nurses to watch her and prevent her from doing anything silly before leaving.

Yang Lian's parents rushed into the room!

"Daughter!"

"Little Lian! You silly girl!"

"Dad, Mom, sorry..."

Yang Lian cried as she hugged her parents and cried together!

Zhang Ye also followed in. This was the first time he had seen Yang Lian close up. She was a very ordinary girl. She gave off a very gentle

and quiet vibe.

Yang Lian looked up and hurriedly said, "Teacher Zhang! Why are you here?"

Yang Lian's parents said, "Teacher Zhang heard from your middle school classmate and came to see you!"

Yang Lian wiped her tears, "I didn't want to tell others. I have even troubled you to come all the way here."

"I'm glad I was troubled," Zhang Ye felt a lingering fear. "If I didn't come, who knows what would have happened. You sure are good. You need a poem from me to stop you?" Back then, the situation was extremely dangerous. When Zhang Ye saw how Yang Lian's parents, the medical staff and police were unable to persuade her, he knew it himself as well. If he started coming up with all sorts of reasonings, it would have the same result. Even if she was his fan, she had already decided on committing suicide, so why would he listen to him? Hence, Zhang Ye had no choice but to use this method as an attempt.

Yang Lian did not speak. She did not know why she felt an emotional upheaval when she heard "In the Future We Trust". As a result, she had abandoned the thoughts of giving up on life, and really had hope to believe in trusting the future.

The door opened.

A few doctors and nurses hurriedly examined her.

"Are you fine?"

"Little Lian, how do you feel?"

"Do you have strength? Come, let's put her on a drip first."

Yang Lian was still a bit resistive and reached out her hands, "There's no need."

Yang Lian's mother angrily said, "Quickly cooperate with the doctors for your treatment. Don't worry about the money!"

Yang Lian's father sighed. At home, he had already borrowed from his relatives. Together, with his daughter's savings and his savings with his wife, they had only managed to accumulate about 70-80,000. And most of it had been spent over the past few days. Although they had told their daughter not to worry about the money, they actually did not know what to do.

At this moment, Zhang Ye spoke. He said to the female doctor, who was in her fifties, "Doctor, do the bone marrow transplant for Yang Lian. If there is compatible match, do it as soon as possible. Please do not delay her treatment."

The female doctor sighed, "Actually, we have already found a compatible match. However, the medical fees will be about a million Yuan. Our hospital began collecting donations today. The hospital's Director has already said he will donate a bit, but it is still far lacking towards the required figures. We, too..."

Zhang Ye asked, "How much more is lacking?"

The female doctor said, "The most conservative estimate is 1.1 million. This includes the surgery fee and the post-surgery fees, as well as the hospitalization fees and miscellaneous fees."

Hearing that, Zhang Ye did not even give it a thought and said, "Alright, then please immediately prepare the surgery. 1.1 million, right? I'll pay for it!"

The female doctor exclaimed, "You are paying?"

Zhang Ye said, "I'll bring the money over tonight!"

The female doctor and the few nurses were overjoyed, "That's great. Yang Lian will be saved!"

Yang Lian immediately turned anxious, "No way. Absolutely no way.

How can I take your money!?"

Yang Lian's mother began to speak and then hesitated, "Teacher Zhang, We... We really can't return it."

"There's no need to return it." Saying that, Zhang Ye looked at Yang Lian, "When I was in trouble, you would lead people to fight for the injustice I suffered online. Sometimes, you will busy yourself until 2-3 A.M. Now that you are in trouble, it's my turn to help you."

Yang Lian's tears welled, "But...But..."

Upon hearing this, Yang Lian's parents walked over and knelt down before Zhang Ye!

Zhang Ye was nimble and quickly held them up, "Don't do that. I really can't accept it, nor do I deserve accepting it. Please get up!"

Yang Lian's mother said with her tears streaming down, "Thank you! Thank you!"

Chapter 146: Zhang Ye Takes Care of the Surgery Fees!

Chapter 147 - Gathering the Surgery Fees!

Afternoon.

Beijing Television Station's News Channel broadcasted the news.

"Next, we will have a piece of breaking news. Here is a shocking scene recorded by our reporters this afternoon at People's Hospital. Back then, a girl, who was diagnosed with a terminal disease, was standing at the roof of the hospital, thinking of committing suicide. The persuasion of her close loved ones and the police were ineffective. Just as she was about to jump down, my colleague, Teacher Zhang Ye, of the Beijing Television Station stepped forward and used a poem to save her life!"

Zhang Ye's figure appeared in the video footage.

There were people all around him, those who were present at the hospital.

"When cobwebs sealed my stove without mercy..."

"When the smoldering embers lamented poverty..."

"I didn't yield, but smoothed out the ashes of despair; And with the lovely snow I wrote: In the future we trust."

Finally, the scene changed to that of a girl squatting on the roof wailing before she was rescued by the police who rushed there in time.

Returning back to the studio, the news anchor said, "Our station's reporters learned from the hospital that Yang Lian is Teacher Zhang Ye's fan. Her parents said that she has always liked Zhang Ye's works. She could memorize every poem easily, and now, Yang Lian's surgery fees have been settled. Zhang Ye has undertaken all of the fees. With that, my heart can't help but think of a sentence, This world.. still has many good people."

Once this news was broadcast, everyone heatedly discussed on Weibo, on Beijing area's forums, and on Tieba!

"So awesome?"

"Teacher Zhang Ye has another new work? He saved someone yet again?"

It's too awesome. Someone could actually come up with such a mighty modern day poem in such an intense atmosphere and scene in an impromptu fashion?"

"In the Future We Trust' is written too well!"

"Why are Zhang Ye's poems so good? Is he on steroids?"

"He will bear all of the fan's medical expenses? Such morals, such virtues, I am speechless!"

"I've heard a few people from the industry saying Zhang Ye's reputation is bad. But a person who would go so far for his fan, how bad of a person can he be?"

A Weibo verified vice president of a certain profession posted, "It's not that Zhang Ye's reputation is bad, but it's because his morals are too good. He dares to speak up, resulting in him offending many. Honestly, the first feeling I had from seeing this piece of news was disbelief. Secondly, I was touched. I have never encouraged people who chase after stars, for I think it's meaningless and dumb. After chasing them all day, would the celebrity know who you are? But today, I can't be sure anymore. Maybe being one of Teacher Zhang Ye's fans is a blissful matter."

At this moment, a verified Weibo account made a post. It was a famous person from Beijing's economic circle. You could even say he was an elite. "I had randomly listened to Beijing Radio Station's Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet in the past. I remembered Zhang Ye giving a speech after winning the meet. It said something like 'in comparison to science, literature indeed has no practical use. Yet the greatest

function of literature is perhaps its lack of function.' I always found it very difficult to understand this line for some reason, and it has been revolving in my brain all this while. Today, I think I have understood a bit of Zhang Ye's words."

"Well said!"

"I've decided. From today forward, I will be a fan of Teacher Zhang!"

"Me, too. Where do Zhang Ye's fans gather at? I want to join!"

"Count me in. Teacher Zhang Ye has done it beautifully today!"

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Tieba.

Zhang Ye's Nest.

The discussion in the fan club's main turf was even more explosive than the discussion elsewhere on the internet!

"Number1 nearly committed suicide? How can that be?"

"She did not have enough money, so Number1 did not want to burden her parents!"

"If she didn't have enough, she could tell us. All of us could donate! She's so silly!"

"She's competitive and did not want to trouble others. Thankfully, it's so thankful that Teacher Zhang Ye rushed there in time, or the consequences would be unthinkable!"

"Teacher Zhang is too fierce! This lady loves him to death!"

"That's right. Teacher Zhang is like a divine army descending from heaven today! It was so timely!"

"Number1's medical fees are all going to be paid for by Teacher

Zhang Ye? Teacher Zhang has so much money? He just started working, so he can't be rich, right?"

"Do you think Teacher Zhang is like everyone else? The publication of 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' already has so much sales. Teacher Zhang is richer than the average person!"

"That's right. Teacher Zhang is rich!"

"Then I'm relieved. Hai, we really did not become fans of the wrong person!"

"That's for sure. Teacher Zhang is completely different from the others in the entertainment industry!"

"If anyone dares to speak badly of Teacher Zhang Ye, I'll be the first to fight with them!"

"Right. For a celebrity to do something for small fans like us, how many in this world will do that? If anyone goes against Zhang Ye, it means they are going against me!"

"That's right. I'll support Zhang Ye for life!"

"Support for life +1666!"

.....

At the same time.

At the Beijing Television Station.

Zhang Ye stopped his car in the unit's public car park. His younger cousin, Cao Mengmeng, called.

The moment the call connected, the young lass immediately chatted, "Bro! I saw the news! You are too awesome! You are too cool! You are so cool that the heavens are overturned!"

Zhang Ye said, "What's so cool about it!?"

Cao Mengmeng said, "That poem made my blood rush!"

Zhang Ye could not help but laugh, "Enough. At that moment, I was covered in cold sweat. Alright, enough of this talk. I'm busy over here. I'm hanging up."

Entering the television station.

Quite a number of people were looking at him. Some even greeted him. Clearly, they knew of the news.

"Teacher Zhang."

"Teacher Zhang is back?"

"I was touched by you today. Awesome."

Previously, Zhang Ye was like a jinx in the television station. Many people would avoid him. Even if they did not purposely avoid him, they would seldom speak to him unless necessary. This was because everyone knew of Zhang Ye's past notorious records. He was a person who would dare scold anyone if he was enraged. But with today's matter, Zhang Ye immediately won the respect of many people. Some people, who never greeted him before, greeted him with a smile today. Of course, one of the main reasons was that "Lecture Room" was having better and better results.

Zhang Ye greeted them back before returning to his own office.

Hu Fei and company were all there, "Hey. Little Zhang, we heard of the matter on the news. We were just about to give you a call."

Xiao Lu chuckled, "Teacher Zhang is Teacher Zhang. Even when he is resting at home, he can still appear on the news. You are getting famous again this time!"

Dafei asked, "Right, why did you come to the unit? Haven't a lot of episodes been recorded already? There's no need to record any today."

Zhang Ye hesitated, "I'm here to raise money. Which one of you has a million. Can I borrow it? I need it by tonight. I'll sell my car and return it."

Hou Ge exclaimed, "A million?"

Hou Di said, "Is it for that girl's medical fees?"

"Yes," Zhang Ye said, "I only have tens of thousands here. It's not enough. I also can't sell my car on such short notice, so I'm thinking of borrowing first, so that Yang Lian's surgery will not be delayed."

Hu Fei said, "Your car definitely can't be sold. Yours is a bulletproof car. Typical people would not need it and it's not very practical. Few would buy it. Even if those who want to buy it and have the ability to buy it aren't lacking in cash, they will likely not buy a secondhand car. It would be difficult to sell it, even if you have just driven it for a few days. For me, I have a bit over a hundred thousand. If you need it greatly, you can take it. But it's still not enough."

Xiao Lu counted her purse, "I can provide 10,000."

Hou Ge was dumbfounded, "Teacher Zhang, could it be that you don't have spare cash? Then why did you agree to undertake all the medical fees? You are too generous!"

Dafei also did not agree, "That's right! We don't have the means. About helping others, you..."

Zhang Ye waved his hand, "When I was in trouble, she helped me. Now it's my turn. Even if I have to smash my iron pots and pans into pieces and sell them as scrap iron, I'll make sure she's cured!"

"This way!" Hu Fei suddenly thought of an idea, "Yesterday, the Director chatted with me. It's regarding the rights to 'Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'. As some other provincial television stations want to broadcast it, too, the station wants to strike while the iron is hot and create a few DVDs before the program finishes airing. Compared to letting the video websites profit for nothing, why

don't we sell it? The rights belong to you, so it seems that the station wants to buy it from you. I actually wanted to have a good chat with you about it next week. Since you are in need of money, there's only this method."

Zhang Ye did not even give it thought, "Alright, I'll sell it."

Hu Fei said, "Alright, then let us go to the Director."

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Wang Shuixin's office.

Hu Fei explained the matter to him.

Wang Shuixin nodded, "Fine. Let's talk about the price."

Zhang Ye also did not offer a high price. He knew the value of the DVDs to "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms ". Even if its sales would not be too good, it couldn't be too terrible. Hence, he offered, "1.1 million will do." It was exactly the amount for Yang Lian's medical fees.

However, Wang Shuixin frowned, "Little Zhang, you are biting off more than you can chew. You are our station's employee. To have your current results and ratings, it's all due to the station pushing for you. Without our Arts Channel's promotion, can your 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' reach this popularity and obtain such accomplishments? The moment we talk about rights, you offer more than a million. Aren't you being too particular? Even if it's half the price, I already find it too much!"

Zhang Ye said unhappily, "Director Wang, I didn't ask for too much, right? If I negotiated with cooperating merchants, people will buy it even for 1.5 million!"

Wang Shuixin stared at him, "You even want to sell your rights by jumping over the station?"

Hu Fei tugged at Zhang Ye and immediately tried to harmonize the

situation, "Director, you must have seen the news just now, right? Little Zhang is doing this for a patient who is in urgent need for surgery. The surgery fees happen to be 1.1 million. He is lacking in money, so he wants to quickly raise the funds to pay for the medical fees for the young lady."

Wang Shuixin waved his hand, "This has nothing to do with the unit. I can't damage the interests of the unit because Little Zhang has agreed to donate to someone and do some charity. It is against principles!" After some thought, "600,000. It will be 600,000 at most!"

Hu Fei's face turned dark, "Director, this is too little!"

Wang Shuixin probably knew that Zhang Ye was in desperate need for money, so he took advantage of the situation, "Our unit is not a charity organization. That is the most it can give. Well, unless Little Zhang transfers the permanent broadcasting rights to our station. It happens that several provincial television stations are negotiating with us. If so, we can give a bit more. 1 million would do. 1.1 million is definitely impossible!"

Hu Fei argued, "It's just short of a 100,000. You..."

Wang Shuixin shook his head, "Not one bit more. It's a matter of principle."

Zhang Ye gritted his teeth, "Fine, one million then. I'll sell it all. However, I have a request. I need the money today. They are still waiting for the surgery now!"

Wang Shuixin put on airs, "I can't guarantee that. You will need to negotiate with Finance. Let's settle the contract first, and talk later."

Zhang Ye had originally wanted to obtain 1.1 million from selling the DVD rights, but who knew it would end up being for the permanent broadcasting rights as well? Furthermore, it was only a million. There was still 100,000 lacking. And even though Zhang Ye had said so, with his eyebrows knitted, saying it was for saving a life, he was still

not guaranteed that he would receive the money today. Seeing Wang Shuixin taking advantage of the situation, Hu Fei felt coldness. Let alone Zhang Ye, Hu Fei had never expected Wang Shuixin to deal with this matter in this way, as he had not believed he was a person with such a character.

Back at the office.

Xiao Lu rushed over anxiously, "How was it?"

Zhang Ye did some calculations and said, "I have tens of thousands, so with that one million, I'm lacking about 40 to 50 thousand. Everyone, can you lend me a bit? I'll return it to you once the salary is paid. If this month isn't enough, I'll pay in installments." He did not have a credit card, so that was the only way he could do so. There was no other way.

Dafei said in surprise, "A million? Impossible. I heard the estimate given by other cooperating merchants that other than the cut from the television station, as the original creator, you should get at least 1.3-1.4 million in copyright royalties."

Hu Fei said, "That was for two of the rights. Even the right to broadcast has been sold!"

"It's all been sold? And all of that for a million? Teacher Zhang, are you dumb!?" Hou Ge could not take it any further, "This is not some pittance; how can you sell it so cheaply!?"

Zhang Ye said calmly, "Is a human life more important, or is money more important? Saving a life is more urgent; I can't care about anything else!"

Xiao Lu could not help but curse, "That Wang Shuixin! He's too wicked!"

Dafei was also angered, "He even wants to scam the surgery fees for saving a life? Does he even have a heart? Isn't he afraid of going to Hell after he dies?"

Hu Fei immediately opened his online banking, "Little Zhang, give me your account. Don't say anything else; I'll pay the remaining 50,000. You don't have to pay it back. Treat it as a donation from me."

Zhang Ye resolutely said, "Then I wouldn't want it. She is my fan, and this is also my business. I can't take your money. I'll treat it as a loan and will slowly repay it."

In the afternoon, Zhang Ye signed the contract.

Wang Shuxin did not guarantee when the money would reach Zhang Ye, so Zhang Ye went to Finance and urged them five to six times.

The Finance department was quite reasonable and knew Zhang Ye needed the money urgently to save a life, so they made an exception.

Finally, Zhang Ye managed to raise 1.1 million before getting off work. Without hesitation, he rushed to the hospital and settled Yang Lian's surgical fees!

Chapter 148 - A Celebrity Goes Broke to Save a Fan!

The second morning.

The sun moved away from the horizon, but was covered by dark clouds.

Zhang Ye had applied for absence from work. Yesterday, he had rushed to the hospital in the morning to save a life, then he raised money and sent the money. He was both mentally and physically exhausted, so he wanted to rest. After he woke up, there was nothing to do. He switched on the TV and watched some news before logging on to Tieba.

His Tieba suddenly increased a lot in fan numbers.

"Teacher Zhang, I'm also your fan. My father is sick, I wonder if you could lend me 500,000. When I have the money, I will repay you."

"Teacher Zhang, I am sick. Please help me. My family can't afford my medical bills, so I could only come to you."

"I am a fan of your books. You are so good to your fans. Can you lend me 30,000 for me to see a doctor?"

"The doctor says I need 100,000 to cure me of my illness. 100,000 is enough. You don't lack that bit of money, so why don't you help me!"

Many threads seeking for help began appearing. Some directly asked for money without any reason, while some others didn't go into details except to say that they were fans of Zhang Ye and were sick. Some even posted their bank account numbers directly for Zhang Ye to transfer the money to them.

Zhang Ye's original fanclub members weren't too happy about this. But for threads asking for help for their illnesses, the moderators

didn't dare to delete them.

"Where did all these people come from?"

"Who are they, and why are they all sick?"

"It's definitely fake. Aren't these people just taking advantage of the situation?"

"Not necessarily. Some might be real. Can Teacher Zhang help?"

"Are you crazy? There's so many people here! How can he help all of them? Teacher Zhang does not own a bank. Even if Teacher Zhang has the money, he can't possibly help like this. If anyone just posts their bank account, does that mean Zhang Ye has to transfer money to them? Based on what? There's no such logic!"

"How should we handle this?"

"I don't know. Let's wait for Teacher Zhang to respond."

"Eh, Teacher Zhang is online. He should have seen it."

Zhang Ye did see it, but he did not respond.

One of the posters who posted several threads urging for answers saw that Zhang Ye was online but did not respond, so he posted another thread, "What is this yapping on and on about Teacher Zhang! They were all exaggerating about him on TV! I think he's just a pretentious fella! Oh, is it just because the fan is female!? Because she's a female, that's why you help? Such a big amount just like that? Are we male fans not people, too? You don't even bother about us? Aren't you being too biased like that? Eh? What good person? You're definitely a hypocrite!"

Another person who had earlier asked for help said, "That's right; I bet he helped because she is a female. He didn't have any good intentions in the first place. Such a person can go on TV? Pui!"

A lot of Zhang Ye's fans could no longer bear with it.

"How can you say that!"

"Watch what you say!"

"Number1 had been fighting alongside Teacher Zhang since the very beginning! She's our fanclub's Leader! Of course Teacher Zhang will help! Who the hell are you all? Immediately asking for money after signing up! We didn't pick on you, yet you dare to scold! What sort of people are you!"

The help seeker said, "We are also fans, so why does he help others but not us?"

Zhang Ye could no longer not reply. He posted in the thread, "I'm sorry. I'm currently unable to help."

The help seeker mocked, "Come on. Your 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' is so popular. And with all those poems, novels and fairy tales, how could you be short of money? A bit over a hundred thousand shouldn't even be money to you! If you don't help us, that means you are not willing to help us! Don't say that you are unable to help! You're so d*mn fake!"

Those who wanted money all began scolding.

Zhang Ye was not bothered by this, but he did not know what to say either.

He had thought that this would pass without any issues, but it became more and more problematic. People who claimed to be his fans kept appearing on his Tieba, using all sorts of excuses to ask money from him. In the end, this matter even became a topic of discussion online.

"When a fan is in trouble, should they be helped?"

— A poll with that title appeared on Weibo for discussion.

"Sigh. This society nowadays... It doesn't allow people to do good things anymore!"

"Why are there so many people suddenly? Teacher Zhang Ye is very unlucky."

"Yes. He helped one person, but other people want in, too? Oh, you are helping her, but not us? Why? Why should you help her? We are all your fans, but why are you biased — It has brought about a wrong effect. If Zhang Ye wants to help, but is unable to help everyone, then the other fans will have opinions again."

"There's no point in doing good."

"Why is it always like that these days?"

"That bunch of people, are they really Zhang Ye's fans? I doubt so!"

In the end, this issue was even reported on the fifth page of the Beijing Daily newspaper.

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Afternoon.

An angry Hu Fei, who was at work, slammed the newspaper onto his desk, "This bunch of people, they are too disgusting! What do they know?"

Xiao Lu asked, "What's the matter, Brother Hu?"

"Take a look for yourselves." Hu Fei passed the papers to them.

Hou Ge had only read half of it before he also angrily hit the table, "Do they take Teacher Zhang for an ATM? So many of them are asking for money? They even act like they are entitled to it?"

Suddenly, a woman's voice came from outside the door.

"Producer Hu, can I disturb you for a moment?" It was a familiar face.

They all knew her from the first recording of "Lecture Room" as one of the guests — Reporter Ci. At that time, when Zhang Ye and the program team had disagreements with the guests, Reporter Ci had helped to smooth things over. They had a good relationship with her, and she was even one of the more well known reporters in her field.

Hu Fei said surprisingly, "Reporter Ci, you are here? Please come in. Is there anything we can help you with?"

Reporter Ci smiled, "I am now in charge of the newspaper's literature section, but the news team asked for my help, so I came over to understand the situation. A lot of Teacher Zhang's fans are still asking him for donations now. Do you know about this?"

Dafei indignantly said, "We just found out a while ago."

Xiao Lu said, "These people are really wicked!"

"Don't spout nonsense." Hu Fei was speaking to a reporter. He had to be careful, even though they weren't just mere acquaintances, one couldn't be too careful.

Reporter Ci blinked, "Teacher Zhang had posted on Tieba this morning. He said he was unable to help and rejected donations to those fans."

Xiao Lu spoke without thinking, "Of course he couldn't help, Sister Ci. Let me tell you: do you know how Teacher Zhang Ye paid for Yang Lian's operation fees this time? He didn't have much saved. This money was raised by selling 'Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'. Two copyrights were exchanged for one million. If Teacher Zhang wasn't in a rush to raise the amount, with more negotiations and time, these two copyrights would have fetched a minimum of 1.6 or 1.7 million. But because Teacher Zhang wanted to save a life, he didn't bargain for a better price. In fact, the amount was not enough to cover the fees. Teacher Zhang had to break the bank to make the difference. He even wanted to sell his car, but as it wasn't easy to sell it off quickly, he had to borrow money from us!"

Upon hearing that, Reporter Ci was slightly shocked, "What? There's such a thing?"

Dafei grumbled, "Yeah. Even our money was not enough. In the end, Brother Hu had to lend him 50,000. With Teacher Zhang's salary, he would need to pay it off over at least 3-4 months. Of course, Teacher Zhang was unable to help; he has less than 1,000 on him! Who can he even help if he doesn't have enough to eat!"

Reporter Ci was somewhat agitated, "What you said, is that the truth?

"Of course, it's the truth!" Hou Ge said, "Why would we lie to you?"

Reporter Ci said with a trembling voice, "I still thought that Zhang Ye could afford the operation fees easily because he had enough. Who knew..... Alright, don't worry about it. Let our newspaper clear Zhang Ye's name this time!"

.....

That afternoon.

A freshly published newspaper went on sale quietly.

"Celebrity gone bankrupt saving fan's life"

Content: Yesterday afternoon, Beijing Television Station reported some news that had captured everyone's attention. A celebrity saved his fan's life and pledged to pay for her medical bills. Most people know this as the story, but on our newspaper reporter's further investigations, the story is not so straightforward. Although Teacher Zhang Ye had agreed to cover the medical bills for his fan, this has caused him to go broke. He had agreed to sell off his work's copyright for a low sum and even had to borrow money from his colleagues to raise 1.1 million. Teacher Zhang Ye has hardly a cent left for himself, preferring to put this debt on himself to help raise the amount for the fan's operation.

However, many self-proclaimed fans of Zhang Ye are now asking for

money from him! We did some simple research and found that one of the claims is from a Mr Liu from Jiangnan. He was admitted to Jiangnan's Second Hospital and wanted to borrow money from Zhang Ye for an operation due to a terminal illness. But upon our reporter's investigations, his posting IP was not from Jiangnan; it was not even from the south, but from the northeast!

There were also many others who used illness as an excuse to ask for donations from Zhang Ye!

I only want to say a few words. Why don't you all touch your heart and ask yourselves... Are your consciences really clear?

.....

With the report made public, the internet went into a frenzy!

"What? Zhang Ye had to borrow money for the operation fees?"

"Is this news reliable? If it is, then this person must definitely not be criticized!"

"Yes. I thought that Zhang Ye was very rich. After all, he is pretty popular in Beijing. Who knew that he had to sell his copyrights and borrow money to"

"I'm numb. My eyes are all red!"

"Me too. I've not been this touched in many years!"

"Who are the ones trying to take advantage of Teacher Zhang? F**k their ancestors!"

"This bunch of heartless things! Zhang Ye went broke to save a person! Yet you people are fishing in troubled waters? And even tried to discredit Teacher Zhang? Aren't you all wicked!"

On Tieba.

Zhang Ye's fanclub HQ.

A person had posted the newspaper report. Upon seeing this, all of Zhang Ye's fans went silent. They didn't know what to say; they only felt that their hearts were full.

Those who had earlier been scolding or asking Zhang Ye to lend them money no longer made a sound.

Only one person who had asked Zhang Ye for a donation posted a thread — "I'm sorry".

Chapter 149 - If You Do Not Leave Me, I Will Always Be at Your Side Until the End of Life

A few days later.

Zhang Ye's Nest, the number of fans were rapidly increasing!

It was increasing rapidly in a straight line. When the Tieba page was first created, the fans numbered in the thousands. But just overnight, it had increased to 58,000+. It seemed like people from all corners of the country had surged in to register to be part of Zhang Ye's fan club. As such, a presentable-looking, small-scale fan club was established!

One had to know that Zhang Ye was just an E-list celebrity, and he was just a small rookie celebrity who appeared in Beijing. With close to 60,000 fans, they were not as unreliable as Weibo fan numbers. There were no zombie fans, for all of them were genuine fans. It was almost impossible for an E-rank celebrity like Zhang Ye to have this number. Usually, similar celebrities would not have such cohesive fans, but Zhang Ye had managed it. The news of him dissipating all of his fortune to save Yang Lian had touched a countless number of fans. Many people who had no plans for chasing after stars or joining fan clubs came to become one of the members of Zhang Ye's fan club!

It was very lively on Tieba these few days.

"Zhang Ye, we love you!"

"Teacher Zhang, we will always support you!"

"Your sincerity is something that we all can see. The fans will be sincere to you, too!"

"We heard that Number1 will be having the operation soon. We wish her well. We also wish Teacher Zhang.. a peaceful life!"

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"Teacher Zhang, Number1 is in recuperation, while Big Saber Bro only cares about battling and not management. Now the matters of the fan club are under the responsibility of a few of us as junior moderators. It's pretty much settled. The front page has changed to a picture from your 'Lecture Room'. It's just that we haven't written our fan club's slogan or introduction. We don't know how, nor do we have the literary talent. Can you give us something? Or maybe something you want to say to us? Anything is fine. As long as you have decided on one, we will add it to the Tieba page's most eye-catching spot, so that everyone can see it."

"Right, right. Let's not fret over it. Let Teacher Zhang think of a phrase. Haha, Teacher Zhang's literary talent is not something that even if ten thousand of us were combined together could match!"

"Watching this."

"Seated here and waiting for Teacher Zhang's words of wisdom!"

"Teacher Zhang, give us one!"

In just a short time, the thread already had over 4,000 replies!

Zhang Ye, who had just woken up, was also filled with adrenaline from the passion of the fans. There were so many fans, so many people, who supported him. Did Zhang Ye ever think this would happen to him? Besides excitement, he also felt touched. Actually, in Zhang Ye's dictionary, he did not demarcate clearly what a celebrity and fan was. He did not feel like he was much higher in status than fans, nor did he feel that whatever the fans did was something necessary. If fans looked up to Zhang Ye and supported him, that was giving him face. So naturally, he had to give his fans face, too. He needed to also support and help his fans. For example, Yang Lian's matter was an example. It was a mutual thing.

Zhang Ye got up to wash up before returning to his computer to think carefully. Then he posted, "I'm also not sure what phrase to use. If it's absolutely needed, I just want to thank everyone. Thank

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you for everyone's support and trust. If you do not leave me, I will always be at your side until the end of life!" This was a very popular phrase in his world. It could be said to be a melodic poem, so Zhang Ye decided to use it.

When the fans saw this, their eyes lit up!

"Awesome!"

"Everything Teacher Zhang spits out is literary genius!"

"If you do not leave me, I will always be at your side until the end of life? We'll use it!"

"Teacher Zhang, this phrase should be what we, as fans, say to you. If you do not leave us, we will always be at your side until the end of life. We will forever support you!"

Very quickly, this poetic phrase was placed on the front page of Zhang Ye's Nest. Zhang Ye's post was also instantaneously stickied and countless numbers of people discussed and followed the thread!

.....

With the matters of the fan club more or less settled, with people taking care of the backend, Zhang Ye no longer need to worry. Switching off the computer, Zhang Ye pitifully went to the open kitchen to prepare a bowl of . He had also successfully leveled up from "Instant Noodles Hero" to "Guamian Hero". There was no other choice. What else could he eat? He was out of money, so he could only make do with noodles. This time, he had added an egg with the Guamian, which was also a change of taste.

Typically, an open kitchen made it difficult for the oil and smoke to be easily released.

As such, Zhang Ye opened the windows and door to ventilate the room, so as to release the Guamian's smell.

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The moment the door opened, a neighboring tenant brought a Tupperware box over. "Little Zhang, heh, I was about to knock the door. Here, have some!"

Zhang Ye subconsciously accepted it, "Uncle Lu, what is this?"

The neighboring uncle laughed, "My wife just braised some beef. We saw the news and knew you spent all your money to help your fan in her illness, and you are in quite a bit of debt now. Guessing that you aren't eating well, and since we braised too much meat, we decided to bring you some."

"There's no need. Please don't." Although Zhang Ye said those words, his hands were grasping the Tupperware box tightly. His eyes were bulging and he looked like he was starving.

The neighboring uncle said, "Enough, quickly take it. Next time when my wife makes something delicious, I'll bring it over for you. Eat it; I'm leaving!"

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, "Thank you, uncle!"

The neighboring uncle waved his hand, "Don't stand on ceremony. Hur hur."

The moment that Zhang Ye returned into his room, he opened the lid. Good lad, the meat was still hot. He had not even had a bite of meat these last few days, so the moment he saw the box of beef, it was like a weasel seeing chickens. His eyes flashed and, without using chopsticks, he grabbed a piece of meat with his hands and stuffed it into his mouth!

Gu Lu!

Fragrant! Too fragrant!

Crispy on the outside and tender on the inside! Melted the moment it entered the mouth! Mouth full of... Alright, that's not used to describe beef!

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Anyways, it was very delicious. Zhang Ye ate another seven to eight pieces before he was pleased. Kindness indeed begets kindness. His neighbors still remembered him, so Zhang Ye felt very heart-warmed.

After eating his fill, there was still some time before he had to go to work. As such, Zhang Ye opened the game ring's interface to check his overall Reputation. 4,300,000! A portion of the points came from the respect people had after watching the Beijing Television Station broadcast of him saving his fan, while a larger portion of it came from "Lecture Room". Everyday, it would add to his Reputation points. More than ten episodes of "Lecture Room" had already been broadcast.

Other than the first two episodes being something everyone saw for the first time, with the extremely great shock value resulting in a very high Reputation contribution, the remaining episodes gave less Reputation. Especially the episodes from Monday to Friday. As they were aired while people were working, one could tell from the ratings that they were inferior to the weekend episodes. Even if everyone watched videos of it later, the Reputation gained back would still not be as much as the first episode. Of course, although it was little, it wasn't that little. It still provided about a hundred thousand points every day.

More than four million!

Zhang Ye felt that he had become a nouveau riche!

Time for the lottery! He had to draw once at the Lottery! He could no longer bear it!

Zhang Ye had already endured for ten days and could no longer bear it any further. Although he had felt that his career was going smoothly, and the ratings for "Lecture Room" were increasing by the day and had stabilized, he had still wanted to accumulate Reputation points and only use them when required. But like a woman, who had finished shopping at an online shopping portal,

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Taobao from his world, would say – if I were to shop on Taobao again this month, I'll cut off my hands. However, reality proved that this sentence was one of the top ten lies in his world. It was not to be believed. Zhang Ye was in the same situation.

Draw!

He left 300,000 points for emergencies, so there was four million left to use!

Zhang Ye tapped on the Lottery and bought a draw. He wanted to first try to gauge his luck for the first time, so he did not place any Additional Stakes. It didn't matter if it was good or bad. After all, he was not lacking 100,000 Reputation points. He was a nouveau riche now!

1 round...

2 rounds...

3 rounds...

The needle slowly stopped.

It stopped in a the biggest region, the Consumption Category!

Treasure Chest (Small) appeared. Zhang Ye took the Treasure Chest and opened it. He discovered a small bottle in it. There was a red liquid in it and the bottle looked crystal clear.

[Health Potion] (1): Effective upon consumption. Recovers player's injuries.

Zhang Ye put the Health Potion into his Inventory and treated it as an emergency item. It was not known when he would need to use it, so Zhang Ye would never feel like he had too many of such a good item.

Again!

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This time he was going to go all in!

Zhang Ye gambled again. The moment he began the Lottery, he was planning on buying Additional Stakes, but after some hesitation, he decided to have a feel for where the needle would land before deciding. After all, this was using 3.8 million Reputation points at one go. If he was unlucky and got tens of garbage, then he would really feel the pain.

Time for the lottery!

The needle began to move!

Zhang Ye stared unblinkingly at the wheel and watched the needle slow down after each revolution. Finally, the needle approached the Stats Category and Skills Category. If nothing unexpected happened, it would likely fall into one of those two regions. Only then did Zhang Ye feel relieved. This was because no matter how bad the items from the Stats Category and Skills Category were, they still produced an improvement of himself. That lock-picking skill from before did not seem useful, but it had also helped Zhang Ye catch the two burglars, right? As such, Zhang Ye immediately bought the Additional Stakes. Leaving 300,000 Reputation points behind, all the remaining 3.8 million Reputation points were all added!

A large bet!

This was what a real large bet was!

The Lottery carried on and the needle slowly moved!

Finally, under Zhang Ye's constant attention, the needle stopped in the Stats Category region. The Lottery ended and immediately, 39 Treasure Chest (Small) icons appeared in his inventory! Seeing the densely-packed, small, golden-colored Treasure Chests, Zhang Ye was extremely excited!

Opening the Treasure Chest, Zhang Ye checked!

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[Fruit of Charm (Voice)]: Effective upon consumption. Permanently increases the player's voice's charm.

The voice's charm?

There was charm to voice, too?

Zhang Ye did not understand. Hence, he began taking out one Treasure Chest after another. He then took out the reddish-green fruit within the chests!

There were 39 Fruits of Charm!

Having the experience of eating Fruit of Charm (Eyes) in the past, Zhang Ye appeared very serious. He picked one up and tried eating it!

His throat warmed up and his body began to heat up!

After enduring for a few seconds, the feeling slowly dissipated!

Zhang Ye then picked up the remaining Fruits of Charm (Voice) and placed them into his mouth, taking big bites of them!

He finally finished eating them. Zhang Ye was already covered in sweat. He immediately went to the bathroom to shower. As he showered, he blinked and then said casually, "Burn, my little universe!"

Eh?

His voice seemed to have a magnetic charm to it!

But other than that, it did not seem to have any other feeling.

Slightly less than 40 Fruits of Charm were eaten, but that was all their effect? Could there be some effect that he could not feel?

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Chapter 150 - The Amazing Fruit of Charm!

Leaving home for work.

On the way, Zhang Ye was pondering over the effect of the Fruit of Charm (Voice). Previously, when he drew the Fruit of Charm (Eyes), although there were only four of them, the results were obvious. People walking on the street would take another glance at him. It was no longer like in the past where no one paid him any concern. Alright, although the attention wasn't that great, but at least there was some effect. This time, he had eaten nearly ten times the number of Fruits of Charm, but why wasn't there a great change in his voice? He still had his original voice, but he could not feel the charm.

There was a small sundry shop in front of him.

Zhang Ye walked over after getting off the subway, "Big Sis, give me a bottle of mineral water."

The female boss looked at him, and then, in a disinterested manner, took a bottle of mineral water with the brand of this world, "Boat Mountain", and passed it to him, "1.50."

Zhang Ye subconsciously tried to bargain, "Can it be cheaper?" He was out of money, so he had to scrimp.

What he did not expect was that when the female boss heard him, she looked at him and said, "If you want... Then 1.10. That's our cost price. It can't go any lower."

Zhang Ye immediately got the money out, "Thank you."

The female boss said, "You're welcome. I just found what you said soothing to the ear."

What I said was soothing to the ear? Zhang Ye was surprised. He still had his original voice after all.

After Zhang Ye left, the female boss began to play with her cell phone out of boredom. Suddenly, she was stunned as she muttered to herself, "Eh, why did I really sell it to him at cost price? It's just a bottle of mineral water. If he didn't want it, then he shouldn't have bought it! To think he bargained..?" After saying that, she smacked herself in the head, "What's wrong with me today? Just that kid's words made me confused!" Only then did she react. The young lad's voice seemed to have an indescribable charm to it. After hearing it, she could not help but follow his instructions. She did not understand the situation herself!

Outside the shop.

Zhang Ye finally understood. The Fruit of Charm for voice was the same as the Fruit of Charm for eyes. It did not change the player's physique in any way. For example... Making the eyes bigger? Or making the voice sound clearer? There were no such effects. Zhang Ye still had that slightly hoarse-like voice. What the Fruit of Charm changed was something that was more like the essence and something more mysterious. Hence, the other person sold him the bottle of mineral water to him at cost price. Anyway, Zhang Ye had never heard of anyone bargaining while buying mineral water. And it could be seen that she did not recognize him, nor was she a fan of his. Then, there was no doubt that the 38 Fruits of Charm had directly increased the charm of Zhang Ye's voice or his manner of speech!

Man, why does it feel like it has the feeling of bewitchment?

If he really ate 10,000 of such Fruits of Charm for voice, would a simple word, poem or song from him cause everyone in the world to crazily worship him? Wouldn't this perfectly make up for his naturally poor voice? There was really such a possibility. When that happened, would this bro need to work so hard? He just needed to speak daily and the fans would come rushing over. Wouldn't that be easy?

.....

The unit.

Everyone had arrived.

"Teacher Zhang, you are here?"

"Morning, Teacher Little Zhang."

Hou Ge, Xiao Lu and company greeted him.

"Morning, everybody," Zhang Ye smiled and returned the greeting.

Xiao Lu was stunned, "Eh! Teacher Zhang, why does your voice sound different today? No, that's not right. Your voice hasn't changed, but why do I feel... Heh, I can't tell!"

Hou Ge pondered for a while, "There's something different."

Hu Fei came in, carrying his bag, "Are you all here? Then let us get to work. It's time to work. With Little Zhang taking time off for the past few days, the recorded programs have finished broadcasting. Today, we will need to produce a few more episodes. Time is tight on our side. Let's go. As for the exact details, let's talk about it in the recording studio." He rallied the people to work.

.....

The audience came.

The cameras were turned on.

Zhang Ye stood behind the podium and adjusted the microphone. He then began speaking, "During the last episode, we talked about how Cao Cao was good at using people. He was good at using people because he knew how to read people. And it was because he knew how to make a penetrating analysis of people that he seldom thought highly of others. He only thought differently of Liu Bei. Cao Cao once said..."

One episode was done.

The audience stood up to clap and cheer!

"Alright!"

"So interesting!"

"I think today's episode is better than any other episode!"

"Indeed, I also have that feeling. But it seems the previous few episodes were all about the same, right? However, why do I find that this episode is especially soothing to the ears?"

"Me, too. Listening to Teacher Zhang's lecture is like a form of enjoyment!"

It was not common for people to give a standing ovation after one episode was finished recording. It was all spontaneous from the audience. No one requested it. Even if it was requested, it was not something obtainable. What was common?

Commonly, when recording a television station program, a recording was made of the audience's applause and cheers before the show began, as the audience would still be patient and still in high spirits. Later on, during editing, they would intersperse that into the program. That was common. Back then, "Lecture Room" did the same, too.

However, from the recording of the second episode onwards, the program team no longer used such a method, for there was no need to. Zhang Ye's "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" was too interesting. If you prevented them from cheering and clapping, they might not even be able to endure it. Was there a need to record applause as backup? It was unnecessary!

In a day, Zhang Ye recorded eight episodes!

If this carried on, he could probably finish recording all of "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" this week!

.....

Time to knock off work.

After working hard all day, Zhang Ye's forehead was covered in sweat. His throat was a bit hoarse. Xiao Lu rushed over to wipe his sweat and handed him some water.

As Zhang Ye gulped it down, he saw Hu Fei looking down at a sheet of paper. He looked skeptical and curious. Seeing that everyone was done with their work, he then said to the filming team and the lighting crew he had borrowed from the station, "Everyone, thank you for the hard work. Thank you. You may go now."

After everyone left, only the segment team was left behind.

Hu Fei looked at them and said, "Today's first recording was broadcast in the afternoon. The ratings have been calculated ahead of time. Well, there's something strange."

Dafei asked curiously, "Strange?"

This also caught the attention of Zhang Ye and company.

Hu Fei placed the sheet on the podium, "Take a look. Our ratings have always been very stable. Today isn't the weekend either. I also watched the program. It's still the same high quality as in the past. There's nothing wrong with it, nor is there anything more interesting than the past. But today's rating actually hit 5.62%! It was higher in ratings than the other similar episodes by 0.5 or even 0.6! This increase was indeed very strange! It increased so much for no reason!"

Xiao Lu laughed, "This is good! If it's the weekend, it will definitely be above 8.6, right?"

"It may be good, but why did it increase? Is today some enforced holiday? No!" Hu Fei could not figure it out no matter what!

Only Zhang Ye had a vague idea of why this was so. This was most likely the effect of the Fruits of Charm. Now, his voice and manner of speech was infused with the effects of the Fruits of Charm (Voice). As long as he spoke, he could grab the attention of people to a certain extent. This was probably how the increase in rating came about!

Fascinating!

His path in the future would be easier from now on!

Chapter 151 - Not Giving the Leader Face!

After work.

Hou Ge asked, "Teacher Zhang, how about we have dinner together?"

"Count me out." Zhang Ye waved, "You guys go ahead."

Xiao Lu also invited him along, "Come on; let's go together. It won't be the same without you."

Zhang Ye smiled bitterly as he patted his pockets, "I need to save now. Any spare money needs to be saved. Otherwise, I won't be able to pay my Communist Party of China fees. You guys go ahead; don't bother about me."

Hou Ge said "I will treat."

"Still, leave me out. Maybe next time." Zhang Ye said.

Xiao Lu queried, "Teacher Zhang, you are still a member?"

"Yes, I joined in university." Zhang Ye answered.

Zhang Ye had joined as a member in his third year of college. Of course, that happened in his world, but it was about the same in this one, also. When he sounded out his mother, he knew that he had applied to be a member around that time. He had also followed the crowd and handed in the application form. After two meetings, he became a probationary member. He was already a proper member now, but he never participated in any of the Party's activities. He was only messing around in there... Eh, no. That's wrong. Zhang Ye was... He was receiving the edification and education from the party.

Why did messing around become edification?

Nonsense! There was no why! It has to be said that way!

Hou Ge could only reluctantly say, "Alright then. Let's go ahead. Teacher Zhang, you must join us next time."

Xiao Lu waved, "Wait a few minutes for me. I have to switch off the computers. The windows are also not closed."

"You guys go. I will do it." Zhang Ye insisted that they go for dinner. He switched off everything and packed up before locking up to leave.

In the corridor.

Editor Wei's stooped figure came towards him from far away, "Teacher Little Zhang."

"Uncle Wei, you have not knocked off yet?" Zhang Ye knew how Editor Wei was. He respected him very much and ever since that time, he addressed him as Uncle Wei.

Editor Wei smiled, "I have to work overtime today."

"Why are you always working overtime? I've never seen you every time I leave the office." Zhang Ye expression tightened.

Editor Wei was a very optimistic person, "It's alright. I have lots of work. The others have less. Even if I go home, I have nothing to do."

Zhang Ye knew by now that it must be Wang Shuixin who made Editor Wei work overtime. Bearing the grudge from a few years ago when Editor Wei beat up his son, he had always been making it difficult for Editor Wei. Actually, not only Editor Wei was treated this way. Wang Shuixin did this to many others, too.

Previously, Zhang Ye had not really noticed it, but after Wang Shuixin took advantage of him by buying Zhang Ye's copyrights at a cheap price, Zhang Ye completely saw through what sort of person he was. Wang Shuixin usually appeared dignified, was full of cultural bearing and was even quite a famous poet, but from that matter, it could be seen that he was a guy who did not treat others as humans. Zhang Ye and Hu Fei had already said that it was the medical fees for a

leukemia patient, but not only did Wang Shuixin did not have any human compassion, he even took advantage of Zhang Ye's desperate need for cash and obtained the maximum benefits for the station. It had also maximized his own personal interests!

One could find a person with an ugly face annoying!

But a person with an ugly heart like Wang Shuixin was to be hated!

And it happened that Editor Wei mentioned the same name, "Director Wang's secretary told me to tell you to go over. There might be something."

Zhang Ye narrowed his eyes, "His secretary is the one who's calling me over? Why doesn't he come here himself?"

That Wang guy was already ordering Editor Wei around. Now even his secretary wants to order him around?

Editor Wei had a good temper, and he even defended the secretary, "He's also rather busy. Why don't you make a trip there?"

"His secretary, busy? I'm the one who's busy!" Editor Wei might be good-natured, but Zhang Ye's was well known for being bad-tempered. He was already suppressing his anger towards Wang Shuixin. His anger was already simmering on the edge to begin with. If they had wanted him to meet them during office hours, that's fine. But it was already after work. It was already past the legal working hours!

Look for me?

Not free! I don't care who he was!

If one put it nicely, a person like Zhang Ye was a more emotional person. If one didn't put it nicely, it would be a prickly person. When he was happy, when others were nice to him, he would go along with anyone and be courteous with them. But if someone made him unhappy, the rascal wouldn't give a d*mn who you were. Be it a

Leader or a Leader's secretary, Zhang Ye would even dare point at one's nose and curse. And it was something he had indeed done before.

Editor Wei smiled bitterly.

A few co-workers who had just knocked off heard Zhang Ye's words. They saw him leaving after that without going to Wang Shuixin's office. They all could only look at each other with wry smiles.

"Zhang Ye is Zhang Ye."

"Right. A lot of news and online discussions recently were commanding him for his righteousness, as he'd rather become broke to help a fan. But they don't know that when he gets angry, he doesn't give a d*mn about anyone. That "Dead Water" had shocked so many people during the Golden Microphone Awards! Oh, but then again, this could be the reason why so many people like him."

"Me, too. I find Teacher Zhang Ye to be a rather nice person."

"But why does he show that attitude? Director Wang has offended him?"

"Hey, don't you know yet? The royalty fees to the rights for 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' was reduced to a million by Director Wang. And that was the DVD and broadcasting rights combined. To give such a low price for such a popular program, even if Zhang Ye is an employee of our television station, that's still too little. The crux of the matter isn't just about money. Did you see the newspapers? That money was the money needed by a patient to save her life. In the end, Director Wang didn't even give enough. Zhang Ye had to borrow from others to scrape it all together. It would be a wonder if Zhang Ye was happy with the station doing that!"

"But the Leader is calling for him, yet he won't go? Is this appropriate?"

"If it's other people, of course it's inappropriate. But it's not a

problem for Teacher Zhang Ye."

"Right. He is one of the most important hosts of our Arts Channel. Anyone has to give him some face. Fire him? That's completely impossible. For the programs of others, even including very popular variety shows, nothing much would happen when the host is changed. There would certainly be some effects, but it would not be too great. After all, people watch it for the program itself. But Zhang Ye is different. His role is not just as simple as a host. He is a lecturer. And 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' has just reached the halfway mark. To take Zhang Ye down? Then who will analyze the Three Kingdoms? Nobody can analyze it! His role is irreplaceable. Hur hur. Everyone on the internet says that Zhang Ye only has ordinary looks, but what do they know? Those who are good-looking exist in large numbers, and they could all be easily replaced. But how many people in the country could replace a talent like Zhang Ye? Absolutely none! Even if the Leader is offended, he has to bear with it. Otherwise, if Zhang Ye leaves, what will happen to the station's ratings?"

"A big shop can bully its customers, but a big customer can bully a shop, too!"

"When can I reach the level of Teacher Zhang, and able to not give a f**k about the Leader whenever I want? Haha. Just thinking about it makes me excited!"

It became a conversation before you knew it.

Editor Wei shook his head helplessly, "This Teacher Little Zhang, ah."

A person said, "Uncle Wei, you might as say that you did not see Teacher Zhang Ye. Tell them he has knocked off."

"I guess that's the only way." Editor Wei did not want to create any more trouble for Zhang Ye, so he helped him to cover it up.

.....

Arts Channel.

Director's office.

The secretary knocked and entered, "Director, Zhang Ye has gone home. They didn't find him."

Wang Shuixin was standing by his window, watering his plants. He was shaking his head, as if he were reciting some flowery poetry. He looked back at the secretary and signalled for him to come over, then pointed outside the window.

The secretary went over and looked, then immediately saw Zhang Ye's figure. He was walking towards the subway, obviously just leaving work. When he saw this, the secretary was angered, "I got Old Wei to call for him, and he still said he was not around? Isn't he just leaving? I'm sure they met each other. Is Old Wei lying to me? Leader, leave this to me. I will go look for that Wei guy right now! Is he rebelling now?"

"No need." Wang Shuixin said calmly.

"But this isn't conducive!" The secretary had been following Wang Shuixin for many years, so he could speak freely with him. "He didn't even come when you had summoned for him, and that Old Wei also covered up for him. If it happens once, it will happen twice. Your credibility....." He knew that Wang Shuixin viewed his own reputation and credibility highly. For a poet and a literary figure, these are characteristics that won't be lacking in them. They all valued themselves highly.

Wang Shuixin finished watering the plants and turned around to sit down. He said, "Deduct all of Old Wei's overtime pay for this month."

"I understand." This was a good reason, but even if there wasn't a reason, it's always been this way. It was a practice set by Wang Shuixin that anyone else would get overtime pay, but only Editor Wei, even if he were to work overtime every day, would not receive a

single cent of overtime pay. There would always be a reason to deduct it off. As for the reason why, everyone had a tacit understanding. Wang Shuixin had wanted serve justice for his son. He was his only son, so he spoiled him badly. Even Wang Shuixin could not bear to hit his son, but Editor Wei had used a chair to beat and chased him away some years ago. Wang Shuixin did not take it up with Editor Wei back then, but from then on he had been slowly getting back at him.

"For Zhang Ye....." Wang Shuixin said slowly, "Deduct all his bonuses."

The secretary nodded, "But what reason do we give?"

Wang Shuixin said, "Didn't he take a few days off?"

The secretary pondered, "But he also worked overtime for a lot of days. He was even recording the program on a few public holidays. If he took time off accordingly, then....."

"Who authorized his time off?" Wang Shuixin asked. "It was true that he took time off. If he took so many days of time off, then would there be a problem with deducting his bonuses?"

The secretary immediately said, "There's no problem. I'll process it tomorrow. I'm just afraid if Zhang Ye will flare up. After all, he is lacking in cash now. After donating the surgery fees and having borrowed money, if we deduct his bonus, he might... Besides, his program is currently very popular. What if..."

Wang Shuixin said, "Just do it according to my instructions!"

The secretary did not dare say more, "Yes."

Chapter 152 - Beating the sh*t out of Wang Shuixin's Son

Early in the morning.

The telephone had awakened him.

"Little Zhang, what did you do yesterday?" It was Hu Fei on the line.

Zhang Ye sat up, "Brother Hu, what do you mean?"

Hu Fei said, "We are getting our salaries today, but you only received your basic salary and your bonuses for the month have all been deducted. Even your basic salary is not in full, as you have not even been here for a full month, so it was prorated. When I checked for you with Finance, they said you took too many days off. I said that you were given time off-in-lieu, as you had worked overtime even more and had not rested for a whole week, but they said that they did not see the off-in-lieu timesheet!" Pausing, he then said, "Let's talk when you get to the unit. I'll definitely help you get back the bonus. Don't worry!"

Zhang Ye's expression sunk, "Yesterday, while knocking off, Wang Shuixin's secretary sent Editor Wei to look for me. I did not go. I did not care about that bunch of people, so I headed straight home!"

Hu Fei said, "You still have that temper of yours!"

Zhang Ye said without any guilt, "If people respect me, I respect them. If they don't respect me, why should I respect them?"

"Forget it. I will bring you to see Director Wang when you reach the office!" Hu Fei became unhappy, not towards Zhang Ye, but towards Wang Shuixin's attitude. Everyone in the whole station knew that Zhang Ye was broke and going through a difficult time. But Wang Shuixin, this Leader of the channel, rather than helping Zhang Ye when he needed it the most, he instead pressured him on the

copyright fees and was now rubbing salt into his wounds? While knowing that Zhang Ye was already broke, he still deducted his bonuses? Even if Little Zhang was wrong in some way, he shouldn't have done this!

After hanging up.

Zhang Ye thought over it. He decided to give his mother a call.

Ring, ring. The call was connected, "Hello, son."

Zhang Ye was feeling embarrassed, "Mom, that thing. Lend me some money."

His mother asked cautiously, "How much do you need? If it's more than 500, don't bother asking!"

Zhang Ye nearly fainted, "How is 500 even enough, I'm a little hard up recently. Didn't I tell you already? My fan had to have an emergency operation. You saw it on the news, too."

"You are a good person, aren't you? A million given away just like that... Are you not silly? There's a lot of good-hearted people around. Why did you offer to help then? You aren't a tycoon!" His mother got angry at the thought of this.

But there was some murmuring on the other side of the call.

"What are you doing!"

"Give me the phone!"

Finally, his father answered, "Little Ye, what you did was right. You didn't embarrass our Zhang family. Don't listen to your mother's nonsense. If you meet someone less fortunate than you, then you must help them within your means. You are a Communist Party of China party member, so you must be conscious of this. You did really well. How much do you need? The money you gave to your mother, she has spent some of it on a few gold necklaces. The rest is still

unspent. Is 50,000 enough?"

Zhang Ye said, "Enough? 50,000 is good enough. I will return the money I owe first."

His father said, "Good. I will transfer it to your account now."

Zhang Ye added, "Tell mom that when I earn more money, I will make it up to her."

Zhang Ye did not want to bother his family initially. He had wanted to return Hu Fei's money slowly with every paycheck. But it seemed that he couldn't do that now. His bonuses were a lost cause. How long would it take to pay off what he owed with just his basic salary? So he had no choice but to turn to his dad and mom. Sigh, he will make it up to them in the future.

He was in a bad mood early in the morning. After showering, he went to the office angrily.

.....

At the television station building.

Having just arrived at work, there was already a person waiting to be hit by Zhang Ye's cannon!

Just as Zhang Ye stepped out of the lift, he heard a commotion not too far away. He walked over to take a look, but there were many bystanders around.

"What's happening?" Zhang Ye moved towards the front.

Hou Ge and some others were not here yet, but Xiao Lu was amongst the crowd. When she saw Zhang Ye, she pointed in there angrily, "Teacher Zhang, come quickly. It's Wang Cen; he's harassing our female colleagues again!"

"Who's Wang Cen?" Zhang Ye asked.

"Director Wang's son!" Xiao Lu answered.

In there, he saw Editor Wei confronting Wang Cen.

"You bast**d! You still dare to be arrogant in the television station?" Editor Wei was always a very good-natured person, but right now his face was totally cold!

Wang Cen stared at him, "What am I arrogant about? Can't I chat with them? Is that your business?"

Editor Wei scolded, "Chatting? Do you need to put your hands around the young lady if you were just chatting? Eh?"

Wang Cen became angry, "What age and era is this now? This is how we chat. What has it got to do with you?"

"Didn't you see the young lady trying to push you away? And to think you even made greater advances? Are you a hooligan? Do you believe I will not beat you up and chase you away?" Editor Wei pulled the young lady over and stood in front of her.

The young lady said thankfully, "Thank you, Uncle Wei."

Editor Wei protectively said, "Don't be afraid; I'm here!"

Wang Cen smiled angrily, "Beat me and chase me out? Do you think that this is a few years ago? I don't believe it, but you can give it a try!"

The surrounding crowd was watching, but no one dared to help. After all, that was the Director's son. No one felt like it was their place to say anything. Back then, when Editor Wei beat up this person, what happened to him? He had directly been given the cold shoulder by Wang Shuixin. Difficulties were created for Editor Wei and he was being schemed against. No one wanted to end up in such a situation.

Editor Wei did not say anything else. He saw a chair by the side and

lifted it up, "Are you getting lost or not?"

Wang Cen sneered, but remained motionless.

Seeing this, Editor Wei moved forward with the chair!

As Wang Cen's eyelid twitched, with a move of his feet, he displayed a certain series of steps.

Others could not tell what was happening, but Zhang Ye knew. This was the basic series of steps in Taekwondo. And from the posture, it looked like the lead-in to a roundhouse kick. After being beaten up by Editor Wei a few years ago, he had been learning Taekwondo the past few years? He was planning on taking revenge one day?

Editor Wei was in danger!

Without any hesitation, Zhang Ye squeezed through the crowd!

At this moment, Editor Wei was already in front of Wang Cen. And as expected, Wang Cen spun his body as he lifted his leg, and was about to hit Editor Wei with a roundhouse kick!

"Ah!"

"Uncle Wei!"

"Be careful!"

Zhang Ye was furious. You came to our unit to take liberties with young ladies, and yet you still want to beat people? Do you think you are reasonable? Are you being this lawless just because your father is Wang Shuixin? Get the f**k away! Wang Shuixin's son? When Zhang Ye heard this, it was an even greater fresh animosity added to an old grudge. He charged forward and blocked before Uncle Wei. As he also knew Taekwondo and had eaten many skill books, he naturally knew the weakness of a roundhouse kick. Its preparation time was too long, and the amount of movement was too much. Hence, Zhang Ye aimed for the appropriate moment and moved up

to give a kick, as he quickly kicked Wang Cen's side hip!

Smash!

Wang Cen was still in the midst of his attack, but this kick, together with his flawed kick's momentum, caused him to scream out as he slammed into the ground!

Smash! He fell to the ground!

"Aiyah!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

Xiao Lu shouted!

No one had expected Zhang Ye to attack!

A few years ago, Editor Wei had beaten up Wang Cen. A few years later, it was Zhang Ye's turn!

"Uncle Wei, step back a bit. Everyone, step back, too. I don't want to hurt you!" Zhang Ye said loudly, "This bro will serve justice today!"

Do you think everyone will give you face as the son of Wang Shuixin?

Bullsh*t! The matter with the copyright, the matter with the bonus, the matter with Editor Wei, Zhang Ye had already put up with Wang Shuixin for too long. Your son was the one asking for it! If I don't f**king beat him, who do I beat?!

Wang Cen also never expected someone to dare to step forward and even beat him. He was quick to react. With a flip, he bounced up. It could be seen that he did not slack in his Taekwondo. He was not some dabbler, but had really put in the effort, "Grandson! You dare touch me!?"

Zhang Ye said, "The one I'm touching is you!"

With a huff, Wang Cen charged up and began fighting with Zhang

Ye!

Cross kick!

Side kick!

In a few seconds, the two crossed four to five moves!

Zhang Ye was frowning deep down. In terms of technique, they were about at the same level. However, it was clear that Wang Cen had mastered it bit by bit, so his strength and speed were slightly greater than Zhang Ye. As for Zhang Ye, he had directly learned Taekwondo from eating skill books. His strength and reaction speed was not up to snuff. Two kicks from him on Wang Cen were met with four kicks back. The difference was becoming more apparent!

"Little Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

The crowd was dazzled, but they could see that Zhang Ye was losing!

Zhang Ye was hit quite a few times and was almost unable to take it anymore. However, Wang Cen was not any better. But he was clearly stronger than Zhang Ye by a bit. He could still fight!

Just as Zhang Ye was about to be defeated, he narrowed his eyes and recalled the bottle of "Health Potion" that he had obtained from the Lottery. Turning his body to the side, he immediately retrieved the little red bottle from the game ring, opened the cap and drank it down. Immediately, Zhang Ye felt the pain in his body diminish greatly. He could stand straight now!

Wang Cen was just about to give Zhang Ye the fatal blow!

However, Zhang Ye suddenly flared up as he took it on with a kick that was as swift as a sudden clap of thunder which left no time for one to cover one's ears.

Wang Cen was alarmed. The surrounding crowd was also alarmed. They clearly knew Zhang Ye was about to be defeated, but he suddenly became energetic!

Smash!

A dull thud!

Zhang Ye's kick had hit Wang Cen in the chin. Wang Cen's head flew up a few centimeters before crashing flat onto the ground. It was still not the end, as Zhang Ye rushed forward and began stomping, "Trying to be a hooligan? You f**king still want to be a hooligan? I'm telling you! Don't you dare come here to act wildly again! Everytime I see you, I'll beat you up!"

More than ten stumps were made consecutively!

Wang Cen covered his head and cried out in pain. He no longer had the strength to fight back!

Editor Wei rushed up to pull Zhang Ye back, "Stop beating him, Little Zhang. It's enough. Just teaching him a lesson is enough!"

Xiao Lu, together with Hou Ge and Dafei, who had just come to work, rushed forward to stop the fight. One pulled at Zhang Ye's arm, while another pulled at his waist, "Teacher Zhang! Someone will die if you carry on this beating!"

Zhang Ye was pulled back a bit, but he was not mollified. He kicked at Wang Cen without any warning once again, as he cursed, "You f**king bast**d!" From the angle of genes, this curse included Wang Shuixin!

"Aiyah!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

"He already can't get up!"

Only then did Zhang Ye "reluctantly" give up!

Everyone stared with their eyes wide open. This Teacher Zhang was not only good at talking, he was actually quite brutal when he beat someone up!

Chapter 153 - Zhang Ye has been Arrested!

In the corridor.

The crowd was in chaos.

"What do we do?"

"No idea!"

"Let's call an ambulance first!"

"Right, let's call 120 before anything else!"

"Teacher Zhang is too formidable. I heard that Wang Cen had trained in Taekwondo for two whole years and is already a green belt.

Teacher Zhang, who is just a literary person and makes a living with his mouth, can actually beat him up that badly? F**k, could Teacher Zhang also have practiced before? Both of their techniques seemed about the same!"

"Such a good vent!"

"Shh, say it quietly. Don't let others hear it."

"But Zhang Ye has really gotten into trouble this time. There's no way of turning the situation around anymore."

"That's right. Back then, Editor Wei only hit Wang Cen once and then chased him out the door. He wasn't even injured, but in the end...

Now, for Teacher Zhang to beat Wang Cen into such a state, his father will definitely not let it go. Could he report it to the police?"

"How could he?"

"It was that Wang Cen who first took liberties against a woman, and he even wanted to beat someone!"

"Right, Teacher Zhang did it to protect Editor Wei. It was in self-

defense!"

"Besides, Wang Cen isn't that injured, right? None of his bones have broken. It's just a superficial wound!"

Everyone began to discuss amongst themselves. On the whole, everyone was supportive of Zhang Ye. Wang Cen had, after all, brought this upon himself. No others were to be blamed. If they had Teacher Zhang Ye's courage and skills, they might have beaten Wang Cen up earlier already! If you were a staff member of our television station, it might have still been discussable, but you haven't even graduated from university. How dare you come to our television station to mess around? This was too outrageous. It even led everyone to question Wang Shuixin's ability to rein his child in! The last time, it was Editor Wei who taught your son a lesson. Rather than being impartial, you condoned his actions. That Wang Cen was beaten up like this today. The fault lies with you, Wang Shuixin! It was because you condoned his behaviour!

Hu Fei had just arrived at the unit at this moment. When he saw the commotion, he knew something must have happened. He pulled a friend over to ask and then his face immediately changed!

The ambulance arrived.

Wang Cen was put on a stretcher, but before he left, he pointed at Zhang Ye. "You grandson! Wait and see!"

"You still dare to be arrogant towards me? I don't need to wait! If you have a problem, you can say it now! What's there to wait!" Zhang Ye's stared at him as he rushed towards him.

Wang Cen immediately backed up further.

Xiao Lu pull him back, "Teacher Zhang!"

Hou Ge and Hou Di were also afraid that Zhang Ye would beat him up further, so they held him back together with Xiao Lu. The two of them did not know whether to laugh or to cry. Teacher Little Zhang's

image now... Which part of it seemed like a literary man! Which part of him looked like a historical lecturer! A streetside hooligan would have looked decent beside him!

Wang Cen was pulled away, but was still scolding. It could be seen that his injuries were not serious.

Hu Fei came forward in anger and shouted, "Little Zhang! Come with me. Now!"

Zhang Ye was seeing Hu Fei so angry for the first time. He blinked and didn't say anything, going back to his office together with Hu Fei, Xiao Lu, Hou Ge and the others.

Once inside, Hu Fei slammed the table, "What were you doing!"

Xiao Lu tried to explain for Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang was acting bravely for a just cause. All of us saw it!"

"Right, we can be witnesses. That grandson was being a hooligan, and even wanted to beat Editor Wei and Teacher Zhang, which was why Teacher Zhang beat him up. It's not Teacher Little Zhang's fault," Hou Ge added.

Hu Fei said, fumingly, "Do you need to beat someone up so badly while being a Good Samaritan? If he gets a medical opinion and reports this to the police, what would you do? Eh?"

Zhang Ye was not one who would regret his action. That was his personality. Like a scoundrel, he sat on a seat, "Anyway, I've already beaten him up. This person deserved it. Brother Hu, I know what you are talking about, but so what? If that Wang guy dares to come again to play the hooligan, I'll still beat him up every time I see him!"

Xiao Lu secretly gave Zhang Ye a big thumbs up.

Hu Fei stared at Xiao Lu, "Are you all revolting!?"

Xiao Lu muttered, "It's supposed to be a matter that satisfies the

masses."

"Enough with the bantering! Time to work! Begin recording!" Hu Fei gathered everyone to the recording studio, also taking the opportunity to dodge Wang Shuixin.

However, there were certain things that there were impossible to dodge. The people who should be in the know knew, and the people who should come eventually came.

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Arts Channel.

Director's office.

Wang Shuixin's secretary was the last person to receive the news, which showed how terrible his interpersonal relations was in the unit. Only when Wang Cen was sent away by an ambulance did he receive the news. He was immediately struck dumb as he entered the Director's office without knocking, "Director! Wang Cen got beaten up!"

Wang Shuixin was on the phone. His face was extremely sullen. Clearly, he already knew of it.

The secretary fumed, "That Zhang Ye! Does he even look up to the Leader!? What is he doing!?"

Wang Shuixin put down the phone and with a cold face said, "Report it to the police!", and with a pause, "You don't have to care about it! Go out!"

"Yes," the secretary left upon hearing this.

Wang Shuixin flipped open his telephone book and called a number, "Hello, Superintendent Song. I'm Old Wang. My son got beaten up. Please send the police!"

.....

Recording studio.

Zhang Ye had finished recording two episodes.

The audience was paying full attention. Sometimes they bent over laughing, while sometimes they applauded.

At this moment, the door to the recording studio was pushed open. A few policemen came in!

"What are you doing?"

"We are recording a program!"

"Unauthorized people are prohibited from entering!"

Hou Ge and Dafei said in an unfriendly manner.

The Leader, Superintendent Song, flashed a warrant, "Police. Is Zhang Ye here? Come with us to the station! There's a matter that requires investigation!"

Xiao Lu shouted, "That can be done later!"

"It cannot be done later! It has to be now!" Superintendent Song turned fierce!

Who knew that Zhang Ye did not even mind them. He was even too lazy to even give them a glance. He continued lecturing about the Three Kingdoms. He looked unperturbed and did not even stammer once. He still did what he needed to. The noise from the live audience was quite loud, and there were a few cameras, but Zhang Ye's microphone was the only one that mattered. As long as the scene was not too chaotic, it would not affect the audio recording.

The audience turned back and were shocked. They did not know what was going on.

Police?

They were here to catch Teacher Zhang Ye?

What, what had happened?

Hu Fei suppressed his flames of anger. He never expected Wang Shuixin to allow the police to enter the recording studio and even do it in front of the audience. The reason why Hu Fei took Zhang Ye away for recording was to dodge the trouble and to allow everyone to calm down and digest it. Who knew that Wang Shuixin was such an ***hole that he would let the police into the recording studio? From the fact that they were here, didn't it mean that Wang Shuixin disregarded anything else because of his son? He did not ask why, nor did he care if his son was in the wrong, and all he wanted was revenge? He didn't even care how much trouble and negativity it would bring to the television station and their Arts Channel's program? Wang Shuixin's reaction made Hu Fei feel cold. He knew that when a person abandoned all objectivity and principles for his own son, that was a very scary and dangerous signal!

"Are you not stopping?" a policeman said angrily.

"Where is your Leader?" Superintendent Song said impatiently.

Hu Fei stood forward, "I'm the Leader. If you have anything to say, say it to me, but not here. This is a recording studio. It does not welcome anyone!"

Superintendent Song looked at him, "Alright, I'll wait till you finish recording this episode!"

Outside.

Dafei simmered with anger as he said, "Based on what are you arresting Teacher Zhang? Do you even know about the situation?"

Superintendent Song, "We understand the situation already. Wang Cen is injured and is currently hospitalized. This is intentionally

causing bodily harm. We need to bring Zhang Ye back for the investigation!"

Xiao Lu said, "I can testify! Teacher Zhang was doing it in self-defense!"

"I can testify, too! Everyone can testify for Teacher Zhang!" Hou Ge said.

Superintendent Song was unyielding, "We have already heard many of such testimonies. I'm telling you, we already understand the situation very well. Regardless of the reason, battery is battery! No one can escape the arms of the law! Is your program done? Quickly bring him over!"

Xiao Lu gritted her teeth, "Wang Cen was taking liberties with a woman! And he was arrogant enough to beat people! And Teacher Zhang was wrong to return blows? What sort of logic is that!?"

Superintendent Song said, "You do not need to care how we handle the case!"

Not long later, the episode was done recording.

Zhang Ye signaled to the few cameras and packed his stuff and walked out of the recording studio, "Dear policemen, are you looking for me?"

Superintendent Song said coldly, "Take a trip down to the station with us!"

Zhang Ye was already mentally prepared. He was without any fear. Anyway, he had beaten Wang Shuixin's son to a pulp, "Alright, let's go."

"Teacher Zhang..." Xiao Lu said anxiously.

Zhang Ye waved his hand, "It's alright. I'll be right back."

A lot of the audience also followed outside. They stretched their necks to see what the commotion was about as they muttered.

Hu Fei came close to Zhang Ye and said softly into his ear, "Wang Shuixin should be acquainted with this Superintendent Song. You just insist it was done because of self-defense. Don't talk nonsense. The station will definitely not be too harsh on you, as this program still needs you to record. Without you, who is to lecture about the Three Kingdoms? So don't worry. You will be fine." Hu Fei comforted Zhang Ye. Actually, he was also not so sure.

There was reason to it.

The matter was as such.

However, Wang Shuixin currently had his eyes closed. He could do just about anything for his son. It was not impossible for him to use some underhanded methods to remand Zhang Ye for an extended period of time and charge him with criminal penalties! From the way Wang Shuixin handled things today, there were signs that he was crazy! His condoning of his son had far exceeded Hu Fei's expectations and imaginations. He, too, did not know what Wang Shuixin would do!

However, Zhang Ye, as the person involved, was calm. He followed the police and was very gentlemanly, and the bearing he had was impeccable!

Why?

This was because Zhang Ye had a clear conscience!

Chapter 154 - Causing an Uproar!

Courtyard of the police station.

The police car entered the back gate and stopped the car in the courtyard.

It was very messy and noisy. There were robbers who had just been arrested and were being prepared to transfer to another station, and people, who were arrested for drunken rioting the previous night, being released.

"Superintendent Song?" An old policeman looked over.

Superintendent Song said, "Old Zhao, is there any empty spare room?"

Old Zhao nodded, "There is. Eh, you arrested someone personally?"

Superintendent Song looked at Zhang Ye beside him, "This person is a bit special. He's a public figure, so I personally led the team."

"Alright, then hand it to me. I'll bring him there. Is there a need for handcuffs? What crime did he commit?" Old Zhao looked quizzically at Zhang Ye. Typically, when a public figure was brought to their station, they had to be a bit more careful. After all, a public figure had a lot more fans and the public attention on it was greater. Sometimes there were even reporters, so it was not a simple thing to handle.

With some thought, Superintendent Song said, "He is suspected of intentionally causing bodily harm. Also the matter is a bit serious, so handcuff him, just in case."

"Alright." Old Zhao accepted the order.

Zhang Ye looked at them, "Have you investigated properly? Handcuffing me?"

"How we investigate is our matter!" A policeman said from behind, "Let's go!"

Zhang Ye did not resist, "Alright, I sure want to see how you do your investigations!"

"You sure have lots of nonsense to say! Are you going?" The policemen were a bit unhappy from seeing him so unyielding despite being in the police station.

In a small dark room.

A remanding cell used to temporarily imprison people in the police station.

Zhang Ye walked in. Taking a few looks around, there was a table in the room. Bottles of finished mineral water were scattered on the ground. Other than that, there was nothing else. The room wasn't too big, and the environment was not that clean. There was a faint moist smell to it that was slightly pungent.

Superintendent Song said to Old Zhao, "I'm handing him over to you. I'll go to the hospital to check on the victim's injuries. The hospital's assessment report should be out soon."

"Alright, be rest assured," Old Zhao said.

Only then did Superintendent Song leave with an old policeman.

A junior policeman left behind asked, "Brother Zhao, where should we secure him to?"

After some pondering, Old Zhao pointed to a heating pipe, "Old place."

"Alright." The junior policeman lowered his head to cuff Zhang Ye's ankle and then, with a clank, cuffed it to the heating pipe.

Zhang Ye moved his foot around, and he was still sneering.

Old Zhao said to the junior policeman, "Go check his record." Then he said to Zhang Ye, "Comrade, we are just doing business accordingly. Before we finish our investigations, it might be tough on you." As Zhang Ye was a public figure, and seemed somewhat famous, they did not dare to be violent.

The junior policeman went to check and not long later, he came back with a surprised look. He was even holding a copy of a document, "Brother Zhao, take a look. This..."

"What's the matter?" Old Zhao looked it over.

The junior policeman was very surprised, "This person has no prior record. However, the Guimen police station has a record of his. Two burglars had entered his neighbor's house and were wielding knives. Back then, to protect a young girl from the neighbor's house, he even fought with the criminals himself and even subdued them. The records even said he was slashed by the criminals and was injured."

"Oh? There was such a thing?" Old Zhao was a bit surprised. He looked at Zhang Ye and gave him a thumbs up, "Two knife-wielding criminals... I can't even handle that!"

Zhang Ye said nonchalantly, "You can't hide from what you meet."

The attitude the junior police gave to Zhang Ye also changed. He said softly, "Old Zhao, seeing this record, the matter this time is likely because he was acting bravely for a just cause. When I was checking the case, I heard people from Records say that. This Zhang Ye is quite famous in Beijing. Do you remember the news on television talking about a celebrity dissipating all his wealth to save a fan? That celebrity seems to be him. He used all his cash and even borrowed money just to pay the surgery fee for his fan. From these two matters, this person's character and personality...is impeccable!"

Old Zhao was also in a dilemma, "Superintendent Song has already gone to investigate. We can't be sure before the investigations are done. However..." Looking at Zhang Ye, "Wrap a cloth in Teacher

Zhang's handcuffs, so that we don't scuff his ankle."

"Alright, I'll do it." The junior policeman found a piece of cloth and squatted by Zhang Ye's foot and wrapped it around the handcuffs. He even brought a bottle of mineral water to Zhang Ye. For a person who had fought two knife-wielding criminals to save a young girl and a person who was willing to dissipate his wealth to save a fan, they only felt respect. So their attitude was a lot kinder.

Zhang Ye did not stand on ceremony as he drank a mouthful of water. After capping the bottle, he asked, "When can I go?"

Old Zhao said, "We still need to investigate and receive the injury report. The fastest would be within 24 hours. If it's slower, we might need to transfer you to a branch for police custody."

Zhang Ye narrowed his eyes, "Police custody?"

Old Zhao shrugged, "It's not up to us."

At this moment, a policewoman came in, "Where's Teacher Zhang? Ahiyah! It's really Teacher Zhang? I heard that they brought you here. I never expected it to be true!" She took out a book and a pen, "I'm one of your biggest fans! I love your poems to death! Especially the modern poems! It's completely... Can you give me an autograph?" However, thinking of Zhang Ye's present situation, she turned awkward. "Sorry, I was also too excited. This setting is really too... Heh!" When she saw the handcuff by Zhang Ye's foot, she raged, "Who cuffed Teacher Zhang?"

Old Zhao said helplessly, "It was instructed by Superintendent Song."

The policewoman's expression changed, "How can this be!?"

"It's not my intention. Go talk to Superintendent Song about it." Old Zhao raised his right hand.

However, Zhang Ye said, "It's okay. Give me the book. I'll give you an autograph."

The policewoman quickly handed it over, "Thank you, thank you."

Zhang Ye signed his name and handed the book back to her, "I should thank you for liking my works."

The policewoman asked Old Zhao, "Brother Zhao, what happened to Teacher Zhang? Are you sure you didn't arrest the wrong person?"

Old Zhao said, "I also don't know the details. I heard he beat someone up, and it was not light either."

The policewoman immediately knew it was trouble, but she could not help in any way. "Teacher Zhang, it's almost noon. I'll bring you your meal in a while!"

The junior policeman blinked, "It seems unnecessary. Usually the people in the small dark room just receive some bread..."

The policewoman leered at him, "Can't I use my own money to buy something from a restaurant? Can't I bring the food box to Teacher Zhang myself?"

The junior policeman said with a wry smile, "Fine, as Sis Lei wishes. You don't have to do it. I'll buy in a while. Alright, Sis Lei?"

The policewoman said, "That's more like it."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "There's no need to be so troublesome. Thank you. I'll be fine eating what others eat."

The policewoman waved her hand, "That won't do. My parents watch your 'Lecture Room' every day. They also know about you paying the surgery fees for your fan. They're all full of praise for you every day. If my parents know I did not treat you well, they will tear me apart."

.....

At the same time.

A rumor spread on the internet!

"Something big has happened! None of you know yet, right?"

"What's the matter?"

"My wife and I, who received two live tickets of 'Lecture Room' from a friend, went to the television station to watch the live recording. In the end, we saw a few policemen from the police station come to make an arrest. The moment that Teacher Zhang Ye finished recording, he was brought away by the police. I even watched them board the police car with my own eyes!"

"Threadstarter, please take notice. Do not create rumors!"

"That's right. Teacher Zhang is such a nice person. Why would he be arrested?"

"The threadstarter didn't create rumors. I was present there, too. Zhang Ye was really arrested. I even happened to hear that Zhang Ye had intentionally caused bodily harm!"

"What?"

"Is that true?"

"Teacher Zhang got into big trouble!"

"It can't be? Then will 'Lecture Room' still carry on broadcasting? It can't be halted, right?"

Back then, there were too many people in the recording studio, so there was no way of keeping this news under wraps. In the blink of an eye, the news proliferated. As for the actual reason for why Zhang Ye was arrested, most were still unsure. Hence there was some erroneous information as people speculated. Some said Zhang Ye murdered someone, while some said Zhang Ye had put on airs and beat up a colleague. There was all sorts of talk on Weibo.

Not long later, the news appeared on several internet portals.

Although Zhang Ye was not that famous, and it was just a small piece of text in the entertainment news section, the title was very eye-catching, "Famous 'Lecture Room' Lecturer, Zhang Ye, Taken in for Questioning by Police"!

Finally, someone in the know revealed what was going on. It could be seen that this insider was an employee of the Beijing Television Station.

"Something very infuriating happened today. This is because I witnessed a very disgusting matter. The television station's Leader's son came to the unit to take liberties with a woman. When he was prevented from doing so, that person did not heed the warning and even wanted to beat someone up. And that someone was a 50+ year old comrade. When Teacher Zhang Ye saw this, he sprung forward and protected the old comrade and the woman who was taken liberty of. He was kicked more than ten times before he barely managed to subdue the villain. But in the end, it was Zhang Ye who was arrested. As for who the Leader is, it's not my place to say, but this matter really makes one feel coldness! Isn't this confusing right from wrong? I want to ask what is wrong with this society! All the witnesses in the station can testify for Teacher Zhang Ye. All of them said Teacher Zhang was acting as a Good Samaritan, and it was also in self-defense. After all, the other party was too brutal in his attacks, so Teacher Zhang had no choice but to fight back. However, the police did not even listen to anyone's words. They disregarded what anyone said and just arrested him! I dare to guarantee that someone is working the police behind the scenes, and might even have used personal relationships! Anyone who has a little conscience and sense of justice, please push this thread to the top! Let even more people see it! Rescue Teacher Zhang!"

"Propping!"

"Holy shit! So insidious!"

"Supporting Teacher Zhang!"

"Let that bunch of people die!"

The number of hits for the thread quickly soared!

Many people replied to the thread in anger as they demanded for Zhang Ye's release!

However, in less than half an hour, this thread was deleted by the administrator of the forum. The reason for deleting the thread was, "spreading unhealthy information".

This move ignited the fumes of anger in even more people!

"The thread was deleted?"

"What does it mean, 'unhealthy information'?"

"This is infuriating! I'm really angry!"

"There must be someone behind the scenes! Someone is trying to push Teacher Zhang Ye to his death!"

"Could it be done by the television station's departmental Leader the threadstarter mentioned? To have such a high position, he must have some interpersonal connections in the media circles. It's nothing to get them to delete the thread!"

"His son was being a hooligan and even tried to beat someone up, and to think he thinks he is being reasonable?

"I never liked Zhang Ye before. I felt like he does not know how to restrain himself and that he dares to even curse his Leader. There are some problems with that. But today, I support Zhang Ye. Well beaten! This sort of person should be beaten to death!"

Very quickly, the negative comments were also deleted. Not a single one was left!

Threads that reprimanded Zhang Ye for beating someone or that he deserved being arrested remained undeleted!

When everyone saw this, they were furious. This was wiping out any negative opinions on the person behind the scenes? Only negative comments about Zhang Ye were left behind? Using this censoring method to enforce a narrative about Zhang Ye's battery matter? No one was allowed to comment or question?

F**k!

You are crazy!

Chapter 155 - Zhang Ye's "My Confession"!

Afternoon.

Police station.

The sun was overhead, and the sunlight was blazing. However, it was not hot, as it was autumn.

In the small, dark room, Zhang Ye was quite fine. He did not know how big a stir he had caused online. He was sitting there, eating. There was Kung Pao chicken, sea cucumber with scallions, bean curd mixed with chopped green onion, and there was also hot and sour soup. It was really three dishes and a soup. This was all bought by someone, according to the policewoman's instructions.

"How does it taste, Teacher Zhang?" the policewoman asked.

"It's good. Thank you." Zhang Ye thanked her.

"You are welcome. Try the soup." The policewoman gave him some soup.

Suddenly, Superintendent Song came back from the hospital with the old policeman. When he saw Zhang Ye sitting there like a lord, eating a hearty meal, and it was even three dishes and a soup, Superintendent Song was speechless for a long time. Even the old policeman nearly fainted. What the heck! What sort of treatment was this? The Superintendent and I were outside, busy all day, and we did not even have our meals, and yet a suspect like you, is eating? And even eating so well?

"Little Lei, what are you doing?" the old policeman was displeased.

Zhang Ye was also done eating, and he put down his chopsticks and wiped the corners of his mouth with a napkin.

"Alright." Superintendent Song did not pursue the matter and

pointed to Zhang Ye, "Release his handcuffs and bring him to the interrogation room."

The old policeman uncuffed Zhang Ye, but he did not remove the entire handcuff. He had only released the side on the heating pipe. The other side was still cuffed on Zhang Ye's foot.

The interrogation room was also in a small yard.

The moment that they entered, Superintendent Song and the old policeman sat behind a desk.

Zhang Ye also did not wait for them to say anything. Without standing on ceremony, he sat down.

"Be honest with the truth!" The old policeman said with a gloomy expression, "Why did you beat him up so brutally? I'm telling you the truth. The injury assessment is out. Wang Cen's injuries are very serious!"

Zhang Ye asked, "Did his bone fracture?"

The old policeman said, "No, but..."

Zhang Ye narrowed his eyes, "He didn't even have a bone fracture and you call that seriously injured? Can I understand why are you scaring and threatening me? Using vague words to lead me on... Are you trying to get a statement that you want from me?" He had attacked through measured means. He knew how heavy he had hit.

The old policeman slammed the desk, "You dare to even answer me with questions?"

Superintendent Song looked at him, "Teacher Zhang, it would be best if you were serious! This matter is no trifling matter. I'm advising you to tell the truth, so that we can all save our time."

Zhang Ye laughed, "It's not saving all of our time. It's just saying your time and the time of the Wang Shuixin father-son duo. It's not me. I

have already talked about my problem. My problem is that I do not have a problem. But if you insist that being a Good Samaritan is a mistake, then I have nothing to say! If so, then you should say it early. You must publish an official statement, telling everyone that being a Good Samaritan is wrong. Everyone should not do that, or they will be arrested. If I had known it would be this way, then I wouldn't have been so nosy!"

The old policeman was a bit angry, but he was helpless. This person indeed made a living with his mouth. His words were formidable, and ordinary people could not engage in a battle of words with him.

Superintendent Song said, "Wang Cen said that he did not take liberties with that female. Back then, he was only having a chat with her. But when you saw it, you came attacking!"

Zhang Ye could not help but laugh, "Then what is the result of your investigations? There were so many people there to testify for me. I don't believe that not a single person has told you the sequence of events. You can ask in the television station. There were at least 50 people there who can testify for me. But did you listen? You were completely indifferent to it? A simple sentence from that villain, Wang Cen, and you believed it? You are taking his testimony as fact? Is this how you deal with cases?"

The old policeman said angrily, "Who said that we have settled this case? We are still doing our investigations! We are telling you each other's testimony. Zhang Ye, do you like that female colleague? Is that why, when Wang Cen interacted with her normally, you turned jealous and beat him up?"

Zhang Ye stared at the old policeman for a long while, "I see it now. So all of you are in on this together? You are so protective of Wang Cen? Willing to perjure for him? I don't even know that female's name. I don't even have an impression of seeing her before. I like her? Turning jealous because of love? You sure are funny. Are you trying to write a story in front of a novel author like me? Just by opening my mouth, I can come up with 200 stories like that in a day!"

Superintendent Song said, "Then why did you beat him?"

"Why did you not ask Wang Cen why he was taking liberties with that woman?" Zhang Ye asked.

The old policeman snorted, "Fine. If you are not going to cooperate, then we have nothing more to talk about. Then go wait in that small, dark room. When you are willing to cooperate, we will talk again! It's useless, even if you refuse to speak. It has already been established that you have caused substantial injuries to him. There is no way for you to escape from that! Superintendent?"

"Take him away!" Superintendent Song knew that he would not get anything from him. This person's mouth was more more formidable than theirs. They also had a headache facing such a person.

They brought Zhang Ye out of the interrogation room.

However, inside the small yard, there were suddenly a lot of people!

"Hey! What are you doing?"

"We are reporters!"

"Get out, all of you! What the heck!"

"We want to interview you! How is Teacher Zhang Ye now?"

"I want you out of here! Who allowed you to rush in from the back door? We are not accepting any form of interview! We will give an official word after the case's investigations are completed!"

A few reporters from Beijing's various newspapers had gotten in while people were not paying attention!

"Hey! Look there!"

"It's Zhang Ye!"

"Quickly go over! Quickly go over!"

The reporters did not heed any instructions and pushed past a few policemen, rushing forward!

There were not many policemen, so they could not stop that many people. They could only watch helplessly as the reporters surrounded Zhang Ye, Superintendent Song and the old policemen!

A Beijing Time's female reporter raised her microphone and said hurriedly, "Teacher Zhang, someone familiar with the matter said that you had beaten up your Leader's son because you were doing it for a just cause, resulting in you being framed and sent to the police station. May we know if this matter is true? If it is true, do you have anything to say?"

Before Zhang Ye opened his mouth, the old policeman pushed the reporter away, "Get out of here! This is state territory!"

Another young reporter from a Beijing tabloid blinked, "Sir policeman, why are you bringing Zhang Ye away?"

Superintendent Song said in an official manner, "He is suspected of intentionally causing bodily harm. It is still under investigation. It is still not convenient to release any other information."

The tabloid reporter asked again, "Many people are saying that Zhang Ye is prone to violence, as he has a bad temper, which was the reason why he brutally beat up a person. Is this true?

This time, the old policeman did not stop him, "We are still investigating."

Another reporter came forward, "Teacher Zhang Ye, may I know when did you have bouts of violence? When you were young? Or after you became famous?"

A fourth reporter asked, "I heard you often put on airs, and this is not the first time you beat someone up. Can you explain this?"

A fifth reporter followed up, "I am a reporter from the Daily News. Is

this beating up of someone true? Was it done on purpose? Please give an explanation to everyone and the fans who like you!"

Upon seeing this, Zhang Ye nearly laughed out. What sort of questions were these reporters asking? Other than the Beijing Time's reporter being neutral, what sort of questions were the other reporters asking? They were clearly giving him the death sentence. He was prone to violence? He often beat others? He often put on airs and beat others? These were all matters without any basis. In the end, when these reporters asked, it was as if they were speaking matters of fact and had given Zhang Ye the title of a devil!

Was this due to Wang Shuixin's personal connections?

Was this one of Wang Shuixin's tricks?

Ha! Fine! You activated so many people to malign me? You sure are unscrupulous!

Even the police station's Leader's attitude made Zhang Ye lose the last bit of patience he had. The reporter who asked properly was chased away by you, preventing her from speaking. But towards a bunch of reporters who were maligning me, you did not even stop them. And even answered them in a warm manner? Making others think that I was really guilty of the crime? Just that the investigations were not done, so it was inconvenient to announce it?

Good!

Then don't you blame me!

The reason why Zhang Ye was not worried when he had followed them to the police station was firstly because his conscience was clear, for he had done nothing wrong, and secondly because he had his own methods to retaliate and killer moves! To others, Zhang Ye looked like a little lamb in a cage that was to be slaughtered. Whatever others said would be made fact, but they seemed to forget that Zhang Ye's greatest weapon was his mouth!

The policewoman could no longer take it any more, "What are you saying!?"

Old Zhao pulled at the policewoman, preventing her from going forward. He could tell from Superintendent Song's attitude that it would be useless, even if they wanted to help Zhang Ye!

However, Zhang Ye spoke, "You want me to answer?"

The Daily News reporter said, "Please explain the reason behind hitting someone!"

Zhang Ye roared with laughter and asked again, "You want me to explain?"

Another tabloid reporter said, "Don't you need to explain after beating someone?"

Zhang Ye laughed to the heavens in a very exaggerated manner, then he took a step forward. As the handcuff on his ankle scratched the ground, it echoed a dull metallic sound. Zhang Ye looked at them and everyone in the courtyard of the police station. He then said in a proud and loud manner, "No matter how heavy the iron shackles clang at my feet, no matter how high you raise the whip, I have no confession, even if a bloodied bayonet is pointed at my breast! Humans cannot lower their noble heads. Only cowards will plead for 'freedom'!"

Poem?

The crowd was dumbfounded from shock!

Zhang Ye's tone suppressed his anger, "What do torture and beatings amount to? Even death has no means to open my mouth! In the face of death, I laugh out loud. My laughter rocks this palace of demons!" Then, his gaze swept the crowd from front to back, left to right. Then, he punctuated his words in a ruthless tone, "This is my, a communist member's, confession!"

Zhang Ye was sure wicked!

Since he felt that they were inhumane towards him, then there was no reason to blame him for being unjust!

This fellow even used a poem said by a revolutionary martyr back then, "My Confession"!

Chapter 156 - Fans Seek Justice for Zhang Ye!

This poem had a long history.

Just about everyone from his previous world knew of this poem, or had even recited it before. This was quite a famous poem in the language textbooks!

It was during the revolution of April, 1949. As the underground political mouthpiece, "Advancement Report" was raided by the Kuomintang. The "Advancement Report" Special Branch's Secretary, Chen Ran, was arrested. In prison, Chen Ran was subjected to all kinds of torture, but only confessed that he had handled all of the editing, printing and publishing of the paper. He was determined to sacrifice himself, in order to protect his team and comrades. His captors used threats and coercion to force his confession. So Chen Ran picked up his pen and wrote an earth shattering poem — "My Confession".

This was a great revolutionary poem!

This was the freedom of a communist member, an uprightness that symbolizes the heroism of martyrdom!

If it wasn't in extreme circumstances, Zhang Ye would not bring out this poem, since it was really extreme. But now, Zhang Ye no longer had any hesitations!

You want to torment me?

You want to insult me?

Sure! Then I will f**king torment and insult all of you, too!

.....

He was done reciting the poem.

There was silence in the police station's yard due to the shock!

The policewoman, Old Zhao, as well as the others in the police station, and even the reporters, drew a gasp because of Zhang Ye's poem!

Or perhaps it was the Fruit of Charm's effect. No, it had to be the Fruit of Charm's (Voice) effect! Those 38 fruits had greatly increased the charm in Zhang Ye's manner of speech and voice. They caused his poem to enter deep into their hearts, and showcased the soul of the poem to its fullest extent! There might even be some of the effects from the few Fruits of Charm (Eyes), which made the present Zhang Ye awe-inspiring. The aura emitted from his gaze, and the dauntless words he shouted out, had influenced a majority of the people present, turning them emotional and making them dumbfounded! Even those who were not heavily influenced by Zhang Ye could not help be slightly moved!

The policewoman's eyes even turned red from hearing it!

The female reporter from the Beijing Times also shed a tear. She quickly wiped her eyes as she felt a surge of warm blood!

In the face of death, I laugh out loud?

The Devil's palace trembles from the laughter?

Many of the people now had their eyes focused on Zhang Ye. What kind of a great spirit of a man would it take to write a sentence like this!

The female reporter came back to her senses. She hurriedly noted down the poem from memory! Many of those reporters reacted by noting it down, too!

This was news!

It was big news!

Before they came here, someone had talked to them. It was either their Leader's instructions or friend's request. But faced with the current situation, their reporter's instinct had also taken over. Who cares about the story of Zhang Ye beating someone up! This poem was the highlight!

Why?

Because the message it conveyed was huge!

The reporters began to take a flurry of pictures. Instantly, Zhang Ye was flooded by bright lights, and especially the handcuffs on his leg, and the few bruises on Zhang Ye's body, which were a result of the fight with Wang Cen, were specially focused on by the reporters. They kept taking photos with all they got!

"No photographing!"

"What are you doing?"

"No photography is allowed here!"

Superintendent Song panicked and tried to prevent it.

But with so many reporters, how could they control them in time!

The reporters behaved like they were on stimulants, acting all excited. But what made some happy, made others sad. With Zhang Ye's poem, Superintendent Song and the old policeman had somehow been mesmerized by Zhang Ye's inexplicable charming voice for a split moment, before they quickly regained their composure. Their faces were already pale!

Zhang Ye!

F**k your grandpa!

A kid like you is such a grandson!

Superintendent Song and the old policeman wished that they could

swear openly! Despite all their planning, they had never expected Zhang Ye to recite a poem, and it was such a poem!

The heavy iron shackles clang at my feet?

Iron shackles, your sister!

It's just a handcuff! And it was loose! All the people locked in the small, dark room basically received such a treatment!

No matter how high you raise the whip?

Whip, your sister! Where did we have a whip!? We didn't even lay a finger on you!

And that line about even if there is a bloodied bayonet by my chest?

Bloodied, your grandma! Bayonet, your grandpa!

Are you trying to malign our police station!?

What do torture and beatings amount to?

Who tortured you!?

Even death has no means to open your mouth?

Big Bro! My dear Bro!

At most, you had deliberately caused harm! According to this situation, you would at most be detained for fifteen days!

Death?

Death, your sister! You didn't intentionally murder anyone!

What sort of adjectives are you using? What adjectives are they?

After a long time, the reporters were finally chased away.

Superintendent Song and company wiped their sweat and quickly

brought Zhang Ye back to the small, dark room!

.....

Afternoon.

The Beijing Times began selling!

“Zhang Ye’s ‘My Confession’” : This afternoon at the police station, our reporter witnessed the police taking Zhang Ye away. Under the flurry of verbal attacks by other reporters, Teacher Zhang said righteously in his own words a poem... No matter how heavy the iron shackles clang at my feet, no matter how high you raise the whip, I have no confession... The above was the poem’s original text. From this, we can tell that unless there was a great grievance and fury, how would a person be able to write such a poem? Together with the bruises on Zhang Ye’s body and the handcuff on his leg, we do not know what sort of unjust treatment Zhang Ye had endured in the police station. This matter will be followed up by our newspaper’s reporters!

The other city tabloids also published an evening edition!

“There are hidden facts behind Zhang Ye’s assault?”

“The police station tortured Teacher Zhang Ye?”

Of course, some of these tabloids were still discrediting Zhang Ye, writing him as being a heinous guy. They wrote that he hit others because of personal desires, or that he had taken a fancy to the female colleague!

.....

Jiaomen East.

“Aunt, Zhang Ye was arrested!” Rao Chenchen said waving a newspaper.

“This kid’s getting into trouble again?” Rao Aimin frowned. She

grabbed the papers to take a look and laughed, "Hur, this kid was already brought to the station, but still did not forget to write poems?"

Chenchen said anxiously, "What to do? What to do!"

Rao Aimin threw down the newspaper, "That rascal is smart; don't worry about him."

Chenchen pulled at Rao Aimin's clothes and said, "Aunt, go and save him! Break him out of prison!"

"You wench, you are so protective of your Uncle Zhang?" Rao Aimin was speechless. "Break into the prison? This is a lawful and orderly society. It does not matter if you have the skills. Besides, your Uncle Zhang was just brought in to assist in the investigations. He hasn't been judged yet!"

.....

Caishikou.

Zhang Ye's house.

An old neighbor knocked on the door and came in, "Old Zhang, things are bad. Your son was arrested!"

"What? Little Ye was arrested?" Dad shook his head, "Impossible. My son is a Party member! He's law-abiding!"

A neighboring auntie threw them a Beijing Times newspaper, "Look at it yourself. It's already in the newspapers!"

Zhang Ye's mom, who was cooking in the kitchen, rushed over. Seeing this, she was alarmed, "Who dares to accuse my son? That bunch of bastards! And he even dared to beat my son?"

Dad was also furious as he got up, "Let's go! To the police station!"

.....

On the web, Zhang Ye's "My Confession" had been spread!

If it were anyone else's poem, it might not have attracted that much attention. But this was a poem by the author Zhang Ye, who had composed "Dead Water", "A Generation" and others like them. Whether it was classical poetry or modern poetry, it would be anticipated highly. His least popular work even surpassed a million hits! You could imagine his popularity! Furthermore, "My Confession" was in a similar style as "Dead Water"! Everyone was even more interested!

"Great! This poem's absolutely great!"

"Zhang Ye is truly talented! I'm convinced!"

The Devil's palace trembles from the laughter? What a strong spirit! I am already beginning to like him! This person is so f**king charismatic!"

"Especially that last line. This is my, a communist member's, confession. It's so empowering!"

"I feel that even though many people in the literary world do not acknowledge Zhang Ye, no one can deny that no one can match the literary value and the ability to speak to one's heart in his works! Personally, I think amongst all of Zhang Ye's poems, this is the best!"

"Right. Especially this Confession. I stood up just from reading it. I never felt my body's blood surge from reading a poem!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye must have definitely been framed! Look at the mass deletion of threads on several forums. Isn't it clear? Someone is trying to entrap Zhang Ye! It was the last straw when Teacher Zhang Ye issued his angry roaring sound, feeling the senselessness in this! That bunch of people are too much!"

"Let's go! Let's post!"

"That's right! Count me in!"

"I've prepared my clone accounts! If they delete the threads or ban us, let's just carry on!"

"Right! They delete one! We post ten! Let's see if they are faster or if we are faster! I don't believe this world has no justice! Teacher Zhang is a person who can go to such means for a fan. Would he do something illegal? Only a ghost would believe so! This must be insidiously done by someone! They are guiding the public opinion!"

.....

Inside Zhang Ye's Nest Tieba.

The other netizens were only angry. But when Zhang Ye's fans saw the "My Confession", they were furious to the extreme!

"Bastard!"

"That bunch of bastards!"

"Teacher Zhang is in trouble! Everyone quickly come!"

A junior moderator posted, "Comrades, brothers. Everyone should already know what's going on, so I won't say anything else. I don't even want to know the cause and course of the matter. All I see is that Teacher Zhang is in trouble! I ask all of you! When we fans were in trouble! Who reached out a helping hand!? Who was the one who dissipated all his wealth to pay the medical bills for a small fan?"

"It's Teacher Zhang!"

"It's Teacher Zhang Ye!"

The junior moderator said angrily, "Right! It's Teacher Zhang Ye! When a fan was in trouble, Teacher Zhang reached out his helping hand without any hesitation! Now that Teacher Zhang is in trouble, it is time for us to help him!"

Big Saber Bro posted, "My large saber is again again again again

again again again again again unable to endure the thirst!"

The junior moderator said, "Big Saber Bro is here, too? Good! All the brothers have gathered. Big Saber Bro, this moderator who doesn't bother about the board or bothers thinking, please lead everyone to the various Tieba forums, Weibo and other public media sites and post Teacher Zhang Ye's poem! Let's seek justice for Teacher Zhang!"

"I'm going!"

"Count me in!"

"There's me, too! I'm going all out!"

"They deleted a thread! I'll f**king post a hundred!"

"That's right! Let's see if they have more people or if we have more people! I refuse to believe we have less manpower!"

Chapter 157 - Another "Prisoner's Song"!

There were discussions so intense that they could overturn the heavens outside.

Yet the small, dark room in the police station was quiet.

It was almost time for dinner, but Zhang Ye had eaten quite a lot for lunch. He had nearly finished everything from the three dishes and the soup. He was still even burping now.

There were two others in the room. One was the old policeman, and the other was Superintendent Song.

The old policeman's face was a bit black, "Zhang Ye! Who allowed you to say such a poem?"

Zhang Ye was amused, "I was suddenly inspired, and said it however I wanted to say it. Do I need someone's permission to write a poem?"

Superintendent Song angrily slammed the table three consecutive times, "But the poem you composed does not match the actual situation! It's completely fabricated and meant to incriminate!"

Hur Hur.

All of you should know what it means to incriminate, right?

Zhang Ye said with a dumb face, "No, I didn't? How would I dare to incriminate a state vessel. I was just inspired to compose a poem, and it had no other meaning. Do you know what art is? Do you know what literature is? This is all drawn from life and on a realm higher than life. It requires proper artistic embellishment!"

The old policeman angrily said, "But you made us appear to be in the wrong!"

Zhang Ye looked at him, "It is you who first made me appear to be in

the wrong, alright? Ask your conscience, were you objective in your investigations from before? Are your asses still upright? From the beginning, you have already decided on my guilt, and you did not care if I was acting bravely for a just cause, so I had nothing I could do. I just casually recited a poem to express my emotions. The powerful can do whatever they want, but the weak are not allowed to do anything?"

"You..." The old policeman was so angry that he stood up.

Superintendent Song was also angered by Zhang Ye's attitude. Before he entered the small, dark room, Superintendent Song had received a few calls from the main branch's Leader, inquiring about the matter's origins and the situation. He was even given a scolding, which made Superintendent Song feel very restrained. Also, he had looked at the internet.

It was fine if he did not know, but just looking at him scared him out of his wits. The internet and Beijing's area were completely plastered with Zhang Ye's matter. He did not know where so many people came from who were helping seek justice for Zhang Ye. They were even shouting for the police station to immediately let him go.

Zhang Ye was, after all, a public figure. And the news of him saving a fan's life had was still fresh in people's minds, so they were still focused on him. Now, with this matter suddenly jumping out of nowhere, the attention people paid to Zhang Ye was once again extended! Hence, their police station had immediately been thrust to the forefront of a wave! All of Beijing's citizens' eyes were instantly on them! The people were seeing how they would handle the matter!

A prickly person?

Trying to be a scoundrel?

I sure wasn't afraid of that!

Superintendent Song was enraged by Zhang Ye and did not turn

generous toward Zhang Ye. He even wanted to teach Zhang Ye a lesson, "Regardless of what you say, we will still do our investigations. We will do it in an official manner. Do not think that we will do things in a lax manner, just because you are public figure. It is precisely because you are a celebrity which is why we are extremely strict with you. This is because your every action is something of the people's concern. You are responsible to set an exemplary model."

Zhang Ye laughed, "Then my exemplary model is to admit that I am innocent?"

"You are innocent?" Superintendent Song stared, "Then let me ask you! Who beat up Wang Cen?"

Zhang Ye answered back sarcastically in an unrelenting manner, "Then let me ask you! Why did I beat Wang Cen?"

Superintendent Song said, "He was beaten by you and has been hospitalized. You have broken a law, so whatever you say is useless! Let me tell you, Zhang Ye! I've seen all sorts of hooligans! You are not an exception! If you confess the truth fully right now, we can still negotiate and reduce your punishment! Your parents are already here. If you don't want to think for yourself, you should at least think for your parents. Are you letting them stay outside, feeling worried and fear for you? Be honest and speak the truth! Or you will suffer the consequences!"

Zhang Ye smiled, "Then I really want to see how you will make me suffer the consequences!"

Superintendent Song said coldly, "Don't think that you will be saved just because you have a few fans! The law is watching you!"

Zhang Ye also looked at him, "Don't think that because you are in a police uniform that it means you can knowingly violate the law! The citizens are watching you!"

"You fuc..." Superintendent Song nearly swore, but quickly stopped himself. He took a deep breath to calm himself. It was too infuriating! This Zhang was too infuriating, "Fine. You are a broadcasting host, so people like us cannot cross words with you. But don't think of leaving! Have some self-reflection in this tiny, dark room! When you decide to admit your mistake, come look for me! I'll be waiting for you in my office!"

Zhang Ye laughed without a word.

The old policeman said, "Superintendent, should we..."

"Let's go." Superintendent Song did not say anything else as he led him away.

With a bang, the door was slammed shut from outside and locked tightly!

Zhang Ye was left alone in the room. He sat on the floor and touched his pocket. His phone had also been confiscated, so there was nothing that he could do. He could only close his eyes to take a nap.

Slowly.

The sky turned dark.

Many people had already gotten off work, and the police station was deserted.

Zhang Ye could not fall asleep, so he opened his eyes again. At this moment, the door was opened.

That old policeman walked in and threw a loaf of bread and a bottle of mineral water to him, "Have you decided on explaining? If you say it, you will be given a lighter sentence!"

Zhang Ye picked up the bread, "I've decided how to eat my meal."

"Still being stubborn? Fine!" The old policeman closed the door and

left. He did not believe that Zhang Ye could hold out and wanted to see how long a pampered celebrity could last!

Outside, the policewoman had come, too.

"Little Lei, it's almost time to get off work. Why are you here? You are not on duty today." The old policeman frowned.

The policewoman ignored him and squeezed through, "I'm bringing food for Zhang Ye."

"What? I'm here, and you still want to break the rules?" The old policeman reprimanded, "As a member of the police force, how can you deliver food to the criminal?"

"Who's the criminal? The investigations aren't clear yet!" the policewoman said unyieldingly.

The old policeman said, "I already gave him his meal. You don't have to care!"

The policewoman stared with her eyes wide open, "You call that crappy bread a meal?"

"Everyone who goes there eats that, right?" the old policeman said unhappily.

Zhang Ye very naturally broke the bread and said to the policewoman outside, "Comrade Little Lei, it's alright. The bread smells pretty fragrant. Let me try it." He tore open the wrapping and pinched it. It was a bit hard, "Hey, is this French bread?" Lowering his head to bite at it, Zhang Ye then said with a pleased expression, "Ha, who knew our police station's food was so good? The bread is so delicious! Where do you buy it from? Next time when I go out, I'll buy a box of it. The taste is really good. Yes, so fragrant!"

The old policeman was shocked. Even this was delicious? He felt that Zhang Ye was being stubborn. Disregarding a celebrity like him, even a typical thief or burglar could not put up with their food!

But in reality, Zhang Ye did find it delicious because he grew up poor. The old policeman thought he was pampered? That was actually bullsh*t. Zhang Ye didn't even get to drink milk when he was in elementary school, or else why would he be this short? After earning money, Zhang Ye was still not very particular about food. He was already used to a tough and simple life.

Ignoring everything else and talking about instant noodles, if it was someone else, who could eat instant noodles for a whole week and swallow it down? Zhang Ye could! He was not picky with food. Besides, this fellow was recently short of money, and since this place settled his meals, he was of course happy to have something to eat.

The old policeman refused to have his beliefs shaken as he stared through the window for a long time.

However, Zhang Ye really happily finished the entire bread, and finally, he even poured all of the bread crumbs in the bag into his mouth.

The policewoman was impressed. As expected of Teacher Zhang Ye! The old policeman did not say a word about that, "Let's go. It's time to go home!"

.....

8 P.M.

Zhang Ye knew he had to spend the night here. They were not letting him go, right? They were trying to force a confession from me? Fine, it looks like the "My Confession" was still not powerful enough. Your police station's resistance sure is strong. With that, Zhang Ye stood up, having eaten and drunk his fill. Looking around, he found an extremely tiny stone on the ground. He picked it up and checked it. It was passable.

Suddenly, a large commotion came from outside the door!

"Policemen, please accept our interview!"

"May we know where Zhang Ye is locked up at the moment? Let us in!"

"We want to interview Teacher Zhang! Our newspaper has already submitted an application for an interview!"

The reporters had arrived once again. From the sounds, there were probably more than two to three times the number of people than in the afternoon. Also there were even video cameras. Even people from the television stations had come!

Zhang Ye understood that it was definitely a result of "My Confession" from the afternoon. It had garnered public interest. They were here just in time!

The few policemen on duty tried to block the reporters.

"Why are all of you here again?"

"And to forcefully barge in? Do you believe that we won't arrest all of you?"

"The interview request has not been approved by the Leader! All of you, get out!"

The three policemen clearly could not stop more than twenty reporters, as the reporters charged in. "Where's Zhang Ye? Where is Zhang Ye locked up at? Ah! Over there! Over there! He seems to be writing something! Quickly video it!"

There was a lamp in the small, dark room. Despite it being not bright, it was enough for people to see.

Zhang Ye knew that the reporters were standing outside the door. He could not help but use the small stone, and he faced the wall while having his eyes closed to gather his mood. Suddenly, he opened his eyes and wrote two words on the wall with the stone,

"Prisoner's Song"!

You want me to explain?

You will judge me once I explain?

I can leave once I lower my head?

Zhang Ye sneered and then wrote forcefully on the wall:

Shut are the doors for humans,

Open is the entrance of a dog's cage,

A high-pitched sound is heard:

crawl out and freedom will be granted!

I've been longing for liberty,

However, I am acutely aware

that a human body should never ever crawl out from a dog's cage!

I have a dream that one day

the fierce fire from the underground

will consume the contained me,

And I shall live with fire and warm blood ever after!

.....

Every word seemed to be filled with extreme anger! It was the same with "My Confession"! It also contained a dauntless spiritual essence that was not afraid in the face of death!

Zhang Ye had eaten calligraphy skill books, so even though he was writing with a stone, the words were very well-written. Every word was written in wide strokes!

It looked like a letter written in blood, causing people to feel shock!

The reporters seethed with excitement once again, "Hurry! Hurry! Snap it!"

"Where's the light?"

"It's too dark! Turn on the lights!"

"The people holding the lights have been intercepted by the police!"

"Let's use our cell phones to illuminate it! Hurry! We must film it!"

"Right, our cell phones have flashlights!"

At this moment, the reporters worked together in unison. The reason was that a famous poem had appeared once again, "Prisoner's Song"!

Chapter 158 - That Zhang Ye is Writing a Poem Again?

In the endless night sky.

It was 9 P.M.

Superintendent Song, who had tired himself all day, finally reached home. The moment that he entered his house, he said, "Hurry and make me a bowl of noodles. I can't take it anymore. I'm starving!"

His wife came out to give him a pair of slippers, "You haven't eaten?"

"I didn't have the time." Superintendent Song sighed, "A troublesome figure came in today. I was busying myself on this small case the entire day. I ran around to do all that, all for what? That Wang Shuixin. I'm definitely not helping him in the future. It's a thankless, arduous task. If I don't do it well, I'll get into big trouble. Thankfully, I can still handle some of that stress, and it's also giving Old Wang some face." Superintendent Song laughed and bragged to his wife, "After all, I have been working on the police force for more than a decade. I still can handle the pressure from Zhang Ye!"

His wife disagreed, "I saw the news, too. I think that Zhang Ye is quite a nice person. Don't make an uproar with him. You mustn't take things too far."

Superintendent Song was at a loss of whether to laugh or to cry, "I make an uproar with him? I just need to say a sentence, and he would be dying to retort with ten sentences. And every single sentence pricks a person's heart, preventing anyone from answering. I'm telling you, just that Zhang Ye's mouth makes me not feel like talking about it, but I believe that even a corpse could be revived using his mouth. Now, as long as I see him move that mouth of his, I get a headache. You may not know about him coming up with some "My Confession" in front of so many reporters at the yard of our police station. The branch Leader even gave me a scolding on the

phone after seeing the news. He blamed me for not doing things well! Tell me, who did I offend? In the future, I'll never speak to people who are in the broadcasting or literature business. Their mouths are too vicious! Being a policeman for so many years, I have never seen a person who debates so well."

His wife went to the kitchen to prepare noodles for him, "Since he's troublesome, why did you arrest him? It's not a big deal either. If it were me, I would have let him go and that would be it."

"But he did beat someone, and had done so quite badly."

Superintendent Song consoled, "Don't worry, I'm just helping Old Wang. I have a sense of propriety. If Old Wang really wants me to help his son right a wrong, I wouldn't even agree. How can I not settle this problem properly?"

"Yeah, yeah, only you are the one who's awesome." His wife laughed with a curled mouth.

"Indeed." Superintendent Song sat at the dining table, waiting for his meal, "Who do you think I, Old Song, am? Do you think a single Zhang Ye like him can..."

Ring, ring, ring.

The phone rang.

Superintendent Song smacked his mouth and picked up the phone, "Little Sun, I just came home and haven't even gotten to eating a warm meal. Why did you call again? What happened again?"

The other side was a junior policeman's voice, "Superintendent! Not good! The reporters came again! This time, there're tens of them! We can't even stop them! There are too few people on duty!"

Superintendent Song said, "Just throw all of them out. Is there a need to tell you that?"

"B...But..." The junior policeman was on the verge of tears, "That

Zhang Ye, he, he wrote another poem again!"

"What? Repeat that again!" Superintendent Song nearly fell off from his chair when he heard it!

"He wrote a poem again. This time, he wrote it on the small, dark room's wall with a stone." The junior policeman hurriedly said, "It's... It's called 'Prisoner's Song'!"

Superintendent Song said angrily, "How was it written? Quickly repeat it to me!"

The junior policeman said, "I can't remember it all. The deepest impression I had was of the first two sentences, 'Shut are the doors for humans, open is the entrance of a dog's cage... Now, the reporters have taken pictures of the poem on the wall! Some of them have even returned to their offices! It seems that they are going to report it!"

Superintendent Song may be a boor, but these days, few in the civil service were illiterate. He had gone through the education system and knew a bit of literature, hence when Superintendent Song heard the first two lines, he cursed in his heart. He only wished that he could curse all of Zhang Ye's eighteen generations of ancestors. He immediately said, "Hold the ground! I'll be there immediately!" Then he shouted into the kitchen, "There's no need to cook the noodles. I'm leaving!"

His wife came out, surprised, "I've already boiled the water. Leave after you eat."

"What is there to eat!" Superintendent Song wished that he could die, "I encountered a darn hooligan! I got eight generations of bad luck! In the past, people said that eight out of ten scholars were hooligans! I didn't believe it! But now, I instead feel that ten out of ten scholars are f**king hooligans!"

His wife asked, "Is it that Zhang Ye's matter again?"

Superintendent Song said, "Of course! He wrote a poem again!"

His wife said, "Didn't I already say it? You should not have arrested him! He's such a good person!"

.....

On the web.

Zhang Ye's "Prisoner's Song" was first published on a tabloid's official website. They could not wait for it to be published the next day, as it would definitely be published by someone first! Sure enough, following that, several of Beijing's newspapers began to publish "Prisoner's Song" and even included pictures. Every newspaper's pictures were different. Some were taken from the side, some were diagonally taken. Some were bright and some were dark. In the end, it was still Beijing Times, which had the biggest distribution in Beijing, that had the highest quality with their employees. The photography skills were excellent, and the picture they published was very clear and had a great feeling to it.

The picture gave off a tragic atmosphere!

Zhang Ye's foot was cuffed and he had reached out, using a small stone to write the last period for "Prisoner's Song" on the wall. In front of him, none of the text of "Prisoner's Song" was blocked. It was presented clearly, and with the dim lighting, and that empty, small, dark room, the entire atmosphere matched that poem perfectly!

"They still haven't released him?"

"This is too infuriating! This is too infuriating!"

"What a good 'Prisoner's Song'! What a good shall live with fire and warm blood ever after!"

"Open is the entrance of a dog's cage? They want to make Teacher Zhang lower his head and beg for mercy? Dream on!"

"After seeing that 'Prisoner's Song', I was enraged! Teacher Zhang!
You should not live in the fire for eternity! But you should let those
people suffer in the fires for all eternity!"

For this matter, many celebrities and public figures were conservative with their words. Some of them even didn't make any comment or express a stand, as no one knew what had really happened. If they did not say something right, they might be pulled into this matter. Was there a lack of such matters in the entertainment industry? However, after "My Confession" and "Prisoner's Song" was released, a very prestigious person in the literary circle spoke out!

It was Elder Qian!

The Elder Qian who had made an acquaintance with Zhang Ye at the Beijing Couplet Competition and had strongly recommended his entry into the National Writers' Association!

Elder Qian posted on Weibo, "What sort of environment can force a person to write a poem of such despair? And what sort of land could raise such a fearless person? I am not very familiar with Little Zhang, but I know him as a person. I also dare to be sure of his character. If the police station is rejecting Little Zhang on this matter, then it must be a ridiculous joke. A person, who can take out all his savings and even borrow money just to raise funds to pay for his fan's surgery, will beat up someone because of his personal desires or for no good reason? Whose intelligence is the police station insulting? Ever since Little Zhang's message, it has already been ten hours. Have you not obtained a result from your investigations? You still haven't announced the actual reason?"

"Teacher Qian has stood forward!"

"Right. Well said. Supporting Teacher Zhang!"

"Strongly appealing to the police station to release him! You should arrest that culprit who had molested a woman and still wanted to

beat someone! And not Teacher Zhang!"

"No one is answering?"

"The police station is pretending not to see it?"

"Fine. Brothers, let's carry on posting. This time, we will add 'Prisoner's Song' to it. It will be posted once on every Tieba and discussion forum... No, a hundred times! I don't believe that the relevant authorities will not see it! I don't believe that this world is one with no justice! Anyone who has a little conscience, please push the two poems to the top!"

"Propping!"

"Count me in!"

"I am the moderator of City Forum, Beijing edition, and have stickied it at the most prominent spot!"

At this moment, Zhang Ye's hardcore fan, Big Saber Bro, posted a picture on Weibo and added a message, "I have already posted it on all of the comment pages and complaint pages of Beijing's official websites, such as the public safety department, branch departments, and station departments. Who has the link to the official website of the Commission for Discipline Inspection? I'm too lazy to check. Give it to me in private chat. I'll carry on smearing the boards with Teacher Zhang's poems. My large saber is again unable to endure the thirst!"

"Holy sh*t, so fierce?"

"Big Saber Bro has combat power!"

"Once the Big Saber appears, who can challenge it?"

"Haha, that's so coquettish! Big Saber Bro is still the same as ever!"

"As expected of the Big Saber comrade who has the strongest combat power in Zhang Ye's fan club!"

"Right, only Big Saber Bro has a broad mind. We should not be restricted to forums and Tieba. We should smear the boards of governmental websites! We must make the matter big! Let those Leaders all know of the unjust treatment Teacher Zhang Ye has received! I don't believe that no one will care about this matter to the end! Teacher Zhang Ye is nice to us fans, so how can we flinch when he is in trouble! This is the best chance for us to repay Teacher Zhang Ye! So what about governmental websites? Kill!"

"Right! Attack!"

"Who's afraid of who!"

"I'm going all out, too!"

"Big Saber Bro, I have private messaged you the Commission for Discipline Inspection website. Please check!"

"Give it to me, too! Do you still remember the words Teacher Zhang Ye gave to our fan club? If you do not leave me, I will always be at your side until the end of life? This was a promise Teacher Zhang Ye gave to us! It is also a promise we made to Teacher Zhang Ye! Never leaving! Everyone, let's fight shoulder to shoulder!"

"Alright! That was done too well!"

"Never leaving! Always be at your side until the end of life!"

"We will return the debt owed by Number1 for her!"

"Brothers, what are we waiting for!? Teacher Zhang Ye has already used 'Prisoner's Song' to express how he doesn't fear death! It is time for us to use our strengths!"

Suddenly, there were voices from others.

A person called FloatingRain said, "Friends, I'm not a member of Zhang Ye's fan club. Can I join?"

Another person called CHAIDJD44 said, "That's right. I also didn't previously join the fan club. Seeing that your cohesion is so high, is it too late to join now? Count me in for smearing the boards!"

A junior moderator of Zhang Ye's fan club said, "All men are brothers! What do you mean, 'late'? What do you mean, 'can you join'? This is like a stranger's words. We are thankful if everyone supports Teacher Zhang Ye, and we can't be more thankful than that! Everyone is a Brother! Let's fight together!"

"Alright, count me, Old Chen, in!"

"Me, too. Let me feel my blood boil today!"

"I also want to join your fan club! I'll listen to your commands!"

Many onlookers joined in the fray. There was nothing else, but they were moved seeing all this. The words exchanged by Zhang Ye's fan club made their blood surge. They had never seen such a united fan club. There weren't that many people, but they were like strands forming cohesively into a rope! None of them flinched! Not a single one felt fear! They were all thinking of ways to help Teacher Zhang Ye in a single-minded fashion, as well as contributing their tiny bit of strength! They did not hide and watch the show! To these people, this was probably Zhang Ye's personal charm!

This was the charm from Zhang Ye's works!

It was even more so the charm of his personality!

Zhang Ye gave his heart to his fans! To the point of dissipating all of his wealth!

Now, the fans would naturally repay him wholeheartedly. This scene touched many people!

Hence, about 3,500 people started to follow the “Zhang Ye’s Nest” on Tieba, which also meant them joining Zhang Ye’s fan club, becoming one of its members!

Chapter 159 - The Heavenly Queen gives Zhang Ye a "Like" on Weibo!

What was united we stand?

This was united we stand!

On every discussion forum, Tieba and every government website, there were traces of Zhang Ye's fans. His Tieba subscribers only numbered in the tens of thousands, so on this night, those who were online and could help only numbered in the thousands. At its highest peak, it numbered around 10,000 at most. But it was these supporters who were stationed on several of the larger discussion forums which were deleting and censoring their threads, fighting back by posting more threads until the top pages were flooded by their posts!

This fighting spirit and cohesiveness were too great!

Some of the larger Tiebas which numbered in the hundreds of thousands did not even have this ability!

Those Tieba subscribers were great when things were going well, but if something were to happen and the group needed their support, a majority of them would disappear. Only a few would be left to fight the battles. But this wasn't the case for Zhang Ye's fans, as almost every one of those online were fighters!

"This fan club is too passionate!"

"That's right; it's as passionate as Zhang Ye's poetry!"

"Seeing this, I can't sit around anymore; I've gotta help!"

"Yes, they don't have too many people, after all. If this goes on, there won't be much effect!"

Many of Zhang Ye's ex-colleagues from the Beijing Radio Station also

Chapter 159 - The Heavenly Queen gives Zhang Ye a "Like" on Weibo!

appeared on their verified Weibo accounts!

Wang Xiaomei posted on Weibo, Zhao Guozhou responded to Zhang Ye's poem, while Big Sis Zhou and Auntie Sun stepped up, too! Tian Bin, who was now at Central Radio Station, also posted an emotional and angry statement through his Weibo!

His colleagues and friends all supported Zhang Ye, each in their own way!

.....

A few minutes later.

A moderator from the SS Tieba also posted a thread. This SS Tieba was the hottest FPS game forum these days, and its subscribers numbered over 300,000, many more than Zhang Ye's fan club. As it was, gamers from an FPS game were naturally more hot-blooded and angry.

That moderator was one of them!

He wrote, "Brothers of the SS Tieba, after a discussion with the moderators and administrators, we are angry over an incident that happened today. It's the case of Teacher Zhang Ye's arrest. I am a fan of Zhang Ye and I like his poems very much. Perhaps those not from Beijing have never heard of Zhang Ye's name. So even though I am a moderator, I do not wish to make the decision for everyone; we would like everyone's view instead. I will post the key point of this incident and have a vote about whether we will help in this matter or not!"

A few links were posted!

A few pictures were also posted!

After viewing, many of them were angered!

"Holy sh*t!"

Chapter 159 - The Heavenly Queen gives Zhang Ye a "Like" on Weibo!

"Is it this messy over at Beijing?"

"How did this kind of thing happen? Such a good person was arrested? And not even let out yet?"

"That person was harassing a woman! Why did they arrest Zhang Ye instead! Are the police crazy?"

"The discussion forums are even deleting threads? In my opinion, there's someone behind the scenes, manipulating the matter!"

"So what if he's the son of television station's Leader? Can he misbehave just because of that? And he can't take a beating because of that? What the heck! Zhang Ye served justice!"

"These two poems were written too awesomely!"

"So this is who Zhang Ye is? I have not watched his programs before, and I don't live in Beijing either. But I have read his poems on the web; they are really quite good!"

The moderator asked, "Does everyone think we should help or not?"

"Help!"

"F**k! We definitely must help!"

"Zhang Ye's fan club's guys are really brave! I saw them flooding those forums! Even though they were deleted, they continued to repost. I can feel their anger; even I can't let this pass. Help them! They don't have enough people! Their strength is not enough! We must definitely help!"

"Right! Support them!"

"Let's agree to support 'Zhang Ye's Nest' Tieba!"

"There's no two ways about it! We definitely must help on such a matter!"

Chapter 159 - The Heavenly Queen gives Zhang Ye a "Like" on Weibo!

"I've just finished a round and have nothing better to do! Let me help out, too!"

"We can't let them battle alone!"

SS Tieba's members all leaned towards helping Zhang Ye's fan club. Their sense of justice was high as they all prepared to lend some support to his fan club!

The Tieba moderator acknowledged and immediately sent out a post announcing, "In response to Teacher Zhang Ye's arrest, and with everyone's approval, SS Tieba has decided to immediately give support to Zhang Ye's fan club and help them with manpower and resources to seek justice for Teacher Zhang Ye!"

A screenshot of the post was then quickly posted onto Weibo.

Zhang Ye's fan club members who saw the post were touched!

"Men of SS Tieba! Thank you!"

"Words can't express our gratitude! If you all need any help in the future, just say it!"

"We will always remember this kindness! We will repay it a hundredfold in future!"

"A friend is best found in adversity! From now, any problem of SS Tieba will be the business of our Zhang Ye's fan club!"

The SS Tieba moderator replied "Don't mention it! Let's delegate the duties. Your group has less people, so you all should concentrate on the forums. We are more experienced with Tieba, since we've been around here for so many years. Our SS Tieba has got contacts in many places, so let us handle the Tieba front! Let's bombard Beijing Television Station's Tieba! As for the other Tieba pages, let's split up and go break the news to them! We need to let more people know of this incident!"

Chapter 159 - The Heavenly Queen gives Zhang Ye a "Like" on Weibo!

A moderator from Zhang Ye's fan club said, "Okay! Let's split up and get to work!"

With the sudden surge of supporters from SS Tieba, the news of Zhang Ye's arrest captured the internet within a few minutes. Many of the discussion forums did not manage to delete the threads in time. The posts were sprouting like weeds in the spring wind and this helped to further attract attention on the incident!

Soon after.

While Zhang Ye's fans and SS Tieba's members were busy with their spreading of the news of Zhang Ye's arrest, an unexpected person made an unexpected move! This came totally out of the blue!

This was one of the few S-list heavenly queens!

This was the superstar with no less than 10 million fans, both domestic and overseas!

It was not a studio, nor a company's Weibo, but her own personal Weibo. This account had actually Liked the "Prisoner's Song" posted by the Beijing Times newspaper! After a minute, she still used her personal Weibo account to Like another of Zhang Ye's poems, "My Confession"!

The first time could have been a coincidence, for she might have Liked it accidentally!

But with two Likes, and was purposely on one person, this couldn't be a coincidence!

Zhang Ye's fans were all stunned, and SS Tieba's bros were all dumbfounded. All those who were observing were tongue tied. Everyone only had a thought. They felt it was.. impossible!

"Is what I'm seeing right?"

"It's really happening!"

Chapter 159 - The Heavenly Queen gives Zhang Ye a "Like" on Weibo!

"It's really the Heavenly Queen's Weibo account!"

"Holy shit! Even the Heavenly Queen has appeared!"

"This is turning into something big!"

"Zhang Ye's news was even noticed by the Heavenly Queen?"

Everyone knew that Zhang Yuanqi was a very friendly celebrity; she had no airs about her. Even those D-list or E-list celebrities weren't as friendly as her. But she usually interacted more in person and did not often use social media like Weibo. Her popularity was already at the peak, so she did not need Weibo for her promotions. So whenever there were any posts that appeared on her Weibo, they were usually symbolic promotional materials; for example, the dates of her concerts, or the date her latest movie would screen. It was basically requested by her company, and it was very rare that Heavenly Queen Zhang would interact with her fans on this platform!

But to Like?

And to Like two posts in a row?

Zhang Yuanqi's fans swore that they had never seen that happen before!

Sister Zhang's Weibo could actually Like posts? Sister Zhang actually reads news on Weibo? Everyone was not used to this, so they were a little stunned!

After getting over it, they exploded with thoughts!

All those who had supported Zhang Ye in this incident were now inspired!

"The Heavenly Queen has pressed Like! Does this mean that she also supports the idea that the police should not have arrested him?"

Chapter 159 - The Heavenly Queen gives Zhang Ye a "Like" on Weibo!

"How can that be? Was it someone else who used the Heavenly Queen's account, such as her manager or her assistant? The Heavenly Queen couldn't have pressed Like! She's a Heavenly Queen; she wouldn't have time for this!"

"But she did press Like!"

"It's definitely the Heavenly Queen who Liked it! Her personal account can't be accessed by others! If it were her manager who wanted to publish any official information, they couldn't possibly use her account to press Like! She would have used her own account, right?"

"Good point!"

"It's really the Heavenly Queen?"

"This is my closest experience with the Heavenly Queen!"

After the unexpected moment, many of Zhang Yuanqi's fans had now joined in the fun!

"What poem is it that's so charming? Even the Heavenly Queen likes it? Let me take a look!"

"Aiyo, these two poems, who are they written by? So kickass, Zhang Ye? Who is this Zhang Ye?"

"I don't know him either, but his name sounds familiar. He might be a small-time celebrity, and is probably not very famous."

"Looks like this Zhang Ye has some grievances. Otherwise, how could he compose two such earth-shattering poems? It really evokes thoughts when reading it!"

"What shall we do?"

"That should be needless to say! Let's bump it up!"

"Sister Zhang has already Liked it! How can we not Like it?"

Chapter 159 - The Heavenly Queen gives Zhang Ye a "Like" on Weibo!

"Yes, let's go along with Sister Zhang! We will go wherever Sister Zhang points us to!"

"Haha, for something to be able to get the Heavenly Queen's attention, we have to support it!"

It was just two simple Likes without even mentioning anything, yet it had attracted millions of people to take notice. These people numbered many times more than those who had gathered from SS Tieba. This was the charm and popularity of Zhang Yuanqi. In this world, amongst the Heavenly Queens, Zhang Yuanqi was in the top two!

"Let's go; let's support Zhang Ye together, too."

"Although I don't know who he is, for him to be able to attract Sister Zhang's attention... I believe he is not an ordinary person. I don't care so much. Wherever Sister Zhang goes, I will go!"

At this time, there were countless Likes and countless shares!

Zhang Ye's two poem-related searches were now in the top 9 and 10 spots on the front page of Weibo. From this, it could be seen how strong Zhang Yuanqi's fan club were!

Chapter 160 - We Aren't Issued with Bayonets!

The web was teeming with discussions!

The pressure was increasing!

Superintendent Song's house was quite far from the station. His drive back to the station was also delayed quite a bit. This time, it was a phone call. He thought that it was a call from police station again. Just as he was about to give them a scolding, he saw from the side of his eyes the Caller ID and kept his mouth shut.

"Chief Shen." Superintendent Song said politely.

"Old Song! What mess did you create?" Chief Shen said in a low voice.

Superintendent Song hurriedly explained, "I will take care of it. I guarantee it will be settled without a hitch!"

Chief Shen rebutted angrily, "You will solve this? My ass! It has already exploded all over the web now! Everyone's questioning your station! The branch's website has been getting so much traffic! It almost crashed! This case has already captured the attention of the city's people! You still can settle it? How are you going to settle it? Wasn't this just an ordinary case of fighting? Why couldn't your station even deal with this kind of a case? Look at what it has blown up into! Do you even know how much trouble this has caused? All of you have even caused the branch here to be activated! Even the superiors from the city's Commission for Discipline Inspection have called us to question us! They sound like they want to take over the investigations!"

"Ah? The Commission for Discipline Inspection?" Superintendent Song was dumbfounded, "That won't be necessary, right? We were just following procedures. This case hasn't been investigated thoroughly yet. That Zhang Ye really did beat someone up quite

badly and the 24-hour custody period has not expired. This is all within the norm. We are....."

Chief Shen said, "Don't explain it to me! Leave it for when the Commission for Discipline Inspection board questions you!"

"Don't be like this, Chief Shen!" Superintendent Song was anxious, "Let's not bother the Commission for Discipline Inspection department!"

"I still have the same words – don't explain it to me!" Chief Shen said, "It's spreading now on the web that your station had forced a confession, tortured him and even used a bayonet!"

Superintendent Song nearly fainted, "That's not true! Chief Shen, I swear to God that's not true! That poem of Zhang Ye's is full of sh*t! No such thing happened at all!"

Chief Shen said, "But the people take it to be the truth! Everyone is spreading it as such!"

Superintendent Song was almost crying, "We have really been framed! That Zhang Ye! He's too wicked!"

"The branch's other Leaders also know about this case. Old Song, if you insist on doing it your way, even I won't be able to stand up for you! Do as you see fit!" Chief Shen obviously knew about this case, "I can't be bothered anymore! A hooligan who tried to attack others, even if he was beaten up, so be it! It's not like there were serious injuries, right? Why are you arresting the Good Samaritan instead? The station's procedures for handling cases need to consider the law and following the will of the law, but where did the laws come from? The law can be viewed as a form of service for the people! Therefore, it has to take into consideration the people's feelings, too! That's it, I'm not talking to you anymore! I've said all that I could! If you don't have the abilities to handle this case, then alright, scram! I will ask someone more capable to handle it!"

Du du, the phone was cut off!

"Don't, Chief Shen, Chief Shen...." Superintendent Song was sweating by now. He knew that he had gotten into big trouble now. No, it wasn't him who caused it. It was Zhang Ye who caused all these troubles!

At this moment, Superintendent Song only wanted to curse at Wang Shuixin 10,000 times! Just as Superintendent Song had told his wife, he was only helping a friend within the laws. Zhang Ye's behavior and actions, as long as they were tolerable, they could close an eye regarding the matter. But if they had to be strict, according to the law, they could still hold him in custody for a few days. Therefore, Superintendent Song did not have any pressure. Even if there was any pressure, he could still handle it. But now, Superintendent Song obviously could not handle it!

The Commission for Discipline Inspection wanted to take over?

The whole city was paying attention to the case?

The branch Leaders were also keeping an eye on them?

Superintendent Song could only feel cold sweat on his back, and his uniform was all wet. This wouldn't do. He had to quickly handle this. Otherwise, he might really be sacked. He sped up quickly towards the station!

.....

10 P.M.

It was already late at night.

However, the station was brightly lit. A few of the spotlights were also switched on. The on-duty policemen also increased from 3-4 to over 10 of them. They knew that something had happened here, so those who were off duty had returned to help with controlling the reporters. They were now kept out with barriers in the courtyard at

the back gate.

A car arrived. The door opened.

"Superintendent Song!"

"Superintendent, you're finally here!"

"What do we do now? I've seen the situation on the internet....."

"There are too many reporters outside. A wave of them just left, but another wave has arrived. They are blocking the gate. The back gate and the front gates are full of reporters!"

"Superintendent, our station's 'famous' now. When I was taking the public bus here, I was on the phone regarding a previous case and when I said that I was from this police station, a few people overheard me. They were all looking at me with contempt. That feeling was so burdensome and I didn't dare raise my head until I got off! Who do you think we offended?"

When Superintendent Song arrived, everyone was complaining.

"Where's Zhang Ye?" Superintendent Song asked directly.

Old Zhao pointed over to the other side, "Still in the dark room."

Superintendent Song did not answer their questions. Instead, he walked straight toward that room.

He pulled open the door and saw Zhang Ye sitting down, holding the cuffs on his legs, He was idly humming a song like nothing had happened.

"Superintendent Song?" Zhang Ye looked up.

A few policemen also followed over. They wanted to see how Superintendent Song would handle this. It was Zhang Ye's two poems that had caused all the trouble. With Superintendent Song's hot temper, he would be crazy if he didn't get mad! Sure enough,

Superintendent Song shouted out. But what they did not expect was that the shout was directed at them, not Zhang Ye!

"Who cuffed up Teacher Zhang Ye? Eh? Who was it!" Superintendent Song face was full of anger. He pointed at the policemen, "Who was it? Stand forward now!"

Everyone was confused!

A policeman nearly vomited blood. Superintendent Song! Wasn't it you who asked us to cuff him up?

Superintendent Song angrily slammed his fist on the table in the dark room, "Are you all rebelling? Eh? Do you all even care that I am your Superintendent?" Then, he pointed towards Zhang Ye who was seated on the floor, "Do you know who this is? Do you? This is one of the famous writers in Beijing! A writer! And a historian! Such a prestigious teacher! How could you all beat him? And even put cuffs on him? How do you all handle things around here? Eh? Are you not trying to drive me to the grave!"

Old Zhao, "....."

The policewoman, "....."

The policemen were all unsure of what was going on!

Superintendent Song shouted, "What are you all looking at me for? Quickly take the cuffs off Teacher Zhang Ye! What are you waiting for!"

A junior policeman quickly came forward, "Let me do it, let me do it!"

When the cuffs were off, Superintendent Song continued, "I've only been away for a short while! And you guys have already caused such a big mess! How many times have I told you all! To a venerable person like Teacher Zhang Ye, you have to be respectful and courteous! But see what you all did? Did you just ignore my words? Instead of treating Teacher Zhang Ye properly, all of you cuffed him

up instead?" Superintendent Song said disappointedly, knocking his clenched fist on the table, "I am bitterly disappointed! I'm really disappointed in all of you!"

Zhang Ye was venerable?

You want us to treat him with respect and courteously?

F**k, when did you tell us that!

Seeing Superintendent Song like totally a different man now, with that air of righteousness, made Zhang Ye, who was still seated there, speechless. The small table looked like it was about to collapse from his knocking. The table's four legs looked like they were now embedded in the crumbling cement floor!

"Go! Go away, all of you. You guys are a sore sight!" Superintendent Song chased away the group of policemen.

When they left, Superintendent Song quickly helped Zhang Ye up. "Teacher Zhang, sorry to have let you suffered. I did not teach my men well; please quickly get up."

Zhang Ye got up and patted off the dust on his butt.

Superintendent Song looked at him, "But Teacher Zhang, I feel that you are not particular. You were really not particular. What whip? What bayonet? Speak with your conscience. Have we lay a finger on you ever since you came? We didn't! But your poem was written with those descriptions, like torture? I really feel that you are a little not particular!"

Zhang Ye casually said, "Those are artistic embellishments. Actually, I didn't mean to be sarcastic. It was just a stroke of inspiration, and it had nothing to do with you all."

Superintendent Song was at a loss to cry or laugh, "But the public believes it. Everyone's saying that we used torture on you. Don't you feel that we have been maligned? Right?"

Zhang Ye threw up his arms, "But I am a literary person; I don't care how others look at it."

"Look at you. We can talk this out. Actually, we weren't intending to press any criminal charges against you. Such a Good Samaritan's acts are good! This act should be strongly encouraged and publicized!" Superintendent Song said sternly, "We would keep you in custody? That's impossible! We were just going by the book by bringing you back for the investigations to show everyone. Look, you must have been mistaken about us!"

Zhang Ye said, "Oh, really?"

"Yes, really." Superintendent Song looked up at the writing on the wall, which was "Prisoner's Song", "And this poem, aiyo, who would dare not let you out? We would open the door for you to come and go anytime. Whoever dares to stop you is asking for it from me, Old Song! What 'I shall live with fire and warm blood ever after?' That's not necessary. Your words are too strong, too strong! Teacher Zhang, you can go back now. Let me send you home!"

Zhang Ye knew that his poem had caused a commotion, so he was not in a rush, "It's okay, Superintendent Song. I'm happy to be here. I understand your job. As a citizen, I have the duty to cooperate. I will wait until the investigations are done."

Superintendent Song hurriedly said, "Don't. How can we do that? The environment here is so bad; it's not suitable for a man of your stature. I will get someone to send you back!"

Zhang Ye dismissively waved it off, "It's pretty good here. You're overthinking it, Superintendent Song. I can write some stuff here and compose some more poetry. It's not that boring at all." Having said that, Zhang Ye looked down as if he was looking for something. He saw the broken cement and mud pieces at the foot of the table and went over to pick it up!

When Superintendent Song saw this, he nearly felt his spirit escape

from his body. He rushed forward, "No! Teacher Zhang! If you have something to say, let's talk! Let's have a good talk! Please, don't you write a poem!"

Two poems had already caused chaos to their police station. And you still want to write? Do you really still want to write?

"Someone! Someone, come here quickly!" Superintendent Song shouted.

The old policeman pushed the door and entered, "Superintendent, what's the matter?"

As Superintendent Song pulled on Zhang Ye, he pointed to the floor, "Quickly clean the gravel on the ground! Sweep them all away! Don't leave any behind!"

The old policeman wiped his sweat, "Alright!"

Zhang Ye was speechless, "What are you doing? I'm just writing a poem, and just writing a few words to relieve my boredom."

"Teacher Zhang! You are wanting our lives! Don't write. Please don't write!" Superintendent Song noticed that the old policeman was being slow, so he ended up doing it himself. He dug out all the gravel and cement blocks and quickly passed it to the old policeman for him to throw them away.

Zhang Ye was at a loss.

Are you a graduate of the Lanxiang Vocational School?

Why are you so good at digging?

Superintendent Song had his unspeakable reasons. He didn't dare let Zhang Ye write anything again. Other people had to use guns to kill, or had to use fists to fight, but a person like Zhang Ye could not be described in a normal way. If he wanted to pick on anyone, he only needed to write. Superintendent Song and the station had

apparently tasted Zhang Ye's medicine and were suffering. And so, once bitten, twice shy!

"Teacher Zhang, why don't we take a seat and talk this out? Give me, Old Song, some face." Superintendent Song said, "We are gentlemen and we talk with our mouths, not our fists!"

Zhang Ye said, "But I didn't use my fists?"

Superintendent Song complained, "Your words are like your fists! Our attitude from before was inappropriate. I would like to apologize right here. Teacher Zhang, won't you go back home? Don't make it difficult for us anymore. We are just a small police station. We can't take your bashings. Please, have mercy, have mercy."

Zhang Ye was not an unreasonable person, but as Superintendent Song's attitude from before had annoyed him by pushing things too far, "What about the case? It has not been fully investigated yet!"

Superintendent Song hesitated for a moment, then clenched his teeth and said, "It's already been fully investigated. You were just doing a good deed, and you did nothing wrong. That hooligan, Wang Cen, attempted to hit someone. So when he is out of the hospital, we will bring him in for investigations! Detention! And also press civil charges against him!"

That's better.

Zhang Ye thought for a while, "Alright then, since it has been investigated already, I will leave."

Superintendent Song let out a heave of relief, and eagerly told the old policeman, "Quick, send Teacher Zhang back home. Drive safely and don't make Teacher Zhang uncomfortable."

The old policeman could only helplessly say, "Yes."

Seeing Zhang Ye leaving, Superintendent Song said loudly, "Teacher Zhang, when you are home, could you please post on Weibo to clear

our names? Our station really didn't use any bayonets! The city's armory does not even issue any bayonets to us at all!"

Zhang Ye just looked straight and waved back at him. It wasn't clear if he would do as they asked.

Superintendent Song wiped the sweat off his forehead. He finally had sent away this jinx. He did not even want to see Zhang Ye anymore as long as he was alive!

He had seen wicked people before!

But he had never seen anyone so wicked as this!

Chapter 161 - The Heavenly Queen asks Zhang Ye for Help!

After releasing him.

Superintendent Song went to a corner of the yard at the police station. He took out his mobile phone and made a call to Wang Shuixin.

"Hello, Old Song." Wang Shuixin was still awake.

Superintendent Song said harshly, "Old Wang, Zhang Ye has already been released. I am just calling to inform you."

Wang Shuixin was stunned, "What? Released? Why was he released? He beat up my son so badly, yet your station still doesn't...."

Superintendent Song said angrily, "You still dare to mention that? Because of helping you, I nearly lost my job. The branch Leaders already reprimanded me several times, and even the Commission for Discipline Inspection nearly wanted to investigate us! The orders from above are already out! If I don't release him, what can I do? Tell me, what should I do? Besides, this problem was caused by your son, so don't make excuses for him! You should be prepared. When your son is discharged, we will summon him for sure. He might be detained and might be fined! Old Wang, I have already done all that I can. Whether you will listen to me or not, these are my words. The pressure from Zhang Ye's two poems are too great, and no one else would have been able to protect your son! It had to be done!"

Wang Shuixin said. "Old Song, we have known each other for so long. You...."

Superintendent Song said, "It's precisely because we've known each other so long that I'm telling you this. Oh, and if there's anything related to Zhang Ye in the future, don't look for me. This man, I'm really afraid of him!"

.....

Caishikou.

Zhang Ye's parents' home district.

Every family was preparing to sleep, and the district was quiet. Zhang Ye was sent back here by the old policeman. After getting off, he went straight up the stairs.

Dong, dong, dong.

Zhang Ye called from outside the door, "Dad, Mom."

The door opened swiftly, and his mother came out anxious and worried, "Aiyo! Our son is back!"

"Yes, I'm back. You aren't asleep yet?" Zhang Ye came inside and changed his shoes.

"How could we sleep? Your dad and I went to the station earlier to look for you, but those policemen did not let us in. I gave them a good scolding at the door!" his mother huffed.

His father walked out from the hall, "Are you injured?"

"No, they were quite kind to me." Zhang Ye said.

His mother stared at him, "Then what about the poem you wrote? Bayonet, beatings, you nearly scared your dad and me to death! They really did not hit you?"

Zhang Ye laughed, "Then they would have to dare to do it. Hur hur. It wasn't that serious; I was just inspired to write a poem, that's all. Oh, yes. Mom, I'm hungry."

"Wait a while. Let me heat up the food for you." His mother went into the kitchen.

His father stopped her, "Let me do it. Give the relatives a call and

inform them about the news."

His mother suddenly remembered, "Oh, yes. I nearly forgot. They are still worried." So she went to the telephone by the sofa and made some calls, "Hello. Little Dan? I want to tell you that your brother's home already. He's alright.... Yes, tell your dad and mom not to worry.... Okay...."

Seeing that, Zhang Ye also made a few calls. His friends and colleagues were definitely worried about him. They probably tried to help, too, so he should inform them of his release.

Du, du, du, click.

"Hello." It was a child's deep-sounding voice.

"Chenchen?" Zhang Ye blinked, "Why are you the one answering? Where's your aunt?"

Chenchen answer with the tone of a grown up, "Oh, it's Zhang Ye. My aunt went out for a run."

Running at this late time? But knowing that Rao Aimin was a martial arts practitioner, he was not worried. "I'm fine already. I'm at my parents place now. Please tell your aunt not to worry."

Chenchen replied, "My aunt was always very assured with matters regarding you. She said that good people die young, while the scourges would live a thousand years, so you would definitely be fine."

Zhang Ye, ".....#@)#! !"

This landlord! This bro had already been arrested and brought to the police station! Yet, your mouth continued to be this venomous!

Following that, Zhang Ye called a few other colleagues.

"Hello, Xiao Lu. It's me...."

"Hello, Brother Hu. I'm out....."

"Hou Ge, is your brother with you? I am already home. Thank you for the concern."

The rice was heated up. They were dishes probably left over from his parents' lunch or dinner. The frugal Zhang Ye was not a picky eater. He just gobbled everything up.

"We will be sleeping first," his father said.

"Eat by yourself. But there's no need to wash the dishes. I will wash them tomorrow." His mother also went into the room.

The two of them had been worrying all day, making calls and going down to the station. They were probably very tired from all of this and still had to work in the morning, so they went to bed quickly.

After Zhang Ye finished his meal, he still washed the dishes before returning to his own room. He switched on his old PC and went online to chat with his fans. He knew that the reason that he could be released with so little trouble was all due to the fans' help. It was them who gave pressure to the authorities. It was them who helped to make it a big issue to put attention to the case, so Zhang Ye naturally had a responsibility to let them know.

"I am Zhang Ye. I'm currently back at home. Thank you for everyone's concern and support. Sorry for troubling you. I'm very good. The police station has already investigated the matter properly. I have reason to believe and choose to believe that our law enforcement system would not malign a good person, nor would it let a bad person off!" This line was known by all in Zhang Ye's world, but this line had apparently not appeared in this world. Zhang Ye did not think much about it and used it. The main reason was to tone things down on the police station's side. Since he was already fine, if the fans carried on having a field day with them, it might create a counter-effect, causing discord in society. This was something that Zhang Ye did not wish to see happen.

"Haha! It's Zhang Ye!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye has been released!"

"That's great! They have finally released him!"

"Now I'm feeling at ease. I can finally sleep well. Goodnight, Teacher Zhang."

"We won! Cheers, brothers! This is our victory of the Zhang Ye fan club! It's the result of everyone's hard work! Thank you to our brothers from SS Tieba! Thank you to Heavenly Queen Zhang's Universal Army! If not for you, Teacher Zhang would definitely not have been released today! The waterdrop-like bit of gratitude will be repaid in the form of a fountain!"

Zhang Ye's fans began celebrating!

However, when Zhang Ye saw this, he was surprised. Eh? SS Tieba? What was that? Heavenly Queen Zhang's fans? Why did her fans join in on the matter? The dark room did not have any internet, so all he could do was spread the matter out. He had only written two poems, but he had no idea about the actual situation. Hence, Zhang Ye quickly minimized the Weibo page and went to his fan club headquarters to ask about the details.

Someone answered, "It was all thanks to SS Tieba's members. They felt that injustice was done, and seeing that our numbers were lacking in strength, they took the initiative to help us. Their people nearly flooded the entire Tieba with your 'Prisoner's Song' and 'My Confession'. They had such a strong sense of justice! There was also Heavenly Queen Zhang. She seldom uses Weibo, but at night, she Liked two of your poems. Later on, some of Heavenly Queen Zhang's fan club army came, too!"

After their explanations, Zhang Ye immediately understood. He was immediately touched and felt his heart feel warmth. Without saying anything else, he immediately went to SS Tieba and posted a

message, "Thanks. Many are the years to come." He did not say much; the words were simple. However, the meaning behind it was intense. This was Zhang Ye's promise. He would definitely pay them back in the future.

"You're welcome."

"We naturally needed to do something after seeing injustice happen!"

"The good will be rewarded. Teacher Zhang, you don't have to thank us!"

SS Tieba's members replied. After that, Zhang Ye's fan club's junior moderator and SS Tieba's moderator had some exchange. Both Tieba pages exchanged links, becoming friendship Tieba pages.

After all this, Zhang Ye left the matter with Zhang Yuanqi aside first. He then checked on the internet to see what had happened after he had entered the dark room. Then he saw Elder Qian's message, as well as support from Wang Xiaomei, Zhang Yuanqi, Big Sis Zhou, Tian Bin and his other old colleagues. He was extremely touched.

He did not have Elder Qian's number, so he left a private message on Weibo.

As for Zhao Guozhou, Tian Bin and company, Zhang Ye gave them each and every one a call to tell them that he was fine and thanked them.

After all this, Zhang Ye's fan club Tieba numbers had increased greatly once again. There were a few thousand more members. And when he checked the score on the Celebrity Rankings that considered the popularity of celebrities, he realized that he had entered the first few names amongst the E-list celebrities. He was getting closer to being a D-list celebrity.

In just a night's time, Zhang Ye's popularity had increased by so much!

If one pursued the root of the matter, it was because the two poems, "My Confession" and "Prisoner's Song", had been written too ruthlessly! They had been written too well! The unyielding and tenacious attitude and lack of fear towards life and death had touched too many people! Zhang Ye even saw that many literary authors had left messages on the two poems. Everyone's evaluations of them were positive. Although this work was a bit exaggerated in his artistic embellishments based on the environment, there were no doubts regarding the literary value and spirit inside the works! The moment these two poems were released, everyone had another deeper understanding of Zhang Ye's artistic standard!

After dealing with this, he had dealt with the things that he needed to do.

Only then did Zhang Ye switch off his computer to wash up. Then, he laid on the bed thinking. It was best not to give the Heavenly Queen a call. After all, she was a big shot, and she might be asleep at this time. With that, Zhang Ye sent a short message to Zhang Yuanqi's cell phone. First, he informed her that he was fine and then thanked her, "Thank you. Your fans have given me a great deal of help this time. If there's any matter in the future, just say it."

No reply.

Nothing happened, despite waiting a long while.

Zhang Ye helplessly shrugged his shoulders and put the cell phone down before crawling into bed.

About thirty minutes later, when it was nearly 11:30 P.M., Zhang Ye's phone suddenly sounded. Heavenly Queen Zhang had replied with a short message.

It wrote: "I really have something I need you for. Tomorrow, come over and give me a hand. In a while, I'll let my manager contact you. That's all."

Zhang Ye replied, "Alright, but what is it? At least tell me first."

The Heavenly Queen no longer responded. It made Zhang Ye at a loss of whether to laugh or to cry. Can your personality be any worse? Will replying kill you?

Chapter 162 - Does your House need to install Broadband?

In the morning.

Today's weather was especially good. A simple phrase, the sun shined brightly.

However, compared to the weather, in a patient ward in a particular hospital, Wang Cen was in a bad mood. It could even be said that he was extremely furious.

The door to the ward opened.

A nurse came in, "Time to eat your medicine."

Wang Cen acknowledged tersely as he ate his medicine with a black face.

"You are fine. It's time to be discharged," the female nurse said.

Wang Cen's expression changed slightly, "I feel like... I actually think I can have some more emergency treatment."

The nurse rolled her eyes at him, "It's just some superficial wounds. Why is there a need for emergency treatment? You have already been bandaged, and wherever that needs medicine has been applied. I'm telling you not to refuse leaving. The police station has already informed our head. They will be taking you away in a while."

Wang Cen pretended to cover his waist, "My waist is in pain. I can't get up!"

"Look at it yourself!" The nurse ignored him and left muttering.

Due to the police station's investigations, everyone in the hospital knew that Wang Cen had been beaten up because he had taken liberties with a woman. The doctors, nurses and even patients did

not treat him nicely. They despised such a person.

Wang Cen had been getting a whole day of disdainful looks since yesterday. He was panicking. After getting beaten up by Zhang Ye, he had wanted to get revenge on him, thinking that Zhang Ye will get it from him. But after just one day, everything seemed to have not proceeded as he expected. Zhang Ye was arrested. But after reciting and writing a poem while in custody, the tables had turned. In the end, he was released, and instead Wang Cen received news that upon his discharge, he would be brought to the police station for questioning!

Wang Cen was full of hate. He looked at his watch, fully expecting the police to come at any time now. Then, he took out his mobile phone and made a call to his Taekwondo coach.

"Hello, coach!" Wang Cen said bitterly.

His coach was a Korean man, but well versed in speaking Mandarin, "Oh, it's Wang Cen. What's wrong with your voice?"

Wang Cen continued bitterly "I was beaten up by someone, someone who knows Taekwondo too. I'm in the hospital now!"

When the Korean coach heard this, he was also furious, "Who beat you? Which Taekwondo dojo is he from?"

Wang Cen said, "I also don't know where he learned it from. Anyway, his standard is about the same as mine, but I don't know how I lost to him. Coach, you must seek revenge for me!"

The coach was in a dilemma, "About this, you guys often spar, so it's not uncommon to be injured. It's not nice for me to do it!"

Wang Cen gritted his teeth, "If you get my Senior brothers and sisters to seek revenge for me, I will donate 200,000, so that our Taekwondo dojo can be renovated!"

The coach's eyes lit up, "See what you are saying? You are my

disciple. If you get bullied, how can I, your teacher, not do anything about it? Who is he? Where is he now?"

Wang Cen said, "I know he lives in Jiaomen. Alright, I'll send you his address."

As the television station's Leader's, Wang Shuixin's, son, Wang Cen naturally had the means to obtain Zhang Ye's residential address. Hence, he sent a short message to his coach. As for why Wang Cen had sparred with his opponent and some other minor details, even the fact that Zhang Ye was a public personality was not told to his coach. He was afraid that his coach would not help if he knew, so he avoided the subject. All he wanted to do now was to teach Zhang Ye a lesson to appease his anger!

.....

Jiaomen East.

Zhang Ye had returned to his rented home early in the morning.

He was just turning the keys when he heard something. Not far away, a tiny head appeared at the landlady's house, "Zhang Ye, you are back?"

Zhang Ye looked at her, "Call me uncle."

Chenchen nodded, "OK, Zhang Ye."

Zhang Ye, "...Where's your aunt?"

"Who's looking for me?" At this moment, Rao Aimin also appeared, wearing her slippers.

Zhang Ye couldn't hold back his complaining, "Landlady auntie, you are so terrible. What do you mean, 'scourges would live a thousand years'? Why are you always blindly telling the child things like that? Look at Chenchen; she's being taught the wrong things by you. Why am I the scourge? My actions are upright. Even if I pick up a penny

on the road, I will hand it over to the policeman. That's unforgivable; my heart's utterly broken by you. Just because of that, you should take care of my breakfast!"

Chenchen let out her trademark smile, "Hur hur."

Rao Aimin glanced at him, "If you want to scrounge for food, just say so. Why are you muttering all day for."

Zhang Ye reached out for a yard after taking an inch as he rubbed his arm, "And my arm and legs. I was injured when I fought for a just cause. You must give me some ointment and rub it."

Chenchen leered at him, "Zhang Ye, you sure are squeamish."

Zhang Ye snorted, "What do you mean, 'squeamish'? It is a roar from seeing injustice. None of you saw my heroic stance back then! There was no need to even mention it! I punched here! And a kick there! I fought with that person for 300 rounds in a massive battle! Finally, with my awe-inspiring righteousness, my opponent was subdued by my spirit and stance, and lowered his head to kowtow... Forget it, I'll stop bragging." Zhang Ye turned weak and held his stomach, "Landlady Auntie, I'm really hungry."

His parents had gone to work and had not left him breakfast. Besides, Zhang Ye had to help the Heavenly Queen later today. And since all his clothes were here, he had to come back to change.

Rao Aimin could no longer stand him, "Fine, fine. If your body's kung fu is 1% of your mouth's kung fu, you would not have been injured! I'll cook at your place. It just happens that Chenchen and I haven't eaten!" Saying that, she did not forget to educate the child as she said to Chenchen, "In the future, don't learn from Uncle Zhang. All he knows is bragging."

Chenchen acknowledged seriously, "I got it, Aunt."

At this house, Rao Aimin first cooked porridge. As it stewed under a small fire, she made Zhang Ye lie on the bed. After seeing his body

with his shirt off, "I thought how injured you were from your big hooha, but it's not even a fart. It's just two bruises. It will subside in a few days!"

Zhang Ye said as if his life was on the line, "Then at least rub some medicine on it. Why are your attitudes so cold towards a Good Samaritan hero's return!"

Rao Aimin curled her lips, "If you are considered a hero, then anyone can save the world!"

Zhang Ye snorted, "To think you say to save the world. Have you watched too many animations? Childish."

The next moment, Rao Aimin sneered coldly and gripped Zhang Ye's wrist and twisted it!

Zhang Ye cried out in pain, "Aiyah. Hey, what are you doing. If you have something to say, just say it nicely. Don't be rough!"

Rao Aimin twisted his arm and said, "Did you grow some abilities recently, kid? You stay at my apartment, eat my food, and now you are arguing back to me?"

Chenchen giggled at the side.

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "No, no, I wouldn't dare talk back to you. Also, although the apartment is yours, but I paid the rental to stay here."

Rao Aimin said, "The rental has already increased twice! Did you see anyone else who stays here having a lower rent than yours?" After tormenting Zhang Ye a little longer, she let go of him.

But Zhang Ye laid down, playing dead, "I can't take it anymore. My arm's broken. It's broken!"

.....

At the same time.

Two people appeared at the corridor.

"Coach, it's here?" said a thin-faced youth.

The Korean coach looked at his phone, "Yes, it's here, right up there!"

The youth suddenly turned arrogant, "Bully my disciple brother? I will take care of them! Coach, later on, don't make any moves; I can take care of him myself!"

The coach nodded, "Wang Cen said that Zhang Ye's Taekwondo is about the same standard as his. You are a black belt, so you should be able to handle him easily." He had not wanted to come along initially, but he was worried, so he followed along to take a look. It was also for insurance. Besides, it was also related to the 200,000 donation. Their Taekwondo dojo was at Nancheng. It was neither too big, nor too small, but it had been in need of repair for many years. He had long wanted to do some refurbishing to it, since he had a share of the dojo.

The youth was aggressive. His face was thin, but his build was burly. He looked very tough and had tanned skin. One look and you would know the explosiveness of his muscles, "Where is he? Which house is it? I want to see if that kid really has three heads and six arms! To think that he even dares to beat up a brother from our dojo! Let's see if I'll kill him!"

The coach was very pleased with the enthusiasm of the youth, "Very good. We martial artist practitioners should have such an indomitable spirit. Oh, we're here. You go ahead; I will be your backup!"

"Yes, Coach. Leave it to me!" The youth sneered. Every thud on the floor caused by his shoe sounded ferocious and tough!

Because the kitchen was also in the house, adjoining the living room, any cooking fumes did not escape easily. Because of this, Zhang Ye's house door was kept open.

They could hear voices coming from inside.

"My arm is broken!"

"I haven't even used any strength!"

"I can't handle it anymore. I can't move anymore!"

"Kid, are you trying to pretend to be a piece of broken porcelain? You want to scam me?"

"My hand doesn't work anymore. I won't be able to cook anymore. You will have to settle my meals for the rest of my life!"

Rao Aimin was amused by him. With a side glance, she saw a pair of iron scissors next to the coffee table. She picked it up and said, "Twisting that little bit and you play dead? Alright then, let me show you a little of my strength of what twisting is!" Just as she finished saying that, Rao Aimin formed her right hand into a palm and sliced down towards the scissors!

There was silence!

There was not any movement at all!

The metallic scissors was bent by a hand of flesh! It looked like when Rao Aimin had flicked her wrist, the scissors bent!

At the same time, the Korean coach and his black belt disciple were standing at the door!

"Is this Zhang Ye's residence? Eh?" the youth said with a fierce look. But the next second, he and the coach witnessed Rao Aimin splitting the scissors apart with her bare hands!

The two of them were stunned, then instinctively looked at each other!

Zhang Ye already knew that the landlady had some abilities, so he was not that shocked. He looked out at the door "Yes, this is my

house."

Rao Aimin threw down the bent scissors, "What do you all want?"

The youth puffed up his chest, then suddenly relaxed and smiled, "Do you want to install broadband in your house? We are currently doing a promotion. 998 for two years! Just 998! Don't be shy, give it a try! Big Sis, why don't you apply, too!"

Rao Aimin looked at them suspiciously, especially the guy at the back, "Promoting broadband packages? That can't be! Why haven't I seen you all around here before? Which broadband company are your with?"

That Korean coach swallowed his saliva and quickly replied, "We are with a new company that has just been established. We were just expanding into this area. There's even a small gift with every signup!"

Chenchen blinked, "There's even a small gift?"

Rao Aimin looked over, "That's quite cheap. Are you installing?"

"I've already installed it." Zhang Ye immediately regretted, "If only I knew that your company was so cheap. Hai, why did I install it so early? I wasted money for nothing!"

Rao Aimin also felt regret, "What a pity. I've installed it already, too."

The youth hurriedly said, "Is that the case, then that's such a pity. Then we won't be disturbing you anymore."

Rao Aimin walked them out, "Alright, then take care. I suggest that you set up a table in our small district and write how much it is. I'm sure many people will come to you. It's really cheap."

The coach quickly said, "Aiyah, what a good idea. It's really good. Thank you for your suggestion. We will definitely heed it. Sorry to disturb you. Take care! Take care!"

"Alright, I'm still cooking porridge. Then, bye!"

Chapter 163 - The Fleeing Duo!

Along the corridor.

The elevator doors opened.

The coach and his disciple were just about to leave, when a tenant of Rao Aimin shouted out. It was a female undergrad, "Hey, Landlady Auntie, I heard something about broadband installation? I was just thinking of installing one. My contract for the old one has already expired and it was too slow anyway. I want to try another provider. Where are they?"

Rao Aimin called out to the two of them, "Hey, you have business here!"

In the end, the two of them pretended that they didn't hear a thing and hurriedly got into the elevator. Ding. The door closed.

Rao Aimin said wondering, "Heh, those silly people. They don't want business, even when it was right there? They don't want to earn commissions? Hur, stupid."

The female undergrad was disappointed, "If they are gone, then forget it."

Rao Aimin said, "You should go check with the managing agent. They should have an internet access point here. It's rather cheap; just 998 for 2 years."

"Really? Yo, I'll go check it out then. It's so cheap." The female undergrad hurriedly chased after them. Shortly after, she returned and passed by Zhang Ye's door. She said, "Landlady Auntie, the managing agent said there's no such cheap broadband. They did not have any tie-ups like that."

Zhang Ye had already gotten up to eat, "Eh? Then what was that just now?"

The female undergrad shrugged, "Who knows? It might have been a scam."

"It can't be? I noticed that the two of them were dressed rather smartly." Rao Aimin was also puzzled.

Chenchen let out a cold laugh, "Hur hur, I can see that those two were Diǎo Sī (losers)." In this world, there was already a phrase like Diǎo Sī.

.....

Outside the district.

The two who were labeled as losers by Chenchen – the coach and his disciple – had already ran outside the area. But they were still slightly worried. Only after they were a few hundred meters away from the district did they stop to take a breather.

The youth patted his chest in fear, breathing heavily, "Luckily, luckily, I was able to come up with an excuse, saying we were broadband resellers!"

The coach also wiped his sweat off his forehead, "Your reaction was quick. Well done! That line of yours was the key!"

The youth said, "Coach, you played along well. I didn't even think of the small gift. I thought you were really a professional there! That was too convincing! No loopholes! You were great!"

"That because, in the past, I was....Hey! What are you complimenting me for!" The coach had realized that they were forced to flee. What was there to praise about such a shameless incident? But when he remembered how the woman had used her palms to split the scissors, the coach wanted to curse at mothers!

The youth started cursing first, "What the h*ll does that big sister do? Wasn't that just too awesome? Is she even human? The scissors could be split and bent like that? Is she a magician?" To split things,

Taekwondo practitioners were very familiar with it. Rather, when they practice Taekwondo, they usually liked to split things here and there, such as splitting wooden planks with their hands and feet. These were all normal activities and training. Like the black belt exam, sometimes they were required to split things, too!

But..... But those were only wooden planks!

Even if there was a stack of a few levels, they were still essentially wooden planks, no matter how thick they were!

But what did the woman split? It was a godd*mn motherf**king pair of scissors! A pair of iron scissors! This was on a whole other level! It did not belong to this world!

The coach kept silent for a long time before saying, "Do you think that it will be shameful if we just left like this?"

The youth immediately tried to ease their embarrassment, "It's not shameful at all. That woman isn't a human at all. She's a female beast. Coach, let's not even talk about the two of us; even for an Olympic Taekwondo champion, no one has heard of someone splitting metal like that. And to do it in one hand chop, without any external leverage? This is already not something normal. For something abnormal like that to happen to us, why is it shameful?"

The coach also tried to ease his embarrassment, "Yes, indeed. You're right."

The youth sighed, "Thankfully, we did not enter to beat him up. If not, we probably wouldn't be able to come out of there. Even if we can come out, we will come out in pieces. That woman can even split and bend metal, so there's no need to even talk about humans. Just a slap from her will break our legs. The bones might even be completely shattered! We won't even be left with our corpses intact!" Thinking of this, the youth cringed. Just thinking about how their fierce expressions of wanting to seek revenge suddenly changed into a wretched expression that was trying to sell broadband services

only made him feel lucky. If he was not quick to respond, the two of them would really be goners there and then!

The coach sighed, "However strong you are, there is always someone stronger."

The youth pursed his lips and angrily said, "That Wang Cen is too much! Isn't he trying to scam our coach!? What sorts of thoughts does he have? That Zhang Ye has a master expert living in his house! And he wants us to seek revenge for him? He is up to no good! He wants to kill us!"

Hearing this, the coach also hated on Wang Cen, "That Wang Cen! He's too much! I was wondering why he was willing to donate 200,000 to the dojo! He even dares to scam his teacher?"

The youth said with a black face, "Our lives were really spared today. There's no way that I'm letting that kid off! And he wanted us to seek revenge for him? He should get lost! Don't let me see him next time!"

The two cursed as they left.

Coincidentally, Wang Cen suddenly called.

When the youth saw this, he showed the cell phone to the coach and then picked it up, "Hello!"

Wang Cen asked, "Senior Brother, has that Zhang Ye been settled? How was it? Was he beaten up miserably?" Noticing there was no response, Wang Cen began to be presumptuous, "Haha, with Senior Brother and Coach, it would definitely be an easy task. There's no point in me asking."

The youth was infuriated. You still want to know if he was beaten up and miserable? Miserable, my a*s! If not for Coach and I escaping fast enough, it would be us who would be miserable. He angrily said, "Wang Cen! You are f**king too wicked! I'm telling you! You better be careful in the future! Don't let me see you again! If I see you again, I'll beat you up until you need to look for your teeth on the ground! You

still want to seek revenge? Do it yourself in the future! In the future, don't you look for me or Coach! If you want to court death, do it yourself! You even wanted to pull us down with you? Have you lived long enough? Coach and I haven't! You dare to mess with anyone?"

Wang Cen was dumbfounded, "Eh? What's going on? Senior Brother, why are you scolding me!? I don't even know what's going on. Tell me about it!"

"I'll give you a fart! If I were you, I will never mess with a person like that in my entire life!" The youth did not want to spout any more nonsense with him, "Make sure you take care of yourself by yourself!"

"Senior Brother, Senior Brother!" Wang Cen shouted.

The youth grunted and hung up.

.....

On the other side.

The door to the ward just happened to be pushed open.

Superintendent Song came in with his men, "You are Wang Cen, right? Take a trip down to the station with us!"

"Uncle Song, I..." Wang Cen clearly knew him. He was, after all, his father's old friend.

However, Superintendent Song did not seem to know him. He said in an official manner, "Let's go! The police car is waiting downstairs! We will settle your problem back at the station!"

Wang Cen's mind was still preoccupied with what had happened on the phone. Even when he reached the police car with Superintendent Song and company, he still did not know what his Coach and Senior Brother had encountered. Never mess with a person like that in one's entire life? How can that be? That Zhang Ye's Taekwondo level was about the same as his! He was even slightly

weaker in terms of strength and speed! What was this reaction and attitude from his Coach and Senior Brother?

Did Zhang Ye really have three heads and six arms?

However, he was likely unable to figure this out for the rest of his entire life. He was facing lawful detention. This mark would never disappear for life. Only then did Wang Cen really regret. He regretted molesting the television station's female employee. He regretted fighting with Zhang Ye, and he regretted getting his father to fix Zhang Ye. If he had taken a step back at any part of the sequence of events, he would not have gotten into such a situation!

.....

Over at Jiaomen.

Zhang Ye's rented apartment.

Zhang Ye curiously examined the bent scissors that the landlady had bent with amazement. No matter how he looked at it, he was amazed. "Landlady Auntie, you sure are strong. You can even do this? Hehe, if I ever have kung fu like yours, then I can do as I wish every day!"

Chenchen glanced at him, "Hur hur."

Zhang Ye grunted, "Why? You may still not believe it, but when your Uncle Zhang reaches such a level, your Uncle will bring you to thrash martial houses every day!"

Rao Aimin shook her head, "You? In your next life, maybe."

Zhang Ye was unconvinced, "Then teach me how you managed to cut the metal."

"Technicalities. Even if i tell you, you wouldn't understand. Even if you understood, you wouldn't be able to learn it." Rao Aimin said.

"But I really want to learn it. Please teach me." Zhang Ye was very interested in this technique. After sparring with Wang Cen, he realized that his combat skills were not enough. If he hadn't used the Health Potion, the one who would have gotten a beating would surely have been him. So, of course, he wanted to be stronger now.

Rao Aimin gave him a glance over and said mockingly, "I believe you don't even understand what martial arts are, so how would you be able to learn? You are a half-past-six practitioner of Taekwondo. How can I even talk about Chinese martial arts with you? What you are practicing now is probably just made up of some fancy moves, coupled with some basic technique, agility and strength. It's just a mixture of that, but there's nothing solid within. The basis of Chinese martial arts is self-cultivation, from the inside out."

"I can start self-cultivating now. If you can, I can, too." Zhang Ye said.

"But you are already past the age for learning martial arts." Rao Aimin did not have much hope for him, "Do you know at what age I started platform stepping training? What were you doing at that age?"

Zhang Ye realized suddenly, "No wonder you maintained yourself so well, and are so beautiful with such a good body. So it's because you have been practicing martial arts since you were young."

Chenchen pouted, "Bootlicker, shameful."

Zhang Ye turned red faced, "Landlady Auntie, then why not teach me a skill or two?"

"I like what you said," Rao Aimin said. "But it's useless, even if you flatter me. If you can't learn it, you can't learn it. You should just settle for your fancy moves."

Zhang Ye interrupted, "If you don't want to teach, then don't. What's the big deal? I will just learn it myself. Wait and see, when this bro

has finished training, let's have a sparring match!"

Rao Aimin only uttered, "...Hur hur."

Zhang Ye may have said some big words, but he wasn't a hopeless case at all. If one fine day he managed to draw a Special Category skill in the lottery, a Chinese martial arts experience book like Eight Trigrams Palm or Wing Chun, when he had enough Reputation points to buy a few hundred books, he might even be a match for Rao Aimin!

Chapter 164 - The Music Copyright to "When Will the Moon Be Clear and Bright"?

Morning.

Zhang Ye napped a little while at his apartment.

At around 10 A.M., an unknown number called in.

"Hello." Zhang Ye yawned as he answered the call.

"Hello, is this Teacher Zhang Ye?" It was a woman's voice on the other side. It was a matured, crisp voice, "My name is Fang Weihong. You might not know me. But I believe you know Zhang Yuanqi's name? I am her manager and I received your contact information from the television station. I'm sorry if I'm disturbing you. Let me say this directly. We would like your help."

Got my contact information from the television station?

Zhang Yuanqi did not give you my cell phone number?

Only then did Zhang Ye understand that the Heavenly Queen had not told anyone that they knew each other already. True, having met twice and with an ambiguous relationship, to the point of even spending the night alone by themselves together, this wasn't exactly something you'd say to people. "What help?"

"Do you have time now?" Fang Weihong asked.

"Yes, today is my rest day." Zhang Ye was, in fact, already waiting for her.

Fang Weihong said, "It's not convenient to speak over the phone, Let's meet up and have a detailed chat. Where do you live? Send me your address and I will arrange for you to be picked up. I've been reading news online. It seems that you have a lot things going on recently, so I called to make sure that you were free."

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Zhang Ye did not say too much, "Okay, I will send you my address."

"Okay. Thank you. We will see you then." Fang Weihong hung up.

About 20 minutes later, the driver called Zhang Ye to inform him of his arrival. Zhang Ye looked outside and saw a car brand that belonged to this world. He did not know the label well, but it looked like a high-end car. It looked like they really wanted his help. But they really should have disclosed a little information. What help did they want? What if this bro can't help at all? Then wouldn't all these be for nothing?

.....

In a shopping district.

At a high-end commercial building.

The car stopped and the driver opened the door for Zhang Ye. At the building, the driver spoke to the woman at the front desk and she made a call.

In a short while, Fang Weihong appeared in the lobby. She was a 30-odd-year-old woman. She was not very pretty, but she looked very capable. In fact, it should be said that she was someone who tied up things up neatly. Otherwise, Zhang Yuanqi would not have trusted her to be her manager.

Fang Weihong looked around and said, "Teacher Zhang?"

Zhang Ye looked at her, then shook her hands, "You must be Sister Fang, I heard of your great name." Actually, he had never heard of her before, but this was just conversation chatter, so he had to say things like that.

"Come, let's proceed upstairs and talk along the way." Fang Weihong, who was wearing flats, ushered him towards to elevator. She said, "Actually, I was supposed to be the one fetching you here, but I had something to attend to at the last minute. Please don't mind. It

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wasn't convenient to speak over the phone regarding our request, as it's a commercial secret. It's better if we speak face to face. You will know once we are upstairs."

Ding, the elevator reached their floor.

The two of them entered a very large music recording studio. There were about eight or nine people in there, and Zhang Ye immediately noticed Zhang Yuanqi.

"Sister Zhang." Fang Weihong also addressed her as Sister. It was not known if this was an age thing or just a respectful way of addressing her.

Zhang Yuanqi looked over, smiling, "Weihong is back? This is?" She acted like she was clueless.

Fang Weihong wasn't aware of it and introduced, "Let me do the introductions. This is Teacher Zhang Ye." While looking at Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang, I guess I don't really need to introduce Sister Zhang?"

Zhang Yuanqi reached out her hand and said gently, smiling, "How are you doing, Teacher Zhang? It's my pleasure to meet you."

"Hello, Sister Zhang." Zhang Ye also played along and shook her hand. This was his first time seeing Zhang Yuanqi smiling so kindly. He was really not used to it.

After a while, the people in the room all looked at Zhang Ye with concerned looks.

Zhang Ye was a little uncomfortable, "Sister Zhang, Sister Fang, what is it that you need me here for today?"

"Didn't Weihong tell you?" Zhang Yuanqi smiled, "Actually, we would like to purchase a copyright from you."

Zhang Ye blinked a few times, "Buy my copyright? I don't have any

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copyrights right now." "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" had already been sold, and "Ghost Blows Out the Light" was already considered as sold off, too. Wait, the movie rights to "Ghost Blows Out the Light" were still available. But even if Zhang Yuanqi wanted to shoot the movie, it wouldn't be her who would be buying the rights. That would have been handled by the production company.

The three of them sat down.

Fang Weihong explained, "It's like this, Teacher Zhang. We would like to buy the rights to 'Shuidiao Getou'. Actually, it isn't really buying the copyright, but we would like your approval as the original composer. Because the lyrics have a lot of potential in our view, we would like to make it into a song to be sung by Sister Zhang. We would like to use the lyrics and compose the music for it. This would be a win-win situation. Your lyrics would become more well-known too."

Zhang Ye was stunned.

The copyright to "Shuidiao Getou"?

What? Even in this world, there were people eyeing it?

But Zhang Ye replied determinedly, "I'm sorry, but I can't help you with this. If you wanted to use any other lyrics of mine, I can give the copyright to you all for free. Sister Zhang.... I also admire her a lot, and her movies and songs, too. So money is not an issue. But this set of lyrics, I definitely cannot give up the copyrights."

"Why?" Fang Weihong frowned.

Zhang Ye waved it off, "Anyway, I cannot help with this matter. I'm sorry."

The few staff members who heard this became unhappy. Zhang Yuanqi was, after all, an S-list Heavenly Queen and wanted to use your poem to make a song. This was such a great opportunity. If it happened to anyone else, they would be more than happy to sell it. But you, why do you have such an attitude? Not selling? Why would

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you want to keep the lyrics for? Besides, even if you wanted to publish it, the copyrights were separate issues. There was no conflict at all!

A few musicians by the side also did not look too happy.

"Who is this person?"

"He is the author of 'Shuidiao Getou'."

"He's putting on such airs? Is he very famous?"

"Compared with Sister Zhang, definitely not. I don't know what he's thinking either."

Zhang Yuanqi laughed, "Why not let Teacher Zhang listen to the melody first?"

Fang Weihong had already expected things to not go so smoothly, so she had already made other plans. This was why she had not informed Zhang Ye of the details beforehand and made him come down to this place. She was worried that if Zhang Ye did not agree, at least they could try to persuade him in person by letting him hear the composed melody for the song. If it was an ancient poem, the copyright laws would not apply, as the original author had already passed away many years ago.

But Zhang Ye's "Shuidiao Getou" was recently composed, and the copyrights would naturally still belong to him and not to any companies. Therefore, if they wanted to use the lyrics, they needed Zhang Ye's approval. Otherwise, they could not use it. "Alright, Teacher Zhang. Please listen to it first. You might even change your mind. Hur hur. We must confess to you first that without your agreement, we have instructed a few composers do up the melody for the song."

Zhang Ye really did not want to sell, "I feel there's no need for it. Why not consider my other lyrics? Like 'Lyrics to Remembering Your Charm - Remembrance of the Tale of the Crimson Cliff'? I can let you

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use it for free."

Zhang Yuanqi did not feel too annoyed and laughed, "The lyrics for those are too descriptive and not suitable to be used as song lyrics. The setting and mood also aren't too suitable for me, a woman, to sing."

Fang Weihong just said, "Let's have a listen anyway."

By the side, the musician nodded and signaled to a staff member.

The staff member went over to the console and played a pre-recorded song. It wasn't Zhang Yuanqi's voice, but another woman's. Her singing was so-so. It was just a song sample, "When will the dear moon be clear and bright. With a cup of wine in my hand, I ask the dear clear sky. In the heavens, on this dear night, I wonder, what season..." There were a few words added in between, and some of the words and phrases had been changed.

Fang Weihong introduced, "The song's mainstream popularity characteristics are quite strong. With small modifications to the original lyrics and adding some chorus words, it still keeps the original's feel to it."

Zhang Yuanqi looked at Zhang Ye, "What do you think?"

Zhang Ye shook his head, "It's not nice. The pop song characteristics are too much. There's no ancient feel to the whole song, so it doesn't suit the lyrics settings and feel."

The musician couldn't bear it any longer and asked directly, "But this is a pop song. If it's not pop-like and without a catchy melody, how would it be called a pop song?" This song was probably composed by him.

"This is Wang Ge, the composer. He has written 4 or 5 songs for Sister Zhang before." Fang Weihong introduced.

Wang Ge vowed, "I guarantee that if you use my melody, the song will

Chapter 164 - The Music Copyright to "When Will the Moon Be Clear and Bright"? definitely be very popular!"

Zhang Yuanqi smiled and said, "Little Wang, don't be too anxious. Take a seat and let Teacher Zhang listen to another one."

Wang Ge had to give Sister Zhang face, so he kept quiet and sat down to listen.

Fang Weihong signaled to the staff member, then said to Zhang Ye, "The next melody was composed by another composer. Its ancient feel is stronger and the melody is a little special."

The next song played.

This time, a beautiful voice sang. The feel was quite suitable, but the melody did not sound good!

After listening for a long while, Zhang Ye still did not have any interest, "This tune is not nice. It's too obscure." He wasn't a professional, so he could only say it based on his feelings.

Zhang Yuanqi laughed superficially, "Then let's listen to the next one. It's the last one?"

"Yes, our team composed three melodies. This is the last one." Fang Weihong said.

The last composer said, "Let me sing and play it myself. I wasn't too satisfied with the recording Little Yang did because it was too rushed." So he went over and picked up a guitar and proceeded to sing, "The moon rounds the red mansion! Stoops to silk-padded doors! Shines upon the sleepless!" He had pushed the stanzas at the back forward as the first line, and had done it following that of rock.

Once it was over, Fang Weihong looked to Zhang Ye for his opinions, "Teacher Zhang, what do you think?"

Zhang Ye waved dismissively, "They are all not nice. I said it before, this song's rights, I really do not want to sell it. Let's forget it." It

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wasn't that he did not give face to Zhang Yuanqi. But Zhang Ye already had other plans for this lyrics. If he sold off this copyright to them, the lyrics would be ruined. The end product would definitely not do well, too!

Chapter 165 - Zhang Ye sings "Wishing We Last Forever"!

Why did he not want to sell?

Why was Zhang Ye so strongly against it?

The reason was because "Shuidiao Getou – When will the moon be clear and bright" was a very mature song in Zhang Ye's world. It was called "". The original singer was . It was one the songs that shot her to fame and it was extremely popular everywhere. The composer was Liang Hongzhi. Later on, the Heavenly Queen, , also covered it as well. If one had to determine who amongst Teresa Teng and Faye Wong sang it better, it was hard to decide. Amongst the older generation, Teresa Teng was more popular. But amongst the young generation, Faye Wong's "" was more famous. Faye Wong's voice was clearer and elegant, so it suited Su Shi's poem very well.

This song had been ingrained in Zhang Ye's heart, and it was one of his most favorite songs. Hence, how could he let a bunch of composers blindly compose for it?

Listen to these three songs.

One was too pop-like, one was too obscure, and one was too rock-like.

What sort of crappy tunes were these? The song had been ruined by them!

Of course, maybe it was because Zhang Ye was a bit more extreme. He was not from this world, so he naturally had special feelings for his own world. It was the same feeling as for certain locations. Many people would think that things from their hometown were much better, and they were the things that made them proud. This was the reason why Zhang Ye looked down on the level of music of this world. If one took an objective stance, the three tunes were not bad,

especially the first tune, which was composed by Wang Ge. It was even very catchy and it could be considered a pretty good tune.

However, Zhang Ye felt that it was not enough. In fact, it was far from enough!

For copyrights, Zhang Ye thought very highly of them. He relied on them mostly for a living. It was also the essence that allowed him to take root in this world. Every work's copyright was meaningful to him, as they were too important. Zhang Ye sometimes also thought of not doing anything for a month, and just writing out all the lyrics from his world using the Memory Search Capsule. With the novels and movie scripts, would he become more famous faster if he threw all of them at this world?

The answer was yes, but it could also be no. Yes, because a portion of his works would definitely receive the attention of others, causing his fame to increase greatly. As for no, it was like killing the golden goose. Even if he became famous for a short period of time, people were not dumb. If he threw all these works out in one go, they would also be suspicious. Also, there could be a chance that they would feel fatigue from an aesthetic point of view. If Zhang Ye created anything else in the future, people would treat it as if it were to be expected, and they would not place much attention to them. From then on, he would only decline. And once all his original copyrights were used up, what was he to rely on, without any works he could write or produce?

Hence, Zhang Ye treated every copyright very seriously. He wanted to do it slowly, so as to let every work from his world reach its fullest extent. It would also maximize his bid to become famous. So he could not bombard everything at one go because that was undesirable and unsustainable. He had to use every work wisely!

Fang Weihong frowned, "Teacher Zhang, please consider them again. I personally think Wang Ge's tune is good. Sister Zhang also thought so, too, when she heard it previously."

Zhang Ye smiled bitterly, "It's not that I'm not helping, it's because it's really not good."

Feeling doubted, Wang Ge could not help but turn mad, "What part of it is not good?"

"The melody is not good. It doesn't match it well." Zhang Ye said whatever he felt. It was not the time and place for him to mince his words.

Wang Ge looked at him with a blackened face, "Teacher Zhang Ye, if we are talking about literary level, I'm inferior to you. Everyone in this room added up would be inferior to you. Everyone admits this, nor is there any reason to doubt you. You are an expert in literature. This we all agree on. But when talking about music, when we talk about music as an art, I believe anyone here knows it better than you and understands more than you. You can't deny that, right?"

When Zhang Ye heard this, he was amused. He did not mind saying that he didn't know music himself, but he could not accept it when others said it to him. Who are you? Do I know you? "That might not necessarily be true."

Wang Ge was stunned before laughing, "Really? I really don't believe that!"

Zhang Yuanqi looked at him, "Little Wang, why are you talking to Teacher Zhang like that?"

"Sister Zhang, I'm not convinced! I have been doing music for seven to eight years! People can doubt me in anything except my attainment and level in music!" Wang Ge had spent a lot of time on the lyrics, and he had composed the tune for half a month before producing a satisfying piece of work. However, Zhang Ye's simple word of it being not nice and a simple word of not selling his copyright made all his efforts over the past few days be in vain. It would be a wonder if he was in agreement with that!

Zhang Yuanqi was a friendly Heavenly Queen in front of them, "Alright, Little Wang. Restrain that attitude of yours by a bit. This is Teacher Zhang's work, so he has the right to decide who the lyrics belongs to."

Wang Ge was still unconvinced, as he said, "But he..."

Fang Weihong turned angry, "Just because Sister Zhang is being nice, you are still continuing on? If you have anything to say, say it to me!"

Wang Ge turned silent. They were not afraid of Sister Zhang, as they knew that the Heavenly Queen never stared angrily at people. She was especially nice to anyone, but the manager, Sister Fang, was not someone that was easy to speak to.

Zhang Yuanqi patted Fang Weihong's arm, "It's fine. You don't have to go to that point."

After criticizing Wang Ge, Fang Weihong changed tunes and turned towards Zhang Ye, "If you think it's unsatisfactory, you can get Little Wang or the other two composers to change it. Wherever needs changes, you can just tell them. When you are satisfied, we can talk about the copyright transfer. So don't be in a hurry to say no. We really like your poem, or we would not have formed a team to work on this matter for the past half month."

Zhang Ye smacked his lips, "I have other uses for this poem, so..."

Seeing that the tunes were unable to persuade him, Fang Weihong appealed to his emotions, "You said that you like Sister Zhang's music. Then you should know that those are things from a long time ago. In the past two years, Sister Zhang has not had any good musical productions. Even the sales barely make it, and anyone knows that it was forcefully pushed up because we were using her past fame. Only hardcore fans liked it, so it's hard to push this any further. If this carries on, without any good musical productions, even those hardcore fans will eventually leave, too. Sister Zhang would then have to give up on music and only develop herself in the

film industry."

Zhang Ye was a bit embarrassed as he said, "I know that. I'm also aware of this from the news, but the truth of the matter is, I think these songs are very average."

Another musician said, "The price is negotiable. Nowadays, an excellent work of a famous composer would cost from 50,000 to 100,000. Even the top lyrics would not exceed 150,000."

"That's true." Fang Weihong said, "We can give you 150,000 for the licensing fee. As long as you license the rights of the song to us, we will plan on making it a single. The song will be recorded in a few days, and then it will be posted on the internet as a trial. It's quite an anxious matter, so would you... "

Zhang Ye remained impenetrable, "It's not about money. It's the tune that's bad."

Wang Ge spoke again, "The tune is bad? Then why don't you make a tune for us to open our eyes?"

Fang Weihong narrowed her eyes and slammed her hand on the table heavily, "Wang Ge! Do you really want me to lose all decorum with you?"

"Sister Fang, I just can't stand him being like that! He keeps saying our tune is bad, but it's clearly an excuse! I'm guessing some other company must have gotten to him first!" Wang Ge said.

Fang Weihong looked at Zhang Ye, "Is that true, Teacher Zhang?"

Zhang Yuanqi also glanced at Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye said, "When I was arrested, Sister Zhang gave a Like to my poem, and quite a number of Sister Zhang's fans helped me. This resulted in me being able to be released so soon. Since Sister Zhang needs my help, I will definitely help if I can. However, this poem is different. No other company has contacted me for the rights. You are

the first, but this poem is quite important to me. Hai, perhaps I'm not explaining clearly?" Saying that, he looked at Wang Ge, "You said that anyone in here knows music more than me? And you want me to produce a tune to open your eyes? Sure. Then I'll incur ridicule on myself today."

Fang Weihong exclaimed, "You can compose?"

A few of the staff members nearly fainted. Aren't you just good at history or writing novels or poems? Composing? You can even compose?

Wang Ge found it both funny and annoying, "Sure. We are all ears!"

You want to goad me? You sure are childish! This bro... This bro loves to be goaded on!

Zhang Ye was also slightly angry from the provocation. I don't know music? Sure! I'll open your eyes today! Actually, he wanted to tell Zhang Yuanqi that he had a better choice for the song, and this song was left for him to sing it himself. He was not purposely refusing to sell the rights. He did not want Sister Zhang to be misunderstand.

Zhang Yuanqi said to him, "Teacher Zhang, if any member of my team was inappropriate with his words, I will get him to apologize to you. Forget about the composing. Little Wang is also..."

Zhang Ye flatly said, "It's okay. Give me the guitar!"

A musician blinked and handed him a guitar. He was the person who had sung and played the song himself.

Zhang Ye mimicked him as he sat over there. Lifting the guitar and then adjusting his state for a while, he suddenly coughed. He then returned the guitar to the person.

The musician exclaimed, "Why?"

Zhang Ye said awkwardly, "I don't know how to play the guitar."

Upon hearing this, everyone in the room nearly fainted. If you don't know how to play the guitar, why did you act as if you did!?

Zhang Ye touched the microphone in front of him and tested the sound, "Now, I will sing a song, titled "Wishing We Last Forever". Sorry for my shortcomings."

Wang Ge was sneering.

A few musicians were also inattentively waiting to hear him sing.

Other than Zhang Yuanqi being expressionless, everyone else had doubt written on their faces. They only knew that Zhang Ye was trying to be obstinate. No one believed that he could compose a tune. Composing? It was a thing that only specialists in music could do! You don't even know how to play the guitar, and you probably don't even know the lines of a music sheet. As a person dealing with literature production, Three Kingdoms research, supernatural novels or children's fairy tales, what sort of tune can you produce!?

Chapter 166 - The Heavenly Queen Behaves like a Scoundrel!

Seven to eight pairs of eyes were focused on him.

Zhang Ye sat calmly on the stage and he adjusted his mood while holding the microphone for a short moment. And then his voice came out of his throat. He chose to sing without any companion track or live band supporting him. He could only use this method to sing. But thankfully, this song was also very nice, even when sung in a cappella format. The mood was there, so singing it without background music had a flavor to it, too.

"When will the moon be clear and bright?"

"With a cup of wine in my hand, I ask the clear sky."

"In the heavens on this night."

"I wonder what season it would be."

He was singing Faye Wong's version.

When the four lines came out, everyone was stunned!

Zhang Ye's singing was not good. He had never received any systematic training, nor was he good at singing. But he was a broadcasting major, so his voice was still quite solid. Also, with the tens of Fruits of Charm (Voice) helping him, it made his voice sound even more charming!

"This song..." Zhang Yuanqi instantaneously looked at Zhang Ye.

Fang Weihong was also a bit excited hearing this, "How could this be!? This..."

A musician by the side said with a pleasant surprise, "To think that there can be such charm to it! The charm of this tune is too perfect!"

It's filled with ancient feelings! And not one bit of the lyrics have been changed? Not a single word has been added? The tune of the first few lines was so nice as well? It had all the factors of what made something popular and there was no lack of charm. Even the mood was there!"

Only Wang Ge's expression was bad. He did not say a word.

Zhang Ye's voice tended to be a little hoarse, and it wasn't suited to sing this song. It didn't have Faye Wong's ethereal feeling. But since it was just a demo, as long as he didn't go off tune, it would sound good. He continued singing, "I'd like to ride the wind to return home. Yet, I fear the crystal and jade mansions are much too high and cold for me. Dancing with my moonlit shadow, it does not seem like the human world. The moon rounds the red mansion, stoops to silk-padded doors, shines upon the sleepless. Bearing no grudge, why does the moon tend to be full when people are apart? People experience sorrow, joy, separation and reunion. The moon may be dim or bright, round or crescent shaped. This imperfection has been going on since the beginning of time. May we all be blessed with longevity..." Zhang Ye sang the last part lightly with some sadness, "Though thousands of miles apart, we are still able to share the beauty of the moon together."

He finished singing.

He just needed to sing it once.

After Zhang Ye put down the microphone, he looked at the people in front of him. They were all silent! If someone asked Zhang Ye at this moment what the best feeling was, Zhang Ye would definitely say that acting awesome was the best feeling! Look at everyone's reaction! Look at everyone's expression! These are expressions that made one delighted!

A musician said in shock, "You really can compose?"

See! You see! Someone asked such a good question! His reaction was

perfect! He was a professional!

Zhang Ye felt a bit proud, "It was passable. I don't know. I was just blindly trying, and I definitely can't compare to professionals like you."

That person said, "When I first received this set of lyrics, I thought for a full day and felt that it was really difficult. The difficulty was in fitting the melody to the mood of the lyrics. In the end, I thought that it would not be possible to perfectly fuse them together, so I decided to modify the lyrics a little and settle for a different style. But your melody... It fits the mood too perfectly! Don't tell me that you don't know music. In front of you, I do not even dare to call myself a professional anymore!" After listening to Zhang Ye's demo, he was convinced! This song was too good!

Another musician commented, "Although the melodic contour doesn't swing too much, with very few high pitch portions and pitch changes, the song's beginning to end still felt like one whole. It drifted through like we were really going to heaven. These lyrics were very well written, this melody.. was even better!" When he thought about how he had composed his melody, he could only smile wrily to himself. "Well, it looks like I shouldn't disgrace myself any further with my melody."

Everyone else looked at each other!

No wonder Zhang Ye was so stubborn in not selling the license. He already had composed a melody to it! And it was so beautiful!

Fang Weihong stood up excitedly, "Teacher Zhang! We want this melody of yours! This song is a total fit for Sister Zhang! I dare to assure! As long as this single is released, it will definitely be famous all over the country!"

Zhang Ye still maintained that attitude, "I want to leave this for myself to sing, I'm sorry."

Fang Weihong felt like she had a bucket of water poured on her, "Teacher Zhang, the price is negotiable. Why don't you give us a price? As long as you say it, we will definitely pay it!" This wasn't something she would say lightly, but when she did, it meant that she really liked this production. She was willing to give up anything to buy it! Fang Weihong had really been touched by this song of Zhang Ye's! And she also believed that if Zhang Yuanqi gets to sing this song, it would definitely solidify her comeback in the music industry! A few hundred trashy songs won't even compare to this song!

Zhang Ye still said, "It's not a matter of money."

This fellow was ambitious. He wasn't going to be just satisfied with being on television and in the literary circle. He even wanted to go into music as a singer. The attention a singer got was much higher than a host!

"Teacher Zhang..." Fang Weihong was becoming worried.

Zhang Yuanqi suddenly said, "All of you, can you leave us? I want to speak to Teacher Zhang alone."

Fang Weihong thought about it and signaled for everyone to go outside. She closed the door, leaving only Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Ye inside.

Once everyone else was gone, the Heavenly Queen's attitude changed.

Zhang Yuanqi had crossed her legs and said, "Don't say anymore; that song is mine. I will get the company to transfer the money to you. Then that is settled!"

Zhang Ye said, "What do you mean, 'it's yours'!?"

Zhang Yuanqi coldly said, "If I say it's mine, it's mine."

"You... You are being a thug! I want to leave this song for myself!" Zhang Ye argued.

Zhang Yuanqi said, "This song doesn't suit you at all. Firstly, your singing is no good. I can't say it's too poor, but it's not good enough. You cannot bring across that ethereal feeling. Secondly, your melody definitely does not suit a man's voice. Whether it's the singing, the transition or the mood, all of this should be sung by a woman. If you sing it, it will utterly destroy the song. Don't say anymore; this song is mine. In the future, if you are really going to enter the music industry and there's a good song for a man, I will reserve it for you. We will definitely give you a good song!"

Zhang Ye seethed, "Do I even need to join your team? I can compose songs for myself!"

Zhang Yuanqi said without any explanation, "Then I will owe you one. If you have something you need help with, you can look for me. That's settled then; sign the contract!"

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes, "You mean it's settled just like that!?"

He also had to admit that this song wouldn't be sung well by him. It didn't even suit his style. The original was sung by a woman, but Zhang Ye was just instinctively guarding his food. He still felt that such a good song should be left for himself. Even if it couldn't be sung well, he still would sing it. Who cared if it was unsuitable!?

But the Heavenly Queen did not even seem like she was going to discuss it further with him!

Your sister!

This is daylight robbery!

But he could see that Zhang Yuanqi really liked this song. Otherwise, she wouldn't have spoken for so long with Zhang Ye today. Usually, whenever they met at Zhang Ye's apartment, the Heavenly Queen would hardly speak a word. She was not the type who liked talking too much.

At this moment, Zhang Yuanqi took her cell phone out and made a

call.

Thereafter, the door opened and Manager Fang Weihong and a few staff members walked in, "What's the matter, Sister Zhang?"

Zhang Yuanqi expression changed instantly. She was smiling, "Teacher Zhang has agreed. Please inform the legal department to draft up a contract. This song's lyrics and melody agreement is for 300,000. Please quickly transfer the amount to Teacher Zhang. Oh, yes. The copyright purchase is not a full buyout. A percentage of the song's royalty fees will also go to Teacher Zhang."

This was the highest price in the industry and only the Heavenly Queen and her team could and would pay it. But speaking truthfully, this song was definitely worth the price!

Fang Weihong was very happy, "Alright, I'll immediately get someone to do it! Thank you, Teacher Zhang!"

When did I agree!?

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes. But since the matter was done, he did not say anything. Forget it. Old Zhang's music had indeed been quite bad for the past two years, so she was undergoing a lot of pressure. Anyway, this song did not suit him, and he still had many songs in his brain. Whatever. I'll give it to her then.

Zhang Ye finally signed the contract with a look of reluctance.

After everything was settled, Fang Weihong once again looked up at Zhang Ye. It could be said that, at the beginning, this was just business. It was a meeting to get Zhang Ye to sell the copyright to them. But now, Fang Weihong had already taken Zhang Ye as a musician that they would be working with together in the future. They were lacking a musician who could write good songs. But with Zhang Ye's "Wishing We Last Forever", she could see some hope at last.

"Alright, I'm leaving." Zhang Ye bade farewell.

Fang Weihong shook his hands once more, "Teacher Zhang, thank you! In the future, if you have any good songs, please contact us first. I do not dare say it for sure, but in the industry, those who could afford such high prices like us do not number many. Sister Zhang also appreciates your talent a lot. If you have another good song, don't forget about us."

Zhang Ye said listlessly, "Okay, I'll do my best."

Fang Weihong smiled, "Alright, then I'll get someone to send you back."

"There's no need. I'll grab a taxi." Zhang Ye said.

"That won't do. The car has already been arranged. It's waiting for you downstairs." Fang Weihong was still very polite as she said, "If you are free, come visit our company. There are no lack of musicians. You can come at any time and chat with them. You are always welcome. Right, have you stored my telephone number? It's the number I used to call you."

"I saved it." Zhang Ye may say yes, but he had no plans on coming. Well done, for when this bro sings another song, your Heavenly Queen will just play the scoundrel and take my song away, then to whom shall I seek redress!? The songs in my brain are all classics amongst classics. Using any one of them means the loss of another one! They can't be used so frivolously!

.....

After reaching home.

Around night time, a person claiming to be one of Zhang Yuanqi's team found him. He sent a copy of "Wishing We Last Forever" that Zhang Yuanqi had finished recording to Zhang Ye. Upon hearing it, Zhang Ye turned speechless! Even if he was unconvinced, he had to be convinced, for she was such a professional! Zhang Yuanqi's voice was very magnetic. There was a bit of hoarseness in it, but it did not

have the feel of Teresa Teng or Faye Wong, and the way she sang it was completely different!

But...

It was really very good!

There was less of an ethereal elegance, but there was more of a sentimental feeling of the passage of time. It was absolute well sung!

Chapter 167 - "Wishing We Last Forever" Turns Viral!

A few days later.

Zhang Ye made a call from his apartment.

"Hello, mom. Didn't I borrow 50,000 from you and dad last time? I have the money now and I will transfer another 100,000 to you as well. Please use it as you wish. If you want to buy clothes, buy clothes. If you want jewelry, get jewelry. Don't try to save; if you don't have enough, let me know again."

"Don't worry. Mom doesn't know much, but spending money is my specialty!"

"F**k, at least be more indirect about this."

"Why do I need to be indirect with my own son? If I finish spending it all, I will just look for you. Oh, right. How did you get the money? Sold some copyright again? Or did you release another novel?"

"Sold a song to a popular Heavenly Queen."

"What? My son even knows how to write songs? And even sold it off to a Heavenly Queen?"

"Yes, you know who I am. Let's not talk about this, I need to go to work now. I've rested for quite a few days already."

Zhang Ye had only just taught Wang Shuixin's son a lesson a few days ago. To protect him, Hu Fei had given a few days off to let him stay home to wait until the matter had died down. But yesterday's "Lecture Room" had already been broadcast up to the last recorded episode, so he had to go to the office to record a few more episodes.

Thinking about it, "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" was almost done recording. Zhang Ye sometimes thought to himself, when the run of

"Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" has ended, should he leave the television station as well? He might. Afterall, he had offended Wang Shuixin and his son greatly. Wang Shuixin would definitely not let the matter rest.

But from another point of view, Zhang Ye may not get sacked because the television station's decisions did not lie entirely with Wang Shuixin alone. He was just a channel director and his son had, on multiple occasions, harassed the ladies in the television station. The first time, he got beaten up by Editor Wei. The second time, by Zhang Ye. This did not look good on Wang Shuixin. He would likely be questioned and affected greatly, too. It was his son, after all. He would be lucky if the television station did not discipline him as well.

If he dared to openly fire Zhang Ye, then it would be too obvious that he was getting revenge for his son. That would incite the masses' anger, so it wasn't likely that he would dare to do it. Zhang Ye's "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" was also the star segment of their local channel that broke 8% in ratings. Even if Wang Shuixin's relationship with the Leader was good, the television station's Leader would still have to consider it very carefully.

Anything was possible.

Zhang Ye did not think too much; he wasn't afraid of anyone. Wang Shuixin wanted to wear small-sized shoes? Then, he will pick up those shoes and throw it at his face — This was Zhang Ye's style!

At the most, he would quit. If this place could not keep a lord, there was definitely a place that could!

But then, what would come after the springboard that is the television station? Zhang Ye still did not know.

.....

Morning.

Beijing Television Station.

When Zhang Ye arrived, there was a lot of commotion and discussion among the staff immediately.

"Hey, Zhang Ye is here."

"It's really him."

"I thought that he had quit already."

"He was standing up for someone. Why should he quit?"

"But the person he offended was Director Wang. He will have a difficult time in the future. The management will deal with him, sooner or later. Sigh. Just look at Uncle Wei as an example."

"That's true. Uncle Wei was such a good man, but Wang Shuixin still did not let him off."

"But Teacher Zhang Ye's program is one the station's top programs, I don't think anyone dares to touch him."

"That's not necessarily true. I think that we should observe the situation before saying anything."

At this moment, no one greeted Zhang Ye. Everyone became friendly towards him because the news of him saving his fan's life. But now, after the latest incident, many people did not dare to go near him, afraid that they would get into trouble if they stayed too close to him. They knew that Wang Shuixin was the one calling the shots at the Arts Channel. And even at the station level, he had a lot of influence because he was close to the station's Leader. Of course, staying away from Zhang Ye was just surface behaviour. Everyone knew that Zhang Ye had beaten up Wang Shuixin's son and they felt good about it. They were having better and better impressions of Zhang Ye in their hearts.

Zhang Ye was not bothered. He was used to being snubbed by others in the past. The label of a jinx was not for nothing. This was the norm to him, so he just walked on as usual.

On the way, there were some discussions that caught his attention. They did not see Zhang Ye, and they were just having a conversation.

"Did you listen to any music last night?"

"I've not listened to any in the past month. There's no good music recently."

"You don't know about it? Zhang Yuanqi has released a new song; it's a single!"

"Oh. I watch all of Sister Zhang's movies; they're classics! But her songs... I stopped listening to them three years ago. They were getting quite bad."

"Haha. Then you should go and listen to the new song that was released online yesterday. It's called 'Wishing We Last Forever'. It's not just the normal kind of good we're talking about!"

"Are you sure?"

"Who heard 'Wishing We Last Forever'? I listened to it, too! It's great!"

"Yeah, I randomly heard it last night. In the end, I liked it so much that I played it over and over for two hours. I fell asleep while listening to it!"

"Me, too. Sister Zhang is making a comeback this time in the music industry with this song. Her popularity in music had dropped in the past. But this time, she's definitely going to get all her popularity back!"

"It's really that good? Let me listen to it on my phone. I'll search for it... Oh, these song lyrics... Why do they look so familiar? Like I've seen it somewhere... Let me see who wrote the song lyrics and melody. Oh, that's not right. The lyrics were written and the melody composed by Zhang Ye? Who is that? Is there such a person in the industry?"

"Zhang Ye? Ah! I remember! Holy sh*t! Aren't these lyrics that our Zhang Ye wrote for 'Shuidiao Getou'?! If you don't believe it, check it out! It's exactly the same! The Heavenly Queen's team bought the rights to his lyrics? That can't be right. Then what about the melody?! Teacher Zhang Ye not only knows how to write lyrics, but he can compose melodies as well? How can he possibly know how to compose melodies? And even such a wonderful melody..."

"Same names?"

"The lyricist coincidentally has the same name as the melody composer? How can it be so coincidental?"

"If it was a case of same names, they would surely indicate that, wouldn't they? But there's no indication here!"

"Holy sh*t, it was really made by Zhang Ye? He knows how to write novels, write poetry, can talk about history, write fairy tales, create advertisements and even compose songs?"

"What a godly person!"

"Yes, this kind of talent should really be called a godly person!"

.....

At the office.

Zhang Ye walked in smiling, "Morning, everyone. Long time, no see!"

Xiao Lu jumped up as soon as she saw him, "Teacher Zhang! You're finally here! We were having a discussion! Heavenly Queen Zhang's 'Wishing We Last Forever', was that composed by you?"

Hou Ge anxiously asked, "Is it, Teacher Zhang?"

"The lyrics and melody are by you?" Dafei said unbelievably.

Zhang Ye walked to his office desk, "It was composed by me. The song's not too bad, eh?"

"It's really by you?" Xiao Lu was shocked, "It wasn't 'not bad'! It was so great that it's explosive! I've already downloaded it to my phone to listen to it! I listened to it the whole of last night. This morning, I happened to see the lyricist and melody composer and realised it was credited to Zhang Ye! Only then did I remember that I saw that winning 'Shuidiao Getou' of yours at the Mid-Autumn Festival Poetry Meet! Then, I linked up two and two! I can't believe this! How do you know how to compose?"

Zhang Ye brushed it off, "I was feeling inspired, so I wrote it for them. It was my lyrics, after all. My understanding of them was naturally deeper than theirs."

At this moment, Hu Fei entered the office.

Xiao Lu immediately said, "Brother Hu, did you know? Teacher Zhang wrote a song! It's super nice!"

Hu Fei did not keep up with the music industry, "There's such a thing? Where is it? Let me have a listen!"

"Let me get it for you." Xiao Lu took out her mobile phone, then clicked on the song to play it.

Upon listening, Hu Fei was also extremely surprised, "Little Zhang, you really are blooming in all directions now!"

Zhang Ye said, "No, I just blindly composed it. They were asking me for help, and I didn't want to reject them. My main responsibilities are still towards TV hosting."

Hu Fei laughed, "Hur hur. Don't try that with me. The more famous you become, the better it is for our program ratings. I can't be any happier." Looking at his watch, Hu Fei said, "Alright, we still have a lot of work to do today. Everyone, go get ready. In an hour, we will begin recording. If Teacher Zhang has no problems, we might record for the entire day. Be prepared, everyone."

"Okay."

"No problem, Brother Hu."

"Leave it to us!"

Everyone got busy.

Since Zhang Ye did not require any preparation work, he looked through the work from the past few days that he wasn't here for. Then, he went online to read news about "Wishing We Last Forever".

"Heavenly Queen Zhang's new single released! – Topped charts overnight!"

"Only ten hours since its release, 'Wishing We Last Forever' has received 1.3 million hits! "

"After an absence of two years, Zhang Yuanqi's new song, 'Wishing We Last Forever', has let everyone know that she has returned!"

The headlines were different, but the contents were all similar. Zhang Ye felt that a review by a blogger hit the sweet spot, "No one had expected anything from Zhang Yuanqi for her new single. Industry insiders have all agreed that the Heavenly Queen has been stagnating for two to three years, her fans ever-decreasing. But with the release of 'Wishing We Last Forever' yesterday, everyone still gave it a try as usual.

Why? Maybe there wasn't a reason. Even though no one expected much, even though the Heavenly Queen's works over the past two years have been disappointing, just because she is Zhang Yuanqi, just this name alone would have made everyone listen to her song. I'm one such person, too. But when I was about to prepare to write my criticisms of it, the song had immediately attracted me with the first two phrases. What came next was needless to say. I continuously listened to it on repeat ten times before I wrote this review. I don't know how I should express my feelings now, but I would like to shout out what I feel inside: The Heavenly Queen who ruled the charts for eight months back then.. is finally back!"

Chapter 168 - Everyone Asks for a Song from Zhang Ye!

Online.

"Wishing We Last Forever" was unanimously held to great acclaim!

Zhang Ye couldn't help wonder how many clicks the song had garnered. On the publishing website, it had already broken two million plays. Zhang Ye was not very clear about this world's music environment and background. He could only base it on his understanding of his previous world. Back in that world, when a song was released on Weibo or QQ, hitting two million plays within 14 hours was already a sign of doing very well!

She had good singing technique.

She was popular.

Furthermore, it was a good song.

It wasn't at all strange that the song was performing so well now!

Then, in the midst of all the praise for the song, Zhang Ye discovered a few articles about himself. Although there were only a few, he was satisfied nonetheless.

Beijing City Entertainment News reported: As a media worker in Beijing, the name of Zhang Ye should be familiar to most. But when Zhang Ye's name appeared on the credit list of the Heavenly Queen Zhang's new song, everyone was surprised. We contacted Heavenly Queen Zhang's production team to inquire and they confirmed this news. Yes, it's the same Zhang Ye who wrote those poems and the one from "Lecture Room". The lyrics were originally Teacher Zhang Ye's work from the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet, "Shuidiao Getou", and it was adapted into this song. The song composer was also Teacher Zhang Ye himself. According to insiders, the rights fee paid by

Heavenly Queen Zhang's team was one rarely seen in the industry. It could be said that even though the song had not been market-tested, their team already had high hopes for it. To pay such a price for an outsider of the music industry, the Heavenly Queen and her team really had the foresight.

Huabei Music Magazine: From history lecturer to musician? This is not a joke, nor a prank, but something that is happening right before our eyes. This morning, when I came to the office, three colleagues and another one that I bumped into at the elevator were all humming along to "Wishing We Last Forever". At that point, I knew that the song would definitely be on fire. When I saw the number of plays, it was just as I had thought. At that moment, I saw the domination of Zhang Yuanqi in the music industry from some years ago. Compared to back then, Heavenly Queen Zhang's voice has become stronger and richer. It has become less translucent with time, with a sedimentation of sadness. It was too beautiful. The Heavenly Queen from back then is now back again! Firstly, there is Zhang Yuanqi's accumulation of strength over the years. Floating about in the music arena has made her more mature. Secondly, I feel that it was down to the song. With Zhang Ye helming as the composer and writer, even an average singer would make it popular, not to mention the Heavenly Queen. This song itself could really be described as perfect!

There were numerous reviews.

"It's really so good to listen to!"

"It's great! Sister Zhang has made a successful comeback!"

"I've been waiting for this moment for a long time! Yesterday, I listened to 'Wishing We Last Forever' without expectations. When I was halfway through it, I nearly teared!"

"Nearly teared? I cried for over half an hour!"

"Zhang Yuanqi! I love you!"

"Sister Zhang! You are the best! I knew it. I knew you wouldn't quit singing!"

"Those reality shows in the music arena, what are those!? Comparing who looks better, who has a better figure or body. Their vocals are too poor and the songs don't have depth! Sister Zhang is finally back! She'll show all of those youngsters! Show them what singing is all about! What music really is!"

"Looking forward to Sister Zhang's next song!"

"Yeah, quickly release the next album!"

"I can't wait! I'm looking forward to it!"

"Who is that Zhang Ye? Is he so great?"

"I know him. I think the Heavenly Queen Liked one or two of his poems on Weibo."

"These few years, so many musicians have made songs for the Heavenly Queen, but all of them failed to receive success. But an outsider like Zhang Ye, who does not work in the music industry, could actually help Heavenly Queen Zhang reclaim her throne in the arena?"

"I don't know him, but I will pay attention to him in the future."

After reading a little more, Zhang Ye went to his Tieba — Zhang Ye's Nest.

What he never expected was that his Tieba page had received an "Exploding Flood". Alright, it was not the traditional idea of Exploding Flood, because the people who came to flood the Tieba page came without any ill intentions. On the contrary, these people were Zhang Yuanqi's fans, and they came in good faith.

"Zhang Ye, thank you!"

"I've nothing to say! Except, 'thank you!' "

"Teacher Zhang, I want to thank you on behalf of all the fans of Sister Zhang!"

"We understand that music is not your main job, but if you have any good songs in future, could you please let our Heavenly Queen use them first? We are all Sister Zhang's hardcore fans. Sister Zhang is a good person, always smiling and never saying bad things. But we fans know that Sister Zhang has kept a low profile in the music industry. Seeing her fighting on all these years, we all couldn't do anything but watch on. Thank you for your 'Wishing We Last Forever'. We are so elated! Let's see who still dares to gossip about Sister Zhang from now on!"

"Beihe Province sends its thanks!"

"Jiangnan Province sends its thanks!"

Zhang Ye's fans reacted more slowly. Because they had not paid attention to this matter, they were not fully in the know either. A few moderators suddenly realized that there was something abnormal with the recent posts. Seeing the invasion of other users, their first reaction was to @BigSaberBro and get ready a battle plan. But when they realized the contents of the posts, they all could only look on in confusion.

Thank Teacher Zhang?

The Heavenly Queen's fans?

What was the situation? Why are they thanking Teacher Zhang?

They only grasped the situation after some reading and momentarily felt shocked!

Holy sh*t! Teacher Zhang Ye wrote a song? It was even a song for the Heavenly Queen? The song even became famous overnight? Is this a joke or what?

Some of Zhang Ye's fans had already listened to "Wishing We Last Forever" last night. They also knew that this was Zhang Yuanqi's new single, but they did not pay attention to the lyricist and composer. Even if they did, they wouldn't have linked that Zhang Ye to their idol. Only the few who especially liked "Shuidiao Getou" knew that the song's lyrics were from that poem; the others were all in the dark!

"Teacher Zhang has a new work?"

"F**k, he wrote a song this time?"

"Hahaha. I died laughing. Teacher Zhang is the most raffish radio host I know of. Working at the radio station for two months after graduation, look at his results now? From novels to fairy tales to poetry to couplets. He even dabbled in advertising after entering the television station! I have not seen him do any hosting jobs. He instead became the lecturer on the Three Kingdoms. Now, he has even branched out into music? What!? Teacher Zhang! Can we be more professional about things!? I've seen raffish people before, but I've never seen anyone as raffish as this!"

"Godly evaluation by the poster upstairs!"

"Ahaha! I have a cramp from laughing!"

"When has Teacher Zhang ever done something the proper way? You guys think too much!"

"But Teacher Zhang is still so awesome! This has not changed ever since the beginning! Whatever he does, he's good at it! That's my idol!"

Then, Zhang Ye's fans and Heavenly Queen Zhang's fans interacted with each other.

A moderator for Zhang Ye's Tieba said, "Everyone, don't thank him first. Last time, when Teacher Zhang had some problems, it was all because of Heavenly Queen Zhang's Like that brought all of you here to help. We should be thanking you instead. I believe that it was also

because of this that Teacher Zhang Ye wrote the song for her. It's the same with our Leader, ZhangYeNumber1Fan. When Teacher Zhang had his troubles, she was always there for him. When she got hospitalized for her sickness, Teacher Zhang donated all his money without another word... Our fan club members all know very well how to repay favors, so there's really no need for thanks. You can see the motto of our Tieba — If you do not leave me, I will always be at your side until the end of life. This is the code of conduct for our fan club!"

A fan of Zhang Yuanqi replied, "That's very interesting. Actually, I'm only a fan of Zhang Yuanqi. However, I have seen Zhang Ye's 'Lecture Room', and I like it very much, so I'll join your fan club. Although I won't be a hardcore fan, I will definitely not run away when something happens!"

"I'll join, too. The song written by Zhang Ye is so good!"

"Welcome, welcome! Our fan club welcomes people from all places!"

.....

Zhang Ye smiled. After browsing for a while, it was almost time to work. He switched the computer off. Although this rascal was reluctant to give Zhang Yuanqi that song, the effects seemed good. Firstly, he had earned money and he had resolved his problems. Secondly, it had increased his popularity and reputation. Thirdly, the Heavenly Queen now owed him a favor. Ha, actually, it was not much. That time, with the Heavenly Queen helping him, if one wanted to be technical, he was just returning the favor.

"Teacher Zhang, let's go?" Xiao Lu got up.

Everyone went to the recording studio together. Zhang Ye took his cell phone out to switch it off. After all, there had to be total silence while recording. But at this moment, a call came in.

It was an unknown number that he did not know.

Zhang Ye picked it up, "Hello. Who's this?"

"Teacher Zhang Ye, hello." It was a woman's voice as she said, "I am from Chenhui Entertainment Company. We want to reserve a song from you. The price is negotiable. As long as the quality is as good as 'Wishing We Last Forever', we will take as many as you can create. We guarantee you that we won't give anything less than what Sister Zhang's company gave."

Zhang Ye tersely said, "Forget it. I don't have plans to enter the music industry."

"We are not in a hurry. You can contact us again when you have the inspiration to write one." the female voice said.

"I temporarily do not have such plans. Sorry about that. I'm currently busy, so let's leave it at that." Zhang Ye hung up.

However, another phone call came in almost immediately after. There was no need to ask. His number must have been leaked. Almost everyone called him at the same time.

"Is this Teacher Zhang?" It was a middle-aged man.

"That's me."

"Hello, I'm Sun Xia's agent. When Sister Xia heard your 'Wishing We Last Forever', she especially liked it and especially told me to contact you to reserve a song of yours."

Sun Xia?

He did not know her. Without a doubt, she was probably someone quite famous in the music industry.

Zhang Ye answered, "Sorry about that. I won't be writing songs in the near future. My main career isn't that after all."

"Please consider it again. Our prices will definitely not be bad..." the

middle-aged man refused to give up.

Zhang Ye said, "It's not a matter of money. Thank you for appreciating my work. We can talk about it in the future. I still need to record a program now. I'm hanging up."

The moment he hung up, the third phone call came!

"Hello, is this the original composer of 'Wishing We Last Forever', Teacher Zhang? May I know if you have time? Can we meet to discuss? I want to reserve a song from you."

.....

He rejected one after another.

Zhang Ye quickly switched off his phone, afraid that another call would come in.

Xiao Lu and Dafei saw all of this and they were extremely amused, "Teacher Zhang, you sure are in hot demand right now. Everyone is hoping to reserve a song from you."

"Don't mention it." Zhang Ye waved his hand. He really did not have any intention of selling songs. That would be killing the golden goose. All the works in his head were to be put to his own service, and not given to others.

Chapter 169 - Finishing the Recording of Every Episode of 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'!

Recording studio.

"Our viewing friends, how are you?!"

"I am Zhang Ye."

"Let us carry on talking about the Three Kingdoms for today's 'Lecture Room'."

.....

The morning's recording ended with the applause from the audience.

Hu Fei led his team to the cafeteria for a meal. Today, Hu Fei was treating. When they made payment, his meal card was swiped. He bought a variety of dishes, not just a simple mixed rice meal.

Xiao Lu raised her head in an exaggerated fashion, "We're doomed. This is the indicator for working overtime."

Hou Ge agreed with a nod, "And from the looks of it, it's not as simple as an hour or two."

Hu Fei was amused, "Are you the only ones that are smart? That's right; we need to work overtime today, so I want to reward all of you first. I'll be settling your dinner, too. Everyone, let's work hard. After busying ourselves today, we can rest for quite a number of days.

Teacher Little Zhang said that there are another 11 episodes before we finish recording 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'. We finished recording three episodes in the morning, and by busying ourselves in the afternoon, and doing a few hours of overtime, we should be able to finish it today. Although there's no rush to finish all of it today, the earlier we finish, the earlier we can start on other tasks."

Chapter 169 - Finishing the Recording of Every Episode of 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'!

As Dafei ate, he said, "I'm fine with it. I just do offstage work. The main problem is with Teacher Zhang..."

"I asked Little Zhang already. He's fine with it." Hu Fei looked at Zhang Ye, "Do you need me to give you an hour to take a nap in the afternoon? So you can keep thinking straight? After all, recording a program is quite physically tiring."

Zhang Ye smiled, "There's no need to. Back at the radio station, my highest record was recording 15 hours of programs. I'm not tired. It's not a big deal."

Xiao Lu gave a thumbs up, "Ironman Teacher Zhang!"

Most of his colleagues knew that Teacher Zhang Ye's off script skills, which were to the point of recording ten episodes without a single stutter or a mistake, were nothing that any of the hosts in the television station could compare with. Even those star hosts from satellite channels who were more famous than Zhang Ye were impressed by him! No one knew how Teacher Zhang Ye's brain worked. He did not mix up any information of history in his mind. Everything was said clearly without a missing word, and he never had a script!

His colleagues all believed that he was probably a so-called genius or polymath. This was something that ordinary people like them could not fathom.

As they ate, there was suddenly discussions in the cafeteria.

Zhang Ye looked up and saw Wang Shuixin walk in. There were a few people with cameras behind him. From their clothing, they were most likely newspaper reporters.

"Director Wang, can we take photographs freely?" a reporter asked.

Wang Shuixin's expression looked helpless, "Reporters, how big is this matter that you have to make a special focus of me? There's no need, there's really no need."

Chapter 169 - Finishing the Recording of Every Episode of 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'!

The reporter said, "Yesterday, you helped a child who couldn't afford to go to school. By supporting his education, this is a quality many of us need to learn. You are a Leader in the media circle, and by leading with example, we definitely need to write a special focus."

Wang Shuixin sighed, "It's too much of raising a big rumpus. Helping children is something expected of me, and it is something that I should do. What's there to talk about?"

A reporter said, "Don't say that. If you say that, you make us ashamed. Few of us have such enlightened thoughts like yours."

Wang Shuixin sighed, "Alright then. Help yourselves."

"Take a shot. Capture a scene of Director Wang eating." a reporter instructed a person behind him.

Wang Shuixin went to order his food. He went to a mixed rice stall, and asked for a bowl of rice and two dishes. He was very thrifty.

When the few reporters saw this, their eyes lit up as they quickly recorded it down and lamented, "Director Wang sure is hard-working, and he's spartan as well. A Head of a channel eats so simply everyday? So that he can save extra money to support the education of children? Quick, take a few more pictures!"

The snapping sounds of the cameras rang.

When Zhang Ye and the other people from the Arts Channel saw this, they had deadpan expressions. No one reacted. Thrifty? Others might not know, but how could they not? Wang Shuixin almost never ate at the cafeteria. He always drove out to eat. If it wasn't the restaurant across the road, it was an appointment with someone else. Even when he came to the cafeteria, he would eat something special and not some mixed rice. Anyway, it was something that they had never seen before! And two simple dishes? What the heck!

Xiao Lu said hatefully, "Putting on a show!"

Chapter 169 - Finishing the Recording of Every Episode of 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'!

Dafei said surprisingly, "Director Wang funds the education of children?"

"The reporters must be invited by him." Hou Ge analyzed, "Xiao Lu is right. It's definitely a show. It's not nice using our own television station's reporters, as it might appear as blowing one's trumpet, so he found some people from newspapers around Beijing to make a special focus. Is there a need to fake it so much? His son is still in remand, right? He pretended as if nothing had happened, and he even put on a performance? He sure enjoys fame! What about Uncle Wei? Uncle Wei rummages through the garbage to sell bottles every day to sponsor so many children who couldn't afford school. Has Uncle Wei ever mentioned it at all! If not for the parents of a child, who was sponsored by him, coming to the television station, no one would know. Look at him. He's just sponsoring one child, and he's yelling it to the world. And he invited so many reporters? He sure is afraid that others do not know of his deeds!"

The few of them did not like Wang Shuixin, so naturally they gossiped about him.

Hu Fei was still someone who had propriety, "Alright, just eat your food."

Zhang Ye could also tell that Wang Shuixin was a person who treated his reputation very highly. He was always thinking of how to immortalize his name with endless means!

Over there, the reporters began to interview some of the television station's employees.

"Hello. May I know what sort of person is Director Wang usually like?" a reporter asked.

It was unknown if the person who was asked was targeted by the reporters or if he was a crony of Wang Shuixin. He answered, "Director Wang is usually especially nice to his subordinates. He's very friendly, and he never gets angry. He is also thrifty. We often

Chapter 169 - Finishing the Recording of Every Episode of 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'!

read Director Wang's poetry works and we feel deeply moved and encouraged. Every poem of Director Wang empowers us. In my heart, Director Wang is one of the literary giants of today!"

Literary giant?

Even literary giant was used?

Would you not blush with such an evaluation?

Xiao Lu could not help but burst into laughter hearing this, "What sort of bragging is this? Director Wang may be a member of the National Writers' Association, and he is somewhat popular in the country with his modern poems, but that has nothing to do with being a literary giant." Saying that, she glanced at Zhang Ye who was silently eating. She said, "Our Teacher Zhang hasn't even said a word, and he dares to call himself a literary giant? Ignoring anyone else, Teacher Zhang can easily surpass Wang Shuixin by several levels. Have they forgotten about This is also Everything? Teacher Zhang had completely negated Director Wang's "Everything", to the point of him losing the ability to speak!"

Dafei covered his forehead, "I also can't stand hearing this any longer. This seems like bullsh*t. Isn't it too much?"

Hu Fei reprimanded them, "Talk less and do more. Leaders will do what Leaders do. You can grumble in your hearts, just don't say it out loud elsewhere."

Xiao Lu exclaimed, "There are no outsiders here."

Hu Fei said, "But the walls have ears. Be careful."

Actually, Hu Fei could no longer stand what Wang Shuixin had been doing for the past few days. Glancing at the reporters and that Wang Shuixin, who was eating a pathetic meal, Hu Fei got up and left before finishing his meal.

Xiao Lu pursed her lips, "Look, even Brother Hu, who has such a good

Chapter 169 - Finishing the Recording of Every Episode of 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'!
temper, can't stand it."

Dafei smacked his lips, "Director Wang is getting increasingly unpopular. If this carries on, who will look up to his leadership?"

"So what if we don't look up?" Hou Di whispered, "Wang Shuixin does a good job putting on a show, and his relationship with the Leaders are good. That is enough. The noise within isn't important, and I believe Wang Shuixin doesn't even care. I heard that he recently wrote a poem again, and many people on the internet gave him praise. Also, with this matter of sponsoring a child's education... Hur, it will probably make him popular. How would normal people know what is going on!?"

Xiao Lu looked sideways, "Teacher Zhang, you have to be careful. Once Wang Shuixin gets past this and improves his reputation, he will definitely fix you once the matter regarding his son fades away."

Zhang Ye laughed, "Eat your food."

Noticing that Zhang Ye did not say any more, everyone did not mention it again.

Fix me?

Obstructing me?

Ha! That should be something I say, right!?

Everyone felt that Zhang Ye had to be careful, but Zhang Ye's thoughts were not on this. He still remembered Wang Shuixin's ugly face. After taking care of his son, Zhang Ye would not forget the grudge. He was still thinking of how to make trouble for Wang Shuixin! Deduct my bonus? Trying to buy my copyright when I needed it urgently? Zhang Ye would not take this lying down. Seek revenge on me? I'm the one looking for the opportunity to seek revenge!

.....

Chapter 169 - Finishing the Recording of Every Episode of 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'!

At night.

The final episode of "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" was finished recording. Each remaining episode just needed to be aired.

When Zhang Ye said his final thanks on the podium, he felt relieved, but his heart was empty. The program had ended, and his mission was completed. He still felt somewhat reluctant.

Many people in the audience rushed up to the stage.

"Teacher Zhang, give me an autograph!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye, can we take a picture together?"

"Congratulations on successfully finishing the recording of 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'. This program is too awesome!"

Zhang Ye noticed that it was late, and he gave Hu Fei a shout out, to allow the other members of the staff to get off work. He then stayed behind to give autographs and take pictures with the fans who liked him.

After stirring up so many storms in Beijing and producing so many works, Zhang Ye's popularity was a force to be reckoned with. He was no longer the same Zhang Ye that would be ignored when thrown into a crowd! He had his own fans, and he had his own achievements and clout. Combined with his fearless personality, this allowed Zhang Ye to challenge Wang Shuixin!

Chapter 170 - Zhang Ye's Rage!

It was pretty late.

The time on his cell phone indicated that it was 20 minutes past 9 P.M.

After giving his fans autographs in the recording studio, a few staff members led the rest of the audience away. Zhang Ye let Hu Fei, Xiao Lu, Hou Ge and company go home. He stayed behind to supervise the work, collected the tapes and cleared the stage. He then arranged the documents before preparing to leave work.

Pressing the elevator button.

Ding, the door opened.

"Hey, Uncle Wei?" Zhang Ye saw the person in the elevator.

Editor Wei was surprised, "Teacher Little Zhang, why haven't you gotten off work at this time?"

Zhang Ye said, "I worked overtime for recording. It has just finished. Why haven't you left yet?"

Editor Wei laughed, "I accompanied a few reporters from the newspapers to dinner." The reporters he mentioned were clearly the ones who had come in the afternoon to make a special focus on Wang Shuixin. After sending them off, some urgent matters cropped up in the unit. A few kids lost their scripts, so the Director punished us to work overtime. Seeing that the kids have something on, and it was getting late, I got them to go home first. They actually can't help much. It's not as fast as me doing it alone. Hur Hur."

Zhang Ye said, "It's almost 9:30."

"I'm in no hurry. I'll leave once I'm done." Editor Wei smiled.

Zhang Ye volunteered to help, "You are already so old. You shouldn't work so hard for youngsters. Besides, that Wang gets you to work overtime every day!? This is against the rules and against labor laws. You can go through legal proceedings!" Wang Shuixin was being too excessive. Zhang Ye found it unbearable. "Besides, can your body take it? Let's do this. Since I have nothing to do at home, why don't I help you?"

Editor Wei waved his hand, "I don't need you. I can do it alone. In the future, it's a world belonging to you youngsters. This kind of trivial thing should be done by me. There's no need for all of you."

Zhang Ye said with concern, "Then go home early."

"Alright, I know." Just as Editor Wei was about to leave, he suddenly stopped in his steps and turned back, "Teacher Little Zhang, someday, perhaps I can request a piece of calligraphy from you? Any modern poem would do."

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, "Don't use the word request. If you want one, I can give you one tomorrow. However, my writing is just average, and it cannot be described as calligraphy."

Editor Wei was overjoyed, "Then I'll thank you first."

"You are welcome. It's a small matter." Zhang Ye knew that Editor Wei especially liked his poems.

.....

Zhang Ye slept the moment he got home.

The next morning, Zhang Ye never expected that he would wake up so early. Since he had finished recording the program yesterday, he was quite free for the next few days. He planned on resting a bit more before going to work in the afternoon.

However, a phone call woke Zhang Ye up!

It was Xiao Lu's number. Zhang Ye groggily picked it up, "Hey, Xiao Lu, what's the matter? If there's nothing, we can talk in the afternoon. I'll sleep a bit more."

Xiao Lu's voice was agitated and it sounded like she was sobbing, "Teacher Zhang! Something has happened!"

Zhang Ye immediately felt awakened as he sat up in bed, "What has happened? Don't be in a hurry. Speak slowly!"

After hanging up the phone, Zhang Ye's expression greatly changed. He did not even bother to brush his teeth. He put on his clothes and went downstairs to his car!

.....

Television station.

The Arts Channel level.

When Zhang Ye arrived, he heard sobbing in the corridor.

"It's all my fault! It's all my fault!"

"If only I had stayed behind to work overtime! This would not have happened to Uncle Wei!"

"Even if it was an heart attack, as long as any one of us were here working overtime, we could have helped him. But now... Why did I leave? Why did I leave!?"

A youth cried as he lifted his hand and slapped himself forcefully. With two slaps, the right side of his face swelled up. It was obvious how hard he had hit himself!

"Little Jun, don't be like that! Don't!" A person next to him tugged at him.

A girl also slumped to the ground, having lost her wits. She sobbed, "Uncle Wei was afraid we worked too hard! He insisted that we leave!

All the work was left to him! We... We really deserve to die! Why did we leave!? Why did we lose the scripts!?"

"No one is blaming you. Don't blame yourselves!"

"It's our fault!"

"Even if you did not lose the scripts, Uncle Wei would definitely have to work overtime anyway!"

This was the crux of the issue. Yes, admittedly, even if these youths did not make a mistake yesterday, with Wang Shuixin's attitude towards Editor Wei, where he did not even treat him as a human, he would definitely not let Editor Wei sit idle. He would find a reason to make Editor Wei work overtime and intentionally torture him! So it did not have much to do with these youths. It could even be said that it was because of Wang Shuixin's pressuring of Editor Wei to work that resulted in today's outcome!

"Teacher Zhang!" Xiao Lu rushed over with her eyes red. Clearly, she had cried.

Zhang Ye's face was pale, too, "What happened!? Why is he suddenly gone!? Why did this just happen without a word!? We were even chatting yesterday! Uncle Wei even wanted a calligraphy piece from me!"

When Xiao Lu heard this, she cried even harder.

Dafei was relatively calm as he said while suppressing his anger, "Yesterday, Uncle Wei worked overtime again. Maybe he was too tired at night, and it might be due to having worked all night long frequently that he received a heart attack. At that time, no one from the Arts Channel was working. There was only Editor Wei himself. In the end... In the end, when we got to work in the morning, we realized that the door to the office was not locked. Then, we saw Uncle Wei collapsed in the hallway. When we touched him... He... He was already cold!"

Zhang Ye said, "Where is he?"

Hou Ge also came, "People from the hospital have taken him away!"

Didn't even get to see him for the last time? Zhang Ye's emotions were in a mess. He felt a lump in his chest!

Everyone was standing in the hallway. They were standing where Editor Wei had collapsed. A good person had left this world. He was a person who was willing to pick up scraps to finance the education of children. He was a person who was willing to work a bit more and did overtime rather than letting youths or children suffer. He was gone. Everyone present was upset! Editor Wei had worked more than anyone else over the many years in the television station, but what he had earned was less than what anyone else had earned. Yet, he stayed at his post without a grudge or grumbling!

Why?

Why did good people always die young?

At this moment, Wang Shuixin's secretary came over and waved his hands, "People, disperse! Disperse! Go back to work first! Don't delay your normal work!"

Work?

You want us to work at this very moment?

Uncle Wei had just left. He was a colleague and a senior to us. The first words you said were not any condolences or words of concern, but for the purpose of getting us to return to work? Many people looked angrily at Wang Shuixin's secretary. Has your conscience been eaten by dogs? However, no one dared to say a thing. They had to be afraid of the boss' secretary. They did not dare to refute him!

However, there was a person present who was an exception!

Someone did not care about these things. That person was Zhang

Ye!

Zhang Ye was just having problems finding something to vent his anger on. He stared at Wang Shuixin's secretary, "Work, your f**king grandpa! Get lost!"

Wang Shuixin's secretary was dumbfounded from being scolded at. He pointed towards Zhang Ye, "You are scolding me?"

Zhang Ye took a step forward, "I'm f**king scolding you! I dare you to point at me again!"

Xiao Lu quickly pulled at Zhang Ye, "Teacher Little Zhang!"

"Alright! Alright!" Wang Shuixin's secretary was enraged, but he still put his hand down. He no longer pointed at Zhang Ye's nose. "Do you think that you can be this defiant just because your ratings are high? Do you even have any organizational discipline? Fine! Wait for the station's disciplinary actions!" After saying that, he saw Zhang Ye take another step at him. Wang Shuixin's secretary was scared out of his wits as he quickly left. He did not dare to speak in front of Zhang Ye again.

There was no other way about it. He was the boss' secretary. He was unafraid of anyone in the channel except two people. One of them was Wang Shuixin. Needless to say, Wang Shuixin was the Leader and his boss, so he naturally had to be afraid and in awe of him. However, the second person he was afraid of was Zhang Ye. He was a scoundrel who dared to even beat Wang Shuixin's son! That was a hooligan who dared to even scold his Leaders and unit at the Silver Microphone Awards! At that Beijing Couplet Competition, Zhang Ye had even used a couplet to curse the people from the Writers' Association! Even amongst all the wicked curses used on the internet, five of the top ten of them were created by Zhang Ye!

This was a damn hooligan!

There was no way to take the advantage when quarreling with him!

Hence, Wang Shuixin's secretary quickly left. He was really afraid that Zhang Ye would fight him. If he was really beaten up, how was he to show his face? Hmph! A wise man does not fight when the odds are against him! Wait and see!

Hu Fei also came out of an office with a look of grief. He had also heard Zhang Ye's cursing. However, this time, he unexpectedly did not reprimand Zhang Ye. He did not say a single word.

The other people from the Arts Channel also felt discharged from their anger. Well scolded! It was scolding in such a gratifying manner! Indeed, Teacher Zhang Ye was needed at the critical moment! A bastard like that had to be cursed in this way!

A female colleague also said with resentment, "None of them are good!"

A youth gritted his teeth, "Uncle Wei is gone! He was pushed to his death by them! He had to work overtime 200 days out of 365 days! And no bonus was given! There were no salary increments! Is this something a human can do? Uncle Wei was ordered about by them to his death! He died due to fatigue!"

"I'm thinking of quitting! I can't stay in this crappy channel for another day! The Leaders do not treat us as humans! They only think of how to make themselves famous, so that they can appear reputable in the newspapers and on television! Uncle Wei was such a good man! Yet, he was..."

"I also don't feel like working here anymore. I can't stand it!"

"Cut out your angry words. What is there for you to do with you quitting? You still need to endure! Hai!"

"Endure? Put up with it? Uncle Wei had been enduring for a lifetime! He had been a willing slave! But in the end, what happened? What sort of outcome did he end up with? The Leaders did not even show their faces! They even sent a secretary to get us to continue on with

work! Can you endure that!? I can't!"

"But what can we do?"

"He's not around anymore. Anything we say is too late."

Amongst everyone, there were some grudges between some people. There was some scheming, and there were people with good and bad relationships. But with Editor Wei passing away, it caused many people to unite against a common enemy!

Zhang Ye could no longer endure it any further. He had to expose Wang Shuixin's ugly face and let everyone take a look at it! He had to let everyone in the world see it!

Chapter 171 - Receiving the Attention of Society!

Afternoon.

Everyone was immersed in grief.

Not only in the Arts Channel, everyone else from the other departments was feeling the same. Editor Wei's incident was known to all. Everyone in the station had been touched by Editor Wei's grace. A few old colleagues who were old comrades with Editor Wei specially asked for the day off to help his family with the arrangements for his funeral. They were afraid that Editor Wei's only daughter could not take the news, so they were naturally worried.

Over here.

"Lecture Room"s team office.

A youth that Zhang Ye did not know entered the office. The moment that he entered, he looked at Zhang Ye, then said not too politely to Hu Fei, "Producer Hu, the Station Leader is looking for you."

Hu Fei raised his head and then followed him.

Xiao Lu was a little shocked, "This person is not from our Arts Channel."

"Station Leader? The television station's Leader is looking for Brother Hu?" Dafei had an ominous feeling.

Sure enough, after more than ten minutes, Hu Fei returned alone. He said to Zhang Ye, "The station said that you insulted and threatened a colleague, so they gave you a demerit point, deducted 3 months of your bonuses and suspended you for a week."

Zhang Ye looked like he did not care about it.

Hou Ge could not take it anymore, "Based on what! Based on what are they meting out punishment to Teacher Zhang for!"

"It's even instructed by the Station Leader?" Xiao Lu said angrily, "Why did it even get elevated to the top management?"

Dafei said, "Needless to say, it's definitely Wang Shuixin's side who reported it!"

Everyone knew what was going on. Zhang Ye had beaten up Wang Shuixin's son and even caused him to be brought to the detention center. It was Wang Shuixin's son who caused trouble first. And since the controversy had not blown over yet, Wang Shuixin could not deal with Zhang Ye at the moment. But today, Zhang Ye scolded his secretary. So Wang Shuixin definitely had a cause for action. However, since he did not want it to be a case of settling private scores after Editor Wei's passing, he had let the Station Leader's side handle the matter. It could be seen that their relationship was very good.

Zhang Ye got up, "Then I will go back first, Brother Hu."

"It's just a week. You will be back next week. It's okay." Hu Fei comforted him.

Zhang Ye said a few words to his colleagues before packing his things up. He took a hard look at the area that Editor Wei had worked at before turning around to leave.

In the car.

Zhang Ye made a call to his ex-colleague at the radio station, Wang Xiaomei, "Hello, Teacher Xiaomei. Are you busy? Is it convenient to talk a little?"

Wang Xiaomei replied blandly, "I just finished recording a program; it's convenient."

"I have a favor to ask of you. Do you know anyone from the news

channel?" Zhang Ye asked.

"I'm not familiar with them, but I know a few. What's the matter?" Wang Xiaomei replied.

Zhang Ye said, "I have some worthy news which I would like to make public. It's about an old editor in our television station. His name was Wei Jianguo....." Zhang Ye spent 5 minutes explaining the situation from beginning to end to Wang Xiaomei, "See if this can make it as news for the radio station?"

Wang Xiaomei thought about it, "If you are saying that the Arts Channel's Leader abused his powers to get revenge and caused Editor Wei to work to death, then this definitely cannot be reported. After all, our radio station has merged with the Beijing Television Station already. The Leaders would never agree to this. But if we just report about Editor Wei's incident, then that would work."

Zhang Ye could only say, "Okay, then let's just get that reported."

"Okay, let me arrange it for you." Wang Xiaomei promised.

"Thank you. I will buy you lunch next time." Zhang Ye hung up.

Wang Xiaomei was very reliable. She was one of the pillars of the Beijing Radio Station. Naturally, her influence was very deep, too. At around 4 P.M., the news came out on "Live News Studio". The reporters there had definitely thoroughly investigated this incident.

"Wei Jianguo — An ordinary name, an ordinary person. But if you heard of his story, I believe no one would find him to be ordinary. Over 20 years, with his meager income, by being frugal and picking up scraps in the streets on his rest days, this man had sponsored 159 children! Some were kids who had no education! Some were children who were sick! Some were abandoned orphans! A total of 159 of them! Of course, this was the situation we learned from Wei Jianguo's family. As for the real figure, maybe only Uncle Wei himself would know. But we will never find out now. Last night, Uncle Wei

had a heart attack due to fatigue and passed away!"

"Now, let us listen to some interviews."

The radio station had made this a topic of discussion. It wasn't just simply reporting the news anymore.

"Hello, I am the reporter for Radio News. Are you one of the kids who Uncle Wei has helped before? What kind of a person was Uncle Wei?"

"Sob, sob, sob!"

"Little girl, don't be too sad. We are very sorry to hear about Uncle Wei, too."

"Wei... Father Wei was such a good person! Sob, sob! He was a great man! He treated us.... Sob, sob, sob..... like his very own children....! When we first received help from Father Wei, we thought....We thought that Father Wei was a big boss. We thought he was very rich.... But only later did we find out that Father Wei was just a normal salaried worker.... His money came from his salary and picking up scraps! And... And he gave it all to us! Once.... When I was sick, Father Wei somehow knew about it... And when he came to the hospital to visit me, the doctor said that I needed to have a minor operation...sob, sob... Father Wei handed over the money without a thought...sob, sob... Later on, I found out that the money used for my operation was supposed to be for his own daughter's university fees the next day!"

The news reporter at the studio also sounded moved as silence took over temporarily.

The child was crying, "Why!! Why! The textbooks and teachers always tell us to be good people! Good people should live to a ripe old age! But why has Father Wei gone so soon! Reporter Auntie! Sob, sob, sob.....They say that Father Wei had a heart attack because of fatigue! Did we cause Father Wei to die? Father Wei had done it all to help us.... To pick up bottles, to work overtime! Did we really cause

the death of Father Wei?"

The child's question had left a deep impression in many of the listeners' hearts!

The reporter in charge of the interview did not know how to answer!

Following that, the second person was interviewed, then the third and the fourth!

"Big Sis, are you Father Wei's neighbour? What impression do you have of him?"

"Old Wei was a really good person! He would always help if the neighbors needed anything! He was especially endearing to everyone! Why did such a good person leave so early!"

"Did you know about him sponsoring all those children?"

"We didn't. No one knew a thing. We only knew that Old Wei worked at the television station as an editor. We have never heard of him helping all those children! We only knew that his household's living conditions weren't too good! There was once when his daughter went to university, and he couldn't even pay her school fees. It was only later when we learned that Old Wei had to beg the school Leaders before they finally allowed him some time to pay it off. Sigh! Old Wei was such a person! He did not like to say what he did! There was once when my son was alone at home running a high fever. He went to Old Wei's house in a daze and Old Wei brought my son to the doctor. After that, he just told me it wasn't a big deal. Only later on did my son tell me that the route to our house was too far. With traffic jams, the ambulance could not make it here and it was Old Wei who carried my son and ran for a kilometer to the hospital! But these were things that he never mentioned!"

.....

When the news was reported, it immediately attracted the attention of the whole society!

Actually, it wasn't only Beijing Radio Station who reported it. At the same time, a few other newspapers also reported it. Even the Beijing Times newspaper had printed Editor Wei's picture at a good place in its second edition! Needless to say, it must have been someone at the Beijing Television Station who leaked the news. It wasn't only Zhang Ye who knew people. Everyone was in the media industry and had their own networks of friends and classmates! As this matter could actually attract many people who were paying attention to the news, Editor Wei's story after his passing had been published throughout Beijing!

A broadcast media and seven or eight newspapers were all reporting on the story!

This incident had suddenly attracted so much attention that even people from other parts of the country were now concerned!

This was especially so online, the place where open discussions flourished. This incident had become a subject of hot discussion in just a short while!

"A good person!"

"How is there such a good person in this world?"

"I'm touched! Compared with Father Wei, I am ashamed!"

"Yes, those who are involved in charity, those who call themselves philanthropists, so many of them publicize their contributions after doing only one thing to show everyone what they did. They only want to gain praises about their noble acts. But are they really noble? In the past, I felt so. But now, I don't think so anymore! After knowing of Father Wei's story, I have a deeper understanding now. Kindness comes from deep within. It is a conscience of human nature. It doesn't need to be known, nor publicized!"

"The previous poster said it well!"

"There was also news yesterday of their television station. The

person who was quite famous that wrote 'Everything', the poet called Wang Shuixin... He's also the person in charge of a channel. Didn't he help some child to attend school? In the end, the papers were all writing about this and everyone on the net praised him. I said this at that time, that a Leader at the station doing such things should be acknowledged. But now that I think of it, compared to Father Wei, it was nothing!"

"Rest in peace!"

"Father Wei, we will always remember you!"

"Hey, I heard that Father Wei had offended someone and was ill-treated until he died!"

"What? How could that be?"

"I heard of it, too. I'm not sure if it's true, but I heard that he offended someone in the station and was made to work overtime almost every day. It wasn't that Father Wei volunteered to work overtime, because he did not get any overtime pay or bonuses. It was always deducted at the end for some reason!"

"Is that a rumor?"

"There's such a matter? How can this be?"

"If it's true, I'll be damned! That is really too hateful!"

"I can't be sure either. Just take it with a pinch of salt."

However, the thread on this discussion forum was soon deleted by someone.

Zhang Ye was just browsing this post and clicked on the next page only to be informed that the thread did not exist anymore. He felt his heart sinking!

What does this mean?

It was obvious!

This was the same situation as when Zhang Ye was arrested!

In the end, Beijing Television Station could no longer not issue a statement. They then reported on BTV-News Channel about Editor Wei's case, stating that they did not know about his deeds. They had only found out and were very proud of this colleague. This was some skillful bullsh*t! How could they not have known!

Including them, although most of the other media had already reported it, it was all limited to Editor Wei's deeds. With regards to the other happenings and issues, there was not a mention of them. Nothing was leaked. Even the smaller newspapers did not say much since they did not want to offend a major broadcaster like Beijing Television Station. This was all because of Wang Shuixin's influence. Otherwise, with Editor Wei's news of him being "driven to death", many newspapers would grab at the chance to publish such a story! It didn't matter if it was the truth or just grandstanding, this was still a topic of discussion! It couldn't be that no one cared!

The truth was rather obvious!

Zhang Ye was in the media industry, too. If he did not understand, then he would have lived for nothing!

This time, someone was manipulating the discussion from behind the scenes. They only wanted the public to see the positive side of Editor Wei, rather than find out the truth behind his death!

That Wang Shuixin!

Is this all you've got?

Zhang Ye suddenly had a face of determination! Alright, if no one wants to uncover the truth of this matter, if no one wants to report on it.....

Then I will!

I will bet on my job as a host!

I will bet on not working in this television station anymore!

I will f**king drag you down, Wang Shuixin!

If this was just using words, Zhang Ye did not have the ability to do so, nor did his words have the strength. Even if he publicly exposed Wang Shuixin, there was a possibility that no one would believe or even care about his words. After all, he wasn't some big shot celebrity. But if words alone did not work, it did not mean that Zhang Ye had no other ways. He had a way that others would not even think about — his poems!

Zhang Ye's words were limited in effect, but Zhang Ye's poems were highly regarded. Just like when he was in the detention center, he got out precisely because of two poems!

This was the charm of literature!

Or it could be said that this was the charm of good literature!

Some might think that if words don't work, would poems be able to attract attention?

For Zhang Ye's situation, this was precisely the case. Citing an example, so many innocent students have died in history. Who would remember their names? Who would remember? Not many! But one of them, a female student called Liu Hezhen, was well-remembered by everyone in Zhang Ye's world! Why? Because Lu Xun had written an article called "!"

Literature... Only literature could have such power!

Zhang Ye's heart already had an idea and knew what to do!

Chapter 172 - Editor Wei's Funeral Wake Begins!

Today.

Babaoshan Revolutionary Cemetery.

Today was Comrade Wei Jianguo's memorial service. It was also the day of his cremation. Perhaps the Heavens were also touched. The skies were filled with gloomy clouds and a light drizzle fell like the Heavens were weeping.

Zhang Ye drove uphill and found a place to park. He saw many people around him and thought that they were here for someone else's memorial, that they were relatives and family of someone else. But when he heard them talk, he realized that more than half of these people were here for Editor Wei.

Two people were talking.

"Friend."

"Yes? What's the matter?"

"Is Father Wei's memorial service here?"

"Yes. You need to go further uphill. You are Old Wei's..?"

"No one. I am just a member of society. I was touched by Father Wei's deeds and would like to say a last goodbye to him. I would like to donate some money to his family as well. His daughter has to carry on living and all those children are still in need of help. I just want to do something for them."

"Oh, then let me thank you on behalf of Old Wei's daughter."

"No need. He was too inspiring. I should thank Father Wei instead."

Donation?

To help Editor Wei's family?

Yet Zhang Ye knew that what they needed now was not money, but a fair judgment. This was more important than anything and Zhang Ye was here today to fight for Editor Wei's justice!

"Teacher Zhang!" someone shouted for him from the back.

Zhang Ye turned around and saw Hou Ge and Hou Di with Xiao Lu and Dafei, "You guys are here, too?"

"It's Uncle Wei's memorial service. How could we not come?"

Hou Ge was consoling her at the side, "Uncle Wei was such a good person. He would surely go to heaven. I hope he will be better when he is there."

Xiao Lu sniffed, "That's for sure, but.... But, I just can't forgive this! Uncle Wei was driven to his death! Why was no one held responsible?"

Hou Di suppressed his anger, "Wang Shuixin is the Leader. Who could do anything to him?"

Dafei said, "These few days, I have been exposing Wang Shuixin's deeds online, but the posts were always deleted. I'm so frustrated!"

Hou Ge said, "They are sealing our mouths! Just like they sealed Teacher Zhang's mouth in the previous incident!"

At this moment, a lot of people carrying camera equipments came from behind. Some newspaper journalists carrying their cameras also hurried up the hill.

Seeing them, Xiao Lu said, "I heard that our station's news channel has a live broadcast of the memorial when it starts!"

Hou Ge had a fright, "What are you intending to do?"

Xiao Lu said hatefully, "When we exposed the news online, no one paid attention or the comments got deleted. For the live broadcast, if we expose everything, they can't delete it. Won't the rest of society care then? To give Uncle Wei a final assurance? To pull down Wang Shuixin?"

Dafei hurriedly said, "Don't you mess around!"

Hou Di said, "Right, that's a live broadcast! Don't you want to work in the television station anymore?"

Zhang Ye said, "Xiao Lu, don't even think about it. Don't mess around." Actually, he had already decided. Dirty work? Unpleasant work? Leave it all to him, "Let's go. We are going uphill!"

On the hill.

The media reporters and cameras were already in place.

"The setting has all been adjusted?"

"There's still a little more. I'm almost done."

"Hurry! Today's a live broadcast! Nothing can go wrong!"

"I understand. It will be done immediately!"

"Remember: don't make any mistakes! It has to go smoothly!"

The reporters were all busy. Some had already entered the memorial hall. It was a very large hall.

Uncle Wei's family had not been able to afford such a big memorial hall, or even hold a memorial at all. But because the incident had attracted so much attention in society, no one knew if someone had donated the funds or whether Babaoshan had even charged for the event. This was how they ended up with a big hall for the memorial event.

Suddenly, a group of people came uphill!

In droves, about 200 children entered. They were accompanied by their parents, totaling to around 300 people. They were all dressed in black!

"It's the children!"

"The children who were helped by Uncle Wei?"

"Quick, let's get an interview. Bring the camera!"

The reporters were all excited and quickly went over in groups of three or five.

At the side, when the people who came to attend the memorial saw this, they were feeling shocked. This whole group of people, the children and their parents who were dressed in black, had their lives touched by Editor Wei? Seeing such a large number of people, it didn't seem like anyone had given the wake a miss! Maybe Editor Wei did not put this at heart or maybe he did not even know which child he had helped before. But... All of the children had remembered him! The children would never forget him, for he had rescued them when they had nowhere else to turn to. Father Wei had reached out his old pair of hands to them in their time of need!

It was almost time.

The children and their parents did not give any interviews, but went straight into the memorial hall. Many of them were crying as they walked in. This made the mood even more solemn and sorrowful.

"Let's go inside." Hou Ge said.

Dafei nodded, "Let's go. Brother Hu and the colleagues from the television station are already inside."

Xiao Lu also followed along, walking a few steps before turning her head around, "Teacher Zhang, aren't you going in?"

Zhang Ye stood at this spot, not moving, "You guys go on in first. I

can't stand the mood inside. I will have a smoke out here first. Don't wait for me."

Hou Ge sighed, "Alright then."

After they left, Zhang Ye no longer kept away from the rain. He stood in the drizzle and lit up a cigarette. When the cigarette was extinguished by the rain, he would light another stick. He didn't hold an umbrella.

The people arrived one by one.

At last, Zhang Ye saw Wang Shuixin and his secretary arriving from a distance not too far away. There were a few people beside him as well. Seeing how they looked, he guessed that they must be the television station's Leaders!

The television station's Leader went in first.

Wang Shuixin and his secretary stayed outside to have a smoke and did not notice Zhang Ye behind them not too far away.

He heard Wang Shuixin saying, "My newly composed poem, did you bring it to them?"

"I have already brought it over there," the secretary said. "I passed it to the program team last night, informing them that we will be using it at the next program. That program's ratings are quite good, so there would surely be an effect. Your poem was too well written. Every one of them is a classic."

Wang Shuixin nodded, "Don't bootlick. Hur hur. Let's go."

Extinguishing the cigarette butts, the two of them went inside to the memorial hall. They were smiling as they talked, giving no consideration to Editor Wei's death. Not only that, they even looked like they were happy!

Zhang Ye's heart was now cold. Even at this time, you can still laugh?

Still thinking about your reputation? Fine! I want to see how long your reputation can last!

With a step, Zhang Ye started walking towards the memorial hall!

His purpose today was to bring that guy down with him!

Chapter 173 - Editor Wei's Daughter's Poem!

Memorial Hall.

The funeral wake began.

It was filled with repression and crying, especially from the children. The crying never stopped. It even made Xiao Lu and many other female comrades tear up again.

"Father Wei!"

"Why did you leave!?"

"Father Wei, please come back!"

"I said that I would repay you when I grew up! Why!? Sob, sob, sob! Why did you not give me a chance to repay you!?"

"Father Wei!"

"Don't go!"

The scene was a mess.

Some gave flowers, some queued up to pay their respects, and some even cried out loud beside Editor Wei's body and refused to leave.

Seeing Editor Wei peacefully lying there, Zhang Ye also felt some blame lay with him. If he had helped Editor Wei with his tasks that night, if he had not gone home, maybe when Editor Wei suffered from his heart attack, he could have done something for him. He could have been saved, but...

"The live broadcast is starting!"

"Cameras! Find me an angle!"

"Capture this scene. Leave the rest to the live broadcast studio's

host!"

The television station and newspaper journalists all began busying themselves.

.....

At the same time.

Beijing Television Station, BTV-News Channel.

"Dear viewer friends, Comrade Wei Jianguo's memorial service has begun. We can see the various station leaders, Editor Wei's colleagues, the children who have been helped by Father Wei, their parents and various independent communities who are here to remember Father Wei. From the crying and the heavy mood in the scene, we can already feel how well-respected and loved Father Wei was when he was alive!"

The broadcast was now live.

The live picture of the scene was on, while the audio was that of the studio's host.

Then, the host said, "We will pass the live audio feed over to the scene."

.....

Over here.

Wang Shuixin asked, "The broadcast is now live?"

"It's live." The secretary had gone over to ask around. Even though they weren't from the same channel, they were all colleagues from Beijing Television Station. When he returned, he said, "It won't be fully broadcast live; only about ten minutes will be. But that's already almost the whole event already. His family will make a speech, and then leader will make a speech. That will take up most of the time

already." It wasn't a national Leader's funeral. Therefore, the service would not be that formal either. Although Wei Jianguo's story was now very much on everyone's mind, getting a live broadcast for ten minutes on the local Beijing Television Station channel was already something very privileged.

A Leader of Beijing Television Station had gone over to the cameras to supervise their work. If it was pre-recorded, then that will be fine. But as with all live broadcasts, they had to make sure everything went well!

Zhang Ye, who had just entered the hall, went over to Hu Fei and Xiao Lu.

Hu Fei said in a hushed voice, "The live broadcast has started; don't talk anymore."

Hou Ge said softly, "We understand."

A woman who had been standing beside Editor Wei's body, and was around 20 something years old, walked forward. Because the hall was quite large and it was a live broadcast, she was handed a microphone by a television station staff member. This was to ensure that the audio could be heard during the live broadcast.

This was Editor Wei's daughter. Her name was Wei Ying.

Wei Ying held the microphone and stood forward, saying, "Thank you, everyone. Thank you for joining us at my father's memorial service. In the beginning, I did not want to hold this memorial service because my dad did not like extravagant things. But, I still want to thank everyone for ensuring that my dad has a proper sending off with so many of you here." After speaking, she paused for a moment before saying, "Many of the reporters asked me before this if I was proud that I had a father like him. Many people would think I would be proud..." Saying that, she gave a light laugh, "Actually, not at all!"

"Uh."

"What is she saying...?"

"What does she want to say?"

Everyone could not understand, so they whispered to each other.

Wei Ying looked at them, "I have not felt a moment of pride. Ever since I was young, my father has never bought me new clothes; my mother would secretly buy them for me. When I started school, my father never showed up to any parent-teacher meeting sessions. He was always working. In his rest time, he would busy himself with picking up bottles to help other children. But me, I was not on the list of people that he would help. Even my first university tuition fees were not paid for by my father. He used it to help other children instead. I had to work part-time for three months, washing dishes and cleaning rooms to earn and repay the tuition fees!"

No one said anything.

Wei Ying was calm, "Why should I be proud? What's there to be proud about? I knew my dad was a good person. I knew that his character was noble. But I never thought of him as a good father!"

The children that Editor Wei had helped looked down silently. Some of them did not even dare to look Wei Ying in the eye. They had an indescribable feeling in their hearts.

A parent said, "We're sorry!"

"Child, we are sorry!" another parent also began crying.

For their children, Father Wei had neglected his own daughter. They could no longer face this young woman.

Wei Ying said, "My words are not finished yet. Don't apologize. I am not blaming anyone." Carrying on, she looked over at the crowd and found Zhang Ye. She nodded slightly at him before saying, "My father liked Teacher Zhang Ye's poems when he was alive. He liked them so much that he would read them a few times each day. I have

seen them, too. One of the poems touched me a lot. This poem says what I have been unable to tell my father! And today, I need to tell him that!"

What did she want to say?

To complain?

Or to question?

Everyone listened quietly.

Turning around, Wei Ying looked at her father's corpse and, after her gaze lingered on it for a long while, a tear flowed down from the corner of her eyes. She began reciting, "See me, or not. There will I stay, no sorrow, nor joy. Miss me, or not. There will affection lay, no immersion, nor dispersion. Love me, or not. There will love remain, no more, nor less. Follow me, or not. In your hand is mine..." Wei Ying clasped her father's cold hands tightly, "... no discarding, nor departure!"

At this moment, many people burst into tears!

This included the people present, as well as the audience in front of their televisions!

Everyone might not know what sort of complicated feelings they were, nor could they experience it themselves. As they had never experienced it before, they only knew two things. Father Wei was a good person, and Father Wei's daughter... never hated him!

Zhang Ye's eyes welled up. This scene made him recall a scene in "If You Are the One 2". However, that was a movie and it was fiction. As for this scene, it was reality! It was happening before his very eyes!

A father that was questionable in his parenting!

And a... very good daughter!

Chapter 174 - The Shocking Poem at the Funeral Wake!

.....

In front of the television.

Most of the audience members were brought to tears when they heard this.

People began posting messages online. Weibo had set up an official trending topic about it!

"What a good daughter!"

"Why do I want to cry so much!?"

"Father Wei is so kind! He neglects his family for the greater good! But why do I feel that his daughter is the most amazing!? Maybe only a person like Father Wei can teach such a child!"

"This poem is really touching!"

"Teacher Zhang still has such a poem?"

"Of course. How can he not have it? This was back when he was despised by many and when he was doubted on the internet. He posted this poem for his fans. Many people analyzed it back then. Teacher Zhang Ye's 'See Me or Not' expressed his compassion, as well as showing his concern and well-wishes to his fans from the bottom of his heart. It has nothing to do with romantic feelings. If it has to do with love, then it is something more related to family love. Indeed, this poem has been used by Father Wei's daughter here! It's too appropriate!"

"The emotions the two expressed may be different, but this poem is too good!"

"That's right. I didn't have many feelings for it in the past. But now, listening to Father Wei's daughter's recital, I find it extremely rich! How can a poem be this beautiful!?"

"Like father, like daughter. This father and daughter are too kind!"

.....

Wei Ying used Zhang Ye's poem to express her feelings for her father. After the poem, the atmosphere also became its saddest!

Editor Wei's elder sister slumped on the ground, crying, "Brother! Don't worry! Our family will take care of Little Ying! We will not let her suffer!"

Editor Wei's younger brother said with a blackened face, "Brother! I know you had been suppressed in the unit all these years! You did not receive any bonuses or overtime payments! You were even ordered around to do this and that! You were driven to your death! Rest in peace! I will definitely seek justice for you!"

The words Editor Wei's brother said immediately changed the atmosphere!

The expressions on the faces of the television station's Leaders, Wang Shuixin and company, no longer looked good!

As for the employees of the other television stations, they all knew that it was the truth. Momentarily, everyone looked in Wang Shuixin's direction!

.....

The Beijing Television Station's camera was quick to respond as they cut off the signal temporarily. But even though they were quick to react, the words had been broadcast!

The host quickly changed the subject and evaded the topic.

However, the audience members were no fools. They immediately felt that something was amiss!

"What did he just say?"

"Father Wei... was driven to his death?"

"He never received any bonuses? He did not even get any overtime payments? How's that possible!?"

"That's right. Didn't the news say that Father Wei always volunteered to work overtime to earn money to help the children? But... didn't he get any money working overtime?"

"Are you sure!?"

"Is that nonsense?"

"I think it's true. That is Father Wei's relative. He would not speak nonsense. How can they not know of what's going on!? They definitely know more than us!"

"So there's something fishy about it!"

"Holy sh*t! Who is it? Who drove Father Wei to his death!?"

"Do you remember that, back then, there were people on the internet saying that there was something underlying this matter. They said that a Leader was abusing his power for a private reason, making Father Wei work overtime every day! This caused Father Wei's heart to act up! He died out of fatigue! Not because of a disease! But in the end, that post was deleted very quickly!"

"I remember!"

"I remember it as well!"

"That's right, I just saw the first page and it was deleted!"

"I recall it now! There must be some conspiracy! Father Wei's death

isn't that simple!"

"I'm enraged! I'm really angry! Someone can actually persecute such a good person?"

"No way! I can't bear this any further! We must seek justice for Father Wei! Who is the person that drove Father Wei to his death? I want to f***king kill him!"

The crowd was in a frenzy!

Many of the audience who were watching the live broadcast went to the Beijing Television Station's official website's message board to curse!

.....

At the funeral wake.

Editor Wei's brother was still cursing, "That bunch of bastards! I will find every one of you who caused my brother's death!"

Zhang Ye and many people had noticed that the lights to the cameras had gone off. Clearly, the live broadcast had been halted.

Wei Ying said, "Uncle, it's pointless. They are Leaders and officials. We can't beat them!"

Editor Wei's sister also erupted at this moment, "We'll fight even if we can't! I don't believe it! I don't believe that this world is without reason! I don't believe that no one will help us seek justice! My brother can't die for nothing! He can't die for nothing!"

The scene went out of control once again!

After quite a long disruption, the sequence of events carried on.

Noticing that the scene had calmed down a bit, a staff member for the memorial service picked up a script and read from it, "Next, we invite Wei Jianguo's Leader, Beijing Television Station's Arts Channel's

Director Wang Shuixin, to give a eulogy!"

Wang Shuixin?

He was the one reading the eulogy?

Hou Ge, Xiao Lu and company were dumbfounded before their faces turned cold!

Zhang Ye's eyes also narrowed into a tiny gap. It was not surprising if one gave it some thought. Wang Shuixin was a person who liked to show off and build his reputation. He was probably dying to have a chance to show his face. Besides, he was Editor Wei's direct superior, so it was normal for him to do it.

However, those who knew the actual situation were provoked and furious! It was Wang Shuixin who drove Editor Wei to his death! Yet here he was giving the eulogy? Isn't this disgusting? Won't this prevent Editor Wei from resting in peace after his death? How can you do that!?

Wang Shuixin didn't think much of it. He picked up his script, which was already prepared. This sequence of events seemed like it was decided by the television station's staff earlier on.

Xiao Lu also scolded softly, "Old bastard!"

Dafei was also furious, "He actually has the gall to go up?"

"Don't worry; he will definitely go to hell when he dies!" Hou Ge also cursed!

Hu Fei did not even want to see any of this. At this moment, he felt that even if Wang Shuixin was a bastard, he would not have gone up to make the eulogy. Do you even have any respect for the dead? Do you even have any compassion to the family members of the deceased? Editor Wei is already dead! Yet, you are rubbing salt on their wounds? This was no longer the actions of a jerk! In Hu Fei's opinion, he felt that Wang Shuixin had already lost his basic

humanity!

Was showing his face on television that important?

Even after his death, you still insist on seeking revenge for your son?
You still want to disgust Editor Wei?

You never treated Editor Wei as human, so you didn't care for the eulogy. Why didn't you feel the need to decline?

"What are you doing here?" Wei Ying was the first person to flare up!

Editor Wei's brother also clearly knew that it was Wang Shuixin who had driven his brother to his death. He pointed at his nose, "Get the hell out of here! Get lost!"

A few members of the staff immediately came to persuade them.

"Don't be like that!"

"The live broadcast is going to be resumed soon!"

"Is there some misunderstanding? What are you doing?"

"Calm down. Let's finish the memorial service first!"

However, Editor Wei's family members refused to listen. They went up to push Wang Shuixin off.

Wang Shuixin frowned. He then whispered a few words to the secretary beside him. Following that, a few staff members from the television station as well as Wang Shuixin's cronies "persuaded" Wei Ying and Editor Wei's family. They were pushed to a corner in the end!

This was Editor Wei's memorial service!

Yet you kicked Editor Wei's family to a corner!?

When people saw this, they felt like their lungs were about to

explode from anger!

A Leader from the Beijing Television Station did not like seeing this. He knew that there was an incident with the live broadcast just now, and they could not allow such a similar scene from happening again!

The live broadcast resumed!

The scene was that of Wang Shuixin holding the microphone!

"Hello, everyone. I am Wei Jianguo's direct superior, Wang Shuixin." Wang Shuixin read the script with a heavy heart, "The death of Comrade Wei Jianguo hurts our hearts..." "

Your heart hurts?

Hurting, my ass!

Please have a bit of conscience! You shouldn't have gone up to speak!

Hou Ge rolled up his sleeves about to rush up to beat him, but he was quickly held back by his younger brother.

Xiao Lu looked around, "Where's Teacher Zhang? Where did Teacher Zhang go?"

"I can't see him." Dafei said curiously, "He was just here a while ago."

Not far away, Zhang Ye had squeezed towards Wei Ying and company. He looked at Wei Ying and reached out, taking Wei Ying's microphone away.

Wei Ying was stunned as she looked deeply at Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye also glanced at her and smiled.

It was as if Wei Ying figured out something as she gently nodded at him.

A subordinate of the Leader noticed this and his expression changed, "Teacher Zhang, what are you doing?!"

Zhang Ye ignored him and turned towards the stage where Wang Shuixin was!

A few of the television station's staff knew of Zhang Ye's bad temper. They said in a panic, "Teacher Zhang, don't mess things up! This is a live broadcast! If something happens, no one can bear the responsibility!" At the Silver Microphone Awards, Zhang Ye's words had dumbfounded quite a number of his peers. It caused a big commotion. But ultimately, the Silver Microphone Awards was not a public award ceremony. There was no recording of it. Also, at the Beijing Couplet Competition where Zhang Ye cursed, that was just a live broadcast on the internet. There was little impact!

But today, it was a live broadcast!

And it was a live broadcast on television!

They did not expect Zhang Ye to grab the microphone. What was he going to do?

The chaos here quickly caught the attention of many. Many people looked at Zhang Ye with surprised expressions. No one knew what he was going to do!

"You... "

"Teacher Zhang... "

"You are... "

At this moment, no one doubted Zhang Ye's mouth and pen. His mouth could curse a person to death, and his pen could place a period on a person's life. Everyone knew of Zhang Ye's abilities!

A person from the television station exclaimed in terror, "Hurry! Grab the microphone back!"

Wang Shuixin did not notice the chaos. He was still reading from the script, and the cameras were pointed at him, "Wei Jianguo's may have passed away, but..."

At this moment, Zhang Ye had switched the microphone on. He sneered coldly as he rudely interrupted Wang Shuixin's eulogy, "When Uncle Wei was still alive, he asked me for a calligraphy piece. Back then, I said I would give it to him the next day, but the next day became forever. I owe Uncle Wei a poem. Today, I will pay off my debt!"

Wang Shuixin said angrily, "I'm giving my eulogy. You can leave the matter..."

Zhang Ye looked at Wang Shuixin, "When some people live, they are already dead!"

Wang Shuixin was dumbfounded. The remaining eulogy was held in his mouth!

Zhang Ye ignored the surprising glares of the people around him as he slowly walked towards Editor Wei as he softly said, "When some people die, they are still alive!"

It was a poem!

It was a modern poem!

Just the first two lines made everyone draw a gasp!

Wang Shuixin was furious. He never expected Zhang Ye to mess things up during a live recording. He was even pointing at him, saying that despite him being alive, he was actually dead?

"Zhang Ye, you..." Wang Shuixin shouted.

Zhang Ye did not look at him as he coldly carried on, "Some people stand on the masses' shoulders and say: 'I am mighty!'" Looking back at Editor Wei's corpse, "Some people bend over and let others ride on

their backs!"

Everyone present turned silent!

The audience members in front of the television sets were mesmerized by this!

Zhang Ye knew that once he recited this poem, he would definitely not be able to remain at the television station. However, he was not afraid. He had never been afraid ever since he was young.

He stared at Wang Shuixin and hissed, "Some people engrave their names on a rock to immortalize themselves. Some people want nothing more than to be wild grass that grows with the earth!"

"For some people, their life makes other lives impossible!"

"For some people, their life improves the lives of many others!"

At this point, Zhang Ye's tone suddenly turned angry, as his speed suddenly increased. He continuously shouted out the remaining words without a pause, "The one who rides on the people's shoulders will eventually be brought down by the people! The one who lets the people ride on his back will forever be remembered by the people! The one who engravings his own name in rock will see their name rot faster than a corpse! Only in the places where the wind reaches will green grass bloom! The one who lives to prevent others from living will have their end witnessed! The one who lives to help others live..."

His speed suddenly slowed down as Zhang Ye looked towards Wang Shuixin as he pointed at Editor Wei's corpse, and enunciated every word, "Will be held in high, high esteem by the people, forever!"

Chapter 175 - Wang Shuixin gets Beaten Up!

"Did you switch off the cameras?"

"I didn't. I forgot to!"

"Quickly switch it off! It's a live broadcast!"

"It's too late! It has already been broadcast! Who knew that he would suddenly grab the microphone?"

"Damn it! What is this Teacher Zhang Ye doing!? Why is it that, at every such occasion, he doesn't feel good if he doesn't mess things up!"

"What do I do now?"

"What can we do after it has been broadcast? There's nothing that we can do!"

The Beijing Television Station crew that was in charge of the live broadcast was in chaos!

However, others were silent, especially the television station's staff who knew the truth. For example, Hu Fei, Xiao Lu, as well as the other colleagues of the Arts Channel. They were all staring at Zhang Ye in a dumbfounded fashion. There was nothing in their ears but the reverberation of the shocking poem!

After Zhang Ye finished his poem, he paused for a few seconds before gently saying, "This poem is called 'Some People'. Today, I'm dedicating it to Uncle Wei. This is my eulogy!"

Eulogy?

This isn't some f**king eulogy!?

Wang Shuixin's secretary nearly fainted from agitation. It was clearly

a f**king piece of poetry that cursed at someone! Bullsh*t eulogy!

Wang Shuixin also nearly blew a fuse. Before he could catch a breath, his body wavered after being cursed at by the poem. He nearly lost his footing on the stage!

Zhang Ye!

Are you trying to perish together with me!?

Wang Shuixin's face was pale. He didn't think Zhang Ye had such courage. He thought that even if Zhang Ye was lawless usually, he had to have concerns deep down in his heart. For example, about his job, his position as lecturer and host for the television station. But only at this moment did Wang Shuixin realize that he had thought wrongly of Zhang Ye. He had underestimated how great a hooligan Zhang Ye was. He had a temper that was worse than any hooligan! This job.. was not something Zhang Ye cared about!

Hu Fei and Xiao Lu immediately knew of Zhang Ye's resoluteness. They knew that Teacher Zhang Ye no longer planned on working at Beijing Television Station!

"Teacher Zhang!"

"This Teacher Little Zhang!"

Hu Fei let out a loud sigh. He was filled with complex emotions!

Actually, when the first line of the poem was recited, a few of them wanted to stop Zhang Ye. But after some hesitation, none of them spoke a word. This was because Hu Fei, Xiao Lu and company knew that this was the resoluteness of Teacher Zhang Ye and his own judgment. They could only respect his wishes!

.....

In front of the television.

The live broadcast signal had been cut off.

The host that was in the live broadcast studio was feeling faint, as he tried to remedy the situation, "Some People' is a very good poem. My colleague, Zhang Ye, has created another great work. Alright, the memorial service's live broadcast will come to the end." Following that, commercials were broadcast.

However, how could the audience just ignore it!?

Who could be that silly? Everyone could tell what was going on!

On Weibo, Zhang Ye's "Some People" was immediately reproduced. There were all sorts of swearing below the post by netizens!

"There's a conspiracy!"

"F**k! Father Wei was really driven to his death!"

"Is it that Wang Shuixin person?"

"It's him! Teacher Zhang Ye's poem makes it very clear!"

"Wang Shuixin, isn't he the person that was reported in the newspaper as a sponsor of a child's education? He seems to be a poet? I remember his "Everything" in a textbook when i was in school."

"Everything' counts for ass! Did you not hear of Teacher Zhang's 'This is also Everything'? It was to refute Wang Shuixin! He has produced another poem now!"

"Some People' is really well written!"

"That's right. I got a f**king kick listening to it!"

"When some people live, they are already dead. When some people die, they are still alive? Classic! Too classic! Only a person with such a literary level like Teacher Zhang Ye can write such a thing!"

"Supporting Zhang Ye! Curse that Wang Shuixin to death!"

"Let Wang Shuixin step down! Pursue his legal responsibilities! Seek redress for Father Wei!"

"Right, seek redress for Father Wei! Let this kind of person who stands on the masses' shoulders come down! He even got newspapers to report on him sponsoring children? He just sponsored a single child and he announced it to the whole world!? This Wang guy wants to be immortalized? What a joke! People will pull you down! Teacher Zhang Ye's poem is perfect for this! It's a great way of contrasting Father Wei's kindness and Wang Shuixin's ugliness!"

"There's no need for people to pull him down. Just Zhang Ye's 'Some People' is enough to completely smear his reputation! In the future, when anyone mentions 'Some People', it might be years later when this enters our textbooks, since it will be a poem that lasts the ages. They will think of its origins, as well as think of two people, Father Wei and Wang Shuixin! That Wang guy even wants to be famous through the ages? It's more like he will be infamous for ten thousand years!"

"People like Wang Shuixin should die a horrible death!"

"That's right! Teacher Zhang said it the best! People like him may be living, but he is in fact already dead!"

With the great poem setting off the situation, Wang Shuixin had caused a public outcry. Everyone formed groups to attack him. The reason why people were enraged was partly because Wang Shuixin had really done such a terrible deed. But a greater reason was because of Zhang Ye's "Some People". This great production had lit the flames of the public's anger. Zhang Ye had previously used his world's Nobel laureate, Mo Yan's words: The greatest function of Literature is perhaps its lack of function.

"Some People" was written by a contemporary poet from his world,

Zang Kejia. It was included in the textbooks perennially. It was an emotive poem written to commemorate Lu Xun's 13th death anniversary. The poem was a comparison between two people. It was expressing the highest respect to Mr Lu Xun. It expressed one's anger by mercilessly exposing individuals who lord themselves over the people. The uniqueness of the poem came from its philosophical theme. People lived for the better good.

Of course, this was Zang Kejia's version, and it was the message he wanted to express.

Zhang Ye's poem today was not a eulogy. The main goal was not to praise and honor Editor Wei. Today, he recited "Some People" mainly to express his anger at people like Wang Shuixin. Yes, just like how most people present understood it. He was scolding someone! It was the same with "Dead Water"!

.....

Tieba.

Zhang Ye's Nest.

"Hurry and watch the TV!"

"It's already over. I have already seen it!"

"I also happened to tune into Beijing News Channel. I didn't expect to see Teacher Zhang Ye astound the masses! It's another divine production! It's a divine production similar to "Dead Water", "My Confession" and "Prisoner's Song"! It's all used to scold someone! Hahaha! I got a kick out of that!"

"Where, where? Give me a link!"

"Wait a moment. It will definitely appear on the web soon!"

"Right, there's no way to hide this matter. I recommend that all of you to first go on Weibo. In a while, go watch the video. The matter has

stirred up quite a storm!"

Zhang Ye's temper was no good and his personality matched it. He wasn't the type that was especially endearing. Not to mention he lacked the superficial skills like Heavenly Queen Zhang Yuanqi, hence many people had their doubts about him. However, this Tieba page was Zhang Ye's fan club. The people gathered here were those who liked Zhang Ye. They even liked it when Zhang Ye did some wicked things that could upset a grandma. They were people who were afraid that the world was too organized. Didn't you see? The former life of Zhang Ye's fan club was actually a troll army who cursed others in a war of words as they had nothing better to do! If the fan clubs of others were called orthodox armies, Zhang Ye's fan club.. might more appropriately be called bandits.

Upon noticing that Zhang Ye had stirred up a storm, none of them worried for Zhang Ye. In fact, they were crying with excitement!

"Teacher Zhang Ye has gotten into trouble again!"

"Haha! Delightful!"

"I have been waiting for this day for too long!"

"Teacher Zhang had just been released from the police station for only a few days! Why has he gotten himself into trouble just a few days of being released? And he even interrupted a live broadcast to scold his Leader? But... I like it! Wahaha!"

"It's time for us to put in our efforts! Brothers, to arms!"

"I heard of that Wang Shuixin. He was the father of the person Teacher Zhang Ye beat up previously! No wonder there was so much censoring regarding the discussion previously! It's because of this Wang Shuixin! After messing with Teacher Zhang Ye, he drove a good person like Father Wei to his death? Bastard!"

"Let's go! Let's destroy the television station's official website!"

"My large saber is again unable to endure the thirst!"

"Big Saber Bro is here, too! Our strongest combat power has gathered! There's enough people! To arms!"

This time, Zhang Ye's fan club was not fighting alone. A large number of people from Beijing independently came charging at the Beijing Television Station's discussion board to curse at Wang Shuixin!

The post was deleted?

One was deleted, but they posted a hundred!

The matter had stirred up too great a storm this time. This was a bigger issue than when Zhang Ye was arrested. It was normal. That time, Zhang Ye's matter had been revealed on the web, but this time, it was a live broadcast on television. It was BTV-News Channel. The entire city of Beijing could receive it. The number of people who paid attention to it was naturally tens of times greater!

.....

There was chaos online!

There was chaos at the funeral wake, too!

After the hundred or so children and their parents who had received help from Father Wei heard Zhang Ye's poem, they made the connection with how a relative of Father Wei had shouted that he was driven to his death. They were immediately enlightened. They did not know about the treatment Father Wei had received in the television station previously. As it was a live broadcast, they had not reacted in time when the staff had pushed Father Wei's family to a corner!

Now, these people immediately turned furious!

Suddenly, the children and their parents rushed towards Wang Shuixin and surrounded him!

That was a few hundred people. Wang Shuixin was scared silly, "What are you doing!? What do you want!?"

"Return to us Father Wei!"

"You bastard!"

"Why did you kill Father Wei!"

Zhang Ye was also on the stage and was not that far from Wang Shuixin. He naturally also squeezed into the crowd.

Below, Wang Shuixin's secretary as well as many of Wang Shuixin's cronies were in a rush to squeeze forward. They were trying to save Director Wang, but there were too many people. They could not squeeze through. They could not even see Wang Shuixin's figure through the dense crowd!

"Leader!"

"Director!"

"Stop!"

"Move away!"

The secretary and the others shouted along the exterior perimeter!

Zhang Ye was quite a vile person. Seeing that line of sight had been mostly obscured, this fellow squeezed towards Wang Shuixin as he shouted, "Ouch, hey! Don't squeeze! All of you, don't squeeze!"

The children around him were surprised. They were more than willing to thank him for speaking up for Father Wei, so no one was pushing him. Who would dare to push you?

Did someone bump into Teacher Zhang?

Or did someone step on Teacher Zhang's feet?

The surrounding children and parents quickly took a step back. They were very respectful to a person who dared to speak up for Father Wei, and a Teacher who Father Wei liked a lot when he was still alive. However, what made them gasp was that even though no one was close to Zhang Ye, this asshole actually staggered forward, being "pushed" towards Wang Shuixin. Then, Zhang Ye did a move that dumbfounded them!

Wang Shuixin was facing the children and their parents with a look of apprehension. He did not pay attention to anything else, "I'm telling you! Get away from me! Don't you believe that I'll report it to the police?"

In the end, it was as if Zhang Ye lost his footing, and his body slanted and, with a stumble, he stepped on Wang Shuixin's feet!

What sort of physique did Wang Shuixin have? He led a sedentary life in the office all day long!

As for Zhang Ye, what physique did he have? He was a person who had eaten many Experience Books in Taekwondo!

Wang Shuixin bellowed out a cry of pain and immediately fell to the ground!

"Don't push me!" Zhang Ye shouted loudly. Then, it seemed like he panicked to stabilize himself, as his shoe came trampling down on Wang Shuixin's face!

"Ah!" Wang Shuixin shouted out loudly!

Zhang Ye's feet slipped again, and once again "missed his footing" and stepped on Wang Shuixin's belly!

"Ah!" Wang Shuixin nearly spat out his gastric juices. He was in such great pain that his eyeballs rolled upward!

Seeing this, a young boy immediately understood Teacher Zhang Ye's intentions as he shouted, "Beat him up!" And he went up to kick Wang Shuixin!

But the moment that he lifted his foot, Zhang Ye's foot also quietly lifted up and diverted the strength from the boy's foot. He then shook his head gently at him.

Everyone understood upon seeing this!

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye!"

"You..."

The children and parents were awed by this. Teacher Zhang Ye did not want them to make a move, for he was afraid that the police would give them trouble. To protect them, Teacher Zhang Ye wanted to do all the dirty work himself. If there was an investigation, it would only affect Zhang Ye himself! At this moment, these children and parents finally understood why Father Wei liked Teacher Zhang Ye's works so much. It was because be it his works or personality, Teacher Zhang Ye was a person worthy of respect!

Playing dirty?

Sneak attacks?

This may seem like wicked in the eyes of others and should be something despised and looked down upon, but at this moment, for some reason, in the eyes of these children and parents, they felt that Teacher Zhang Ye.. was very great!

People could still see, as there were gaps.

From Hu Fei, Xiao Lu and Hou Ge's position, they could clearly see how Zhang Ye was being "pushed" to the point of kicking Wang Shuixin!

Xiao Lu nearly spat out blood!

Hou Ge and Dafei rolled their eyes!

This Teacher Zhang! Why are you so wicked!?

With such bearings, how are you in any way like that of a great poet?
In what way do you look like an esteemed lecturer of history?

However, upon giving it some thought, they nearly burst out into
laughter. Wang Shuixin was really someone who deserved a beating.
Offending Teacher Zhang Ye could be considered bad luck
accumulated from eight lives ago!

"Brother Hu," Xiao Lu gave her Leader a worried glance.

"Ah? What?" Hu Fei clearly saw Zhang Ye's actions. Yet he turned his
head with a questioning look, as if he did not know a thing.

Xiao Lu exclaimed, "Eh, nothing, nothing."

Chapter 176 - The Police Station Does Not Dare Arrest Zhang Ye!

Five minutes later.

The crowd dispersed from the memorial hall.

Wang Shuixin was lying on the floor with bruises all over. His body and face had shoe marks all over. It could be said that he looked miserable as he lay there whining and groaning!

"Director!"

"Leader!"

"Director Wang!"

"Aiyo! How are you doing? How are you doing?"

Wang Shuixin's secretary and a few other staffs who were close to him rushed forward. Two of them helped him up while another checked through his injuries. Luckily, he had no fractures. But these injuries were enough to let Wang Shuixin suffer. As a television station Leader, when had he ever been beaten up like this before? Sitting in the office all day and lacking exercise, he was naturally weaker than other people. He could not even stand up properly!

The secretary looked around at the hundreds of children and parents, saying, "Who was it!? Who beat him up? Stand forward! You are all too much! Is there any law?"

The children kept quiet.

Zhang Ye stood forwards, "Why are you f**king shouting at the children! You shout at me!"

Seeing Zhang Ye, the furious secretary unconsciously took a step back. After today's incident, many people, including him, had a new

impression of Zhang Ye. They knew how bad his temper could get.

Zhang Ye looked at him and said, "No one hit him. No one even touched him. Because so many people were gathered together just now, even I was pushed around quite a bit. I might have accidentally stepped on Director Wang a few times. But it was an accident, an accident I tell you. At most, it was a stampede incident."

Wang Shuixin angrily roared and shouted at Zhang Ye, "He was the one who kicked me!"

Zhang Ye innocently said, "Director Wang, you are a television station Leader. You should not tell lies. Where did I kick you? It was all an accident. And you even touched me, too!"

"Right!"

"I can be the witness!"

"Me too! It was just an accident!"

The few hundred children and their parents all stood forward as witnesses!

Wang Shuixin was so angry that he was almost out of breath, "...Call the police!"

Hu Fei eyes turned cold. At this moment, he was utterly disappointed by that Leader, Wang Shuixin!

A few of the television station's Leaders all looked at each other. Some frowned. Some shook their head slightly. Finally, they decided to leave and did not stay any longer. This was someone's funeral. This was Babaoshan Cemetery. It was a resting place for the dead. No matter what the situation was, you could have talked about it later. At least let the family finish up the memorial service and cremate the body before taking any action. But because of your own selfish pursuits, you didn't care for a thing at all?

Actually, some of the station Leaders had a good impression of Wang Shuixin. He was very good at interpersonal relationships, and his work aptitude was very strong; hence, when his son caused trouble, they closed an eye. However, when Zhang Ye's poem was recited, a few station Leaders and deputies knew that Wang Shuixin.. probably was not someone that they could keep around. That "Some People" was too ruthless. They were all in the media and news industry, so they knew how big a commotion that poem would cause!

If it were any other person who cried for injustice and cursed Wang Shuixin, they would at most be thought of as a troublemaker making a scene. This would still be easy to explain. But Zhang Ye had been too wicked, using a poem that was so incessant. The mess that it had created was not easy to clear up at all!

If they had wanted to protect Wang Shuixin at all costs, there was still a way. But when Wang Shuixin shouted out to report to the police, and the Station Leaders all knew what they had to do. This kind of person was not worth protecting anymore. Look at the crowd's reaction. Look at the station colleagues' reaction. Even those working under you at your channel were happy that you were beaten up. Your position as a Leader has surely come to an end now. If you want to blame, blame the poem "Some People". Sometimes, a poem, a simple literary work, could really make a person infamous! No one could save you now!

As some people left, the memorial service continued.

The Station Leaders had left and the cameras were taken away. The secretary held Wang Shuixin as they walked outside. Those irritants had all left the hall.

Wei Ying looked at Zhang Ye and walked over to his side. She suddenly bowed deeply, "Teacher Zhang, thank you. With you helping my father to seek justice, with your "Some People", I believe that he can now rest in peace. If he knew that you dedicated such a poem of the ages to him, he would definitely be very happy!"

Zhang Ye smiled, "Uncle Wei does not place importance on such things."

Wei Ying and the Wei family knew how great an importance this poem had. Wei Jianguo was a quiet person in life, and he had received unfair treatment at work. Although he had received quite a bit of attention with his passing, they knew that it was just momentary. In a few days or months, people might forget about him. But now, with Zhang Ye's work, the situation was no longer the same. With such a great poem passed down, generation after generation of people will know and similarly remember the name, "Wei Jianguo". He was unknown in life, but he would be remembered in death. This was the greatest consolation and remembrance for "Father Wei".

A poem was worth a thousand pieces of gold!

To try to value "Some People" was impossible. It could not be valued with money. Zhang Ye did not give this poem to anyone, but only to Wei Jianguo. Wei Ying, who was Wei Jianguo's daughter, naturally felt grateful from her heart! And she also knew that for Zhang Ye to dedicate this poem on the live broadcast, he would have a price to pay! Zhang Ye was helping her father to seek redress, to let more people know about the issue. By doing so, he had also burned his bridges. He was going to lose his job; no leader could bear with having a time bomb in their organization! Zhang Ye had sacrificed everything, including his fame and his career, just to help her father!

Was this not worth a "thank you"?

Was this not worth a bow?

Wei Ying could not even express the gratefulness she had. She could only express it through these actions to thank Zhang Ye.

Eulogy.....

Cremation.....

Placement of urn.....

After all the procedures were completed, everyone came outside.

Zhang Ye was at the back of the group, consoling Wei Ying and accompanying Editor Wei's family from Babaoshan cemetery to the front entrance, getting ready to go down the hill.

At this moment, a few uniformed policemen from the station arrived!

"Who called the police?"

"It's us!"

"Who did you say beat someone up? What's the situation?"

"It's that man. Just now, at the memorial service, he hit someone and injured him!"

Wang Shuixin's secretary busily explained the situation to the police. He was extremely agitated!

As a policeman was listening to him, a younger policeman felt that the scene looked a little familiar. This place..... Eh, wasn't it broadcast on BTV-News Channel earlier! The person who was beaten up was giving a eulogy just now and the man whom the secretary was accusing, wasn't it Zhang Ye? He was having his lunch break when he saw it all on TV, so he immediately grasped the situation!

The old policeman checked on Wang Shuixin's injuries and thought that they weren't too serious. But he did seem to be breaking out in a cold sweat as he sat there. Thinking it might not be a light injury, "Why didn't you call the ambulance?"

"We didn't want that person to run away!" Wang Shuixin's secretary said, "After you arrest him, we will immediately go to the hospital!"

A parent came forward to say, "Teacher Zhang did not hit anyone!"

"Everyone was crowded together, so it might have been an accidental bump! What do you mean by 'someone kicked you?'" a child said.

Suddenly, the hundreds of children and their parents were noisily defending Zhang Ye, "Right! Who saw Teacher Zhang hitting you? Who saw it?"

The secretary hissed, "I saw it!"

"You saw a fart! So many of us didn't see anything! You still want to make a false statement?" said a dozen of the parents who then crowded around them!

The old policeman was startled. F**k, why are there so many people! A few hundred witnesses? And they were all testifying for that person? Eh, why was this person so familiar?

"Inspector Feng." the young policeman whispered to him.

The old policeman turned around, "Why is that person so familiar looking?"

The young policeman did not know whether to laugh or to cry, "That is..... Zhang Ye!"

"The one who recently caused a commotion at the police station?" the old policeman was stunned.

Another policewoman who was with them wiped the sweat off her forehead, "That's him, for sure. My dad and mom watch him on 'Lecture Room' every day!"

Wang Shuixin urged, "Hurry up and arrest him!"

Wang Shuixin's secretary was afraid that he would hit them again, "Comrade Police, what are you waiting for?"

The old policeman initially wanted to arrest the suspect and bring him back to the station, but upon hearing that the person was Zhang Ye, he looked at Wang Shuixin and company, "I don't think your injuries are serious; it's not a big deal. The injuries are superficial. You just need to apply some medicine. Since it's not a serious matter,

I suggest you sort it out among yourselves. Why did you even call 110?"

Wang Shuixin was furious, "He hit me!"

The old policeman puckered his lips, saying, "But a few hundred witnesses can vouch for him. Did you see wrongly? With so many witnesses, we can't arrest him. This does not comply with our procedures. Alright, you should quickly go to the hospital and get yourself looked at. As for these injuries, you didn't need to call the police for that! It was crowded, so a stampede could happen easily." He then instructed his team, "Let's go. Case dismissed!"

Wang Shuixin was red with anger, "All of you...."

The secretary also shouted, "Is there still any law? Is there any law?"

The young policeman who knew about the incident muttered, "A good person like Father Wei has already been driven to death by you all! Is there any law?"

The police left after walking one round.

Seeing that, Zhang Ye and company walked past Wang Shuixin, who was sitting on the floor. They went their separate ways to their homes. The others, who had to go back to the office, also went back.

Serves you right!

Serves you right for getting beaten up!

A few Arts Channel's staff members thought that to themselves!

Wang Shuixin was left there with nowhere to turn to for help. When had he ever received such treatment? Never before! He had obviously been beaten up! But no one cared? The police did not bother, too? There was a time when all of these things would happen to people that Wang Shuixin did not like. When Zhang Ye beat up his son, he would deal with Zhang Ye. When Editor Wei beat up his son,

he would deal with Editor Wei. As long as anyone offended him, he would deal with them.

Firstly, he knew people from the police departments. Secondly, he was a Leader in the media industry, so it was easy to manipulate public opinion! But today, this was all happening to Wang Shuixin himself. Even though everyone knew that Zhang Ye had purposely beaten him up, he had still lost the trust of the public. No one would step forward to speak up for him anymore. He had been totally betrayed!

Good!

Wait and see, all of you!

Wang Shuixin could only say that to himself. But he knew that those words were powerless now! The Station Leaders had already left. Wang Shuixin had a bad feeling from the Station Leaders' looks! Don't talk about dealing with Zhang Ye, he could barely protect himself now! Zhang Ye's method of willing to perish together had now pushed Wang Shuixin to the road of no return!

.....

At the bottom of the hill.

In the police car.

The policewoman felt that something wasn't right, "Inspector Feng, are we really not arresting him?"

The young policeman grunted, "Who do we arrest? It's already not bad that we didn't arrest that Wang Shuixin. Father Wei was driven to his death by him. Did you not watch the television just now?"

The policewoman hesitated, "But we have been summoned, so we should at least bring them back for investigation, right? After all, someone did make a police report, and he was also injured."

The Leader, Inspector Feng, glanced at her, "If you want to bring him away or arrest him, fine. You can arrest that Zhang Ye and bring him anywhere you like, as long as you don't bring him to our police station!"

The policewoman exclaimed, "Why is that so?"

The young policeman said, "Don't you know about that Zhang Ye?"

"I know him. Isn't he just a program's host?" the policewoman said.

The young policeman said in a speechless manner, "Then you are too behind the times. Just a while ago, a police station had arrested Zhang Ye. Later on, it was proven that he had been wronged. In the end, Zhang Ye recited a poem and wrote a poem in the police station and caused all sorts of turmoil for them. In the end, even the City Council's disciplinary agency nearly investigated the station's Superintendent. That Superintendent was nearly dismissed. I still remember a few lines of the poem. Something about a bloodied bayonet, something about a door opened to a dog. Each line was more ruthless than the other. You want to arrest Zhang Ye? Do you think we aren't in a big enough mess!? If he were to write about how he doesn't fear the bloodied bayonet or cruel torture in our station, can you even handle it?"

The policewoman exclaimed, "I heard of that matter! Ah! It was all because of that average-looking person? No way. He looks pretty good!"

Inspector Feng also puckered his lips, "Good looking, my ass! He's just a hooligan! Anyone can arrest this kind of person, as long as they don't bring him to our station! We can't handle the suffering brought forth by him! One moment, it's a revolutionary poem! The next moment, it's living in the fire for eternity! Who can stand that!?"

The young policeman added on, "Just now, on the live broadcast of Father Wei's memorial service on television, didn't you heard that 'Some People'? It cursed that Wang Shuxin, who was beaten up, to

pieces! I think that Wang guy will never be able to liberate himself again. With this poem repressing him, he will be reviled by people all his life. Do you now know how powerful that Zhang Ye's mouth is!? That person can come up with a poem on a whim! Every one of them are earth-shattering! It catches you off guard!"

Inspector Feng said, "Anyway, anyone can care about it, just not us!"

Chapter 177 - The News' Evaluation of Zhang Ye!

At night, when BTV-News Channel was replayed, there was no footage or mention of Father Wei's memorial event. Not a single word was mentioned of it. This was the expected reaction and also what the television station needed to do. Because they had to uphold the reputation of the station. Whether it be Wang Shuixin's case or Zhang Ye causing trouble at the live broadcast, it was considered an internal issue, and such dirty linen should not be aired in public.

But the newspapers did not hold back.

This was even more so for the news online; they were all reporting on the matter.

"Zhang Ye — A rare occurrence in the media industry who dares to speak out! "

This was a free media blog-like news site. Typically, official media and newspapers would speak more officially, but free media blogs had no such concerns. The article was written in this manner: Many people do not have a high evaluation of Zhang Ye. Peers from his industry especially ostracize him, but that does not include me. My evaluation of Teacher Zhang Ye is very high. I think he is the most daring to speak out amongst all the Beijing broadcast hosts. He does not hide or withhold. He speaks out whatever he thinks of. When he sees injustice, he would care about it. It is similar to his work ethic. He does not consider the consequences or the impact that he would create. He would first do it before any discussion! In Zhang Ye's "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms", he had said this of Cao Cao: He was a loveable arch-careerist. This is what I say of Teacher Zhang Ye: He is a lovable media hooligan!

"Live Justice! "

"Father Wei's Death Mystery! "

"Who Condoned a Leader like Wang Shuixin?"

The report was written like this: When some people live, they are already dead! When some people die, they are still alive! I did not watch the live broadcast at first, but saw this poem on the first page of Weibo, in the 6th position. When I finished reading the first paragraph of this poem, I had goosebumps all over. My first thought at that moment was 'what kind of a talent could write such a wonderful verse? Only after reading the whole poem did my mind come up with a name — Zhang Ye. And when I saw the author's name at the end, it was really him! I laughed. Perhaps only Zhang Ye, who had written "Dead Water" and "Prisoner's Song", could write such a poem! I don't know if Beijing Writers' Association are regretting their decisions now, and neither do I know if there is still anyone who would deny Zhang Ye's literary standards!

With just "Some People", it has ignited the anger of many people!

A trend of "Justice for Father Wei" has been going around since this morning!

"Hand over the murderer!"

"Such a Leader has to step down!"

"Wang Shuixin! Let him get lost!"

"If such a person does not get punished, it will be an injustice!"

"Revenge for Father Wei! Justice for Father Wei!"

The angry crowd vented their anger everywhere. Some even attached a picture of Zhang Ye's "Some People" in full!

Suddenly, a law firm announced a piece of news: "Tonight, Father Wei's daughter Wei Ying has hired our law firm to launch legal proceedings against Wang Shuixin!"

"Alright!"

"Support!"

"Sue him!"

"Right, let him take legal responsibilities!"

"Abusing a staff through work, withholding overtime pay and bonuses, causing death, it's not enough even if Wang Shuixin goes to prison! He has to compensate money, too!"

.....

In front of the computer.

Zhang Ye, who had returned home, had also seen this. He knew that Wang Shuixin was finished. Compensation would happen for sure, and if the prosecutors investigated, a jail term was also likely. This grandson would surely no longer be allowed to work at the television station anymore. He would also be condemned for life. Who would dare take him?

The incident was so big that even if he could find another job, he will surely be scolded to death by others. Zhang Ye was also well aware that he himself would no longer be able to work at the television station. The poem "Some People" that was recited live on television was a double-edged sword. It could harm others, but it would also harm him. But Zhang Ye was ready to face the consequences!

Ring, ring, ring!

The telephone kept ringing!

Zhang Ye saw that the call was from his mother, so he answered, "Mom."

"You rascal! I've been calling you for the entire afternoon. Why didn't you answer!" his mother said angrily.

Zhang Ye explained, "I had to attend Editor Wei's funeral in the

afternoon, so it was on silent."

His mother said in an upset manner, "What's the issue about the live broadcast? Did you scold your Leader again? Are you addicted to scolding your Leaders? Previously it happened, and now it happened again? Your dad said that you definitely would not be keeping your job after what you said. Is that true?"

Zhang Ye acknowledged, "I guess so."

His mother said, "But you've only started working at the television station for how long? You just found a good job! And now you are going to be unemployed again? Can you let me worry less? Can you?"

Zhang Ye puckered his lips, "You won't understand. This was something that I had to do. If I don't have a job, I can find another, but I won't allow them to go scot-free. I can't lose my integrity!"

"Integrity, my ass! You are just faking it!" Mom scolded.

Zhang Ye said, "Anyway, it has already happened, so don't bother about it. Also, let Dad know that he doesn't need to worry. Are you afraid that your son can't find a job?"

Mom grunted, "It will be odd if you can find one! Scolding a Leader once is fine, but you scolded a second time, and it was even done live!? In the future, who in the media industry will dare hire you? After hiring you, who knows if a kid like you would suddenly feel pissed and unhappy and come up with something. Who can handle that?"

Zhang Ye puckered his mouth, "Then I'll change industries. One can distinguish himself in any trade. There's no place I can't become famous in."

"Keep insisting on your banter. That bad temper of yours has been the same ever since you were young. I don't want to talk to you. I'm hanging up!" It looks like Mom was really angry.

After hanging up, Zhang Ye laughed bitterly, but did not take it too seriously. He would never regret something that he had done. To be able to bring down Wang Shuixin and seek justice for Editor Wei, Zhang Ye felt that it was good enough for him. He wouldn't say that this made his conscience clear, but at the very least it made him more comfortable with himself! He was happy! He felt good! Wasn't this enough? In life, only having a goal made it meaningful. In the process of reaching one's goal, one needed to do it happily. Who cares about your bullsh*t regulations and your bullsh*t order of things! I will do what I want! Is there anything more comforting than that?

Zhang Ye was very simplistic in his thoughts. He had his dreams and wished to be famous. However, this was because this dream would make Zhang Ye happy. That was why dreams were called dreams. If the dreams made him have to ingratiate himself, then it wouldn't be happiness. That so-called dream would become a bizarre obsession. This was not what Zhang Ye liked. Upon thinking of this, Zhang Ye was surprised by his high morals. When did this bro become so excellent? See! See! This bro's words are getting more and more philosophical!

Chapter 178 - Helping Zhang Ye Find a Job!

The next day.

Waking up, washing up, eating breakfast.

Zhang Ye took a deep breath, then headed downstairs with his briefcase and drove to work. For today's journey to the office, he experienced the most complicated of feelings. This was because he knew that he was going to be fired for sure, but he did not prepare a resignation letter ahead of his dismissal. As it was different from his time at the radio station, where Deputy Station Head Jia was still in charge and making things difficult for him, Zhang Ye had already wanted to quit after he received the Silver Microphone Award. But this time, Wang Shuixin was also likely to step down. So Zhang Ye had no reason to quit. His conscience was clear.

Fire me if you want to fire me!

You all have guilt in your hearts anyway. It was because the television station did not handle Wang Shuixin earlier, condoning his behavior, that led to the situation now. It was not my fault!

.....

Television station.

"Hey, look."

"Zhang Ye is here."

"Hai, what a pity."

"That's right. Ignoring his bad temper, he is quite a lovable person. He dares to think, do and be!"

"Right. Just on Uncle Wei's case, Zhang Ye has done extremely well. If he did not make such a ruthless move, Wang Shuixin would still be

in power. With just this alone, no matter what anyone says, I will be the first to give him my praises! What's regretful was that he had just wrapped up 'Lecture Room', and now, he has to leave."

"Where's he going to?"

"Who knows? But I don't think he can stay in the media circles."

"That's right. Who would dare hire a person like him?"

Along the way, Zhang Ye could hear people discussing about himself in low whispers. He had by now calmed his emotions and did not feel disturbed.

Upstairs.

Arts Channel office.

Hu Fei and his colleagues were all there.

Xiao Lu looked over to Zhang Ye, her expression conflicted, "Teacher Zhang, you, we....." As she said that, her eyes looked sad. Having spent so much time together, they had all become comfortable with each other. Strictly speaking, Zhang Ye had created and planned the format of "Lecture Room". It could be said that the program fully belonged to him. For the program to achieve what it has achieved, it was all because of Zhang Ye. But now, the television station would no longer keep him, not even giving him a chance to stay. This was saddening.

Hou Ge, Dafei and the others were also slightly agitated, "Teacher Little Zhang, everyone knows that you were not to blame for this matter. You only did what you did because it was the only way to help Uncle Wei, but....."

Zhang Ye smiled, "Has the punishments been meted out?"

Hu Fei sighed, "Yes. You have been fired."

Zhang Ye had only joined the television station for a month. He was still in his probationary period, so it was not much trouble to dismiss him. It just needed to go through the procedures. Zhang Ye appeared indifferent, "Alright, I'll go to HR to go through the procedures."

Hu Fei said, "As for the Finance side, your salary and bonus for the month will be given to you. Usually for such cases, the bonuses would be withheld. But for some reason, the station still cares about you, so they did not make a fuss over it. I think they don't feel good about it, so some of the management passed down instructions to Finance. I guess that you would be getting around 30,000 to 40,000."

He definitely deserved his bonus in the first place. Wang Shuixin had previously deducted his bonuses wrongfully. Even his salary was deserved; he had worked for it. Which is why Zhang Ye didn't think the station cared for him. He knew that Hu Fei was trying to smooth things out for the station and did not want Zhang Ye to make an enemy out of Beijing Television Station. "I understand, Brother Hu." But he was more concerned about another matter, "What about Wang Shuixin?"

With the mention of this, Xiao Lu broke out a smile, "Didn't you see it when you entered the television station? An announcement has already been put up in the hall. Fired!"

Zhang Ye finally felt a load on his mind was taken away, "Then that's good."

Hou Ge added, "What goes around, comes around. I heard that the court has already summoned Wang Shuixin over; he is very likely to face criminal punishment. After all, Editor Wei's incident has caused a stir throughout Beijing. The courts will definitely consider all of this when passing their judgement. His life is finished!"

Hu Fei was still not out from the moodiness of the situation. Looking at Zhang Ye, he said, "He might be done for, but why did you have to bring yourself down, too? Was it worth it?"

Was it worth it?

It definitely wasn't!

But Zhang Ye had never been the type to put on a brave front to regret later. Hesitating about this, concerned about that, whether it was dangerous, would that be a problem? Bullsh*t! If he was like that, then he would never do anything! Zhang Ye's style was always — Scold first, talk later! Fight first, talk later! If there was a problem? When there's a problem, then I will talk about it. I will think of ways to solve the problem!

"Brother Hu, when I am gone, 'Lecture Room' can continue to broadcast the next few episodes. If you need my written permission, just prepare something for me to sign." Even though he would no longer be around, Zhang Ye wanted "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" to go on. It had finished recording anyway, and he could do with whatever reputation the show could get for him. Hu Fei had been very good to him, too, so Zhang Ye would never be petty and make them stop airing the next few episodes of "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms". He was not unreasonable. To continue the broadcast, he believed that this was what the station and Hu Fei would have wanted.

"Alright." Hu Fei nodded.

After going to the HR department, he went to the Finance department.

The procedures were easy to handle as there wasn't a need for approval from the management. He needn't wait long.

Zhang Ye felt that he could finish the procedures by the end of the day, so he did not leave yet. He went back to his work area and logged onto the internet.

.....

On the web.

The Beijing Television Station had posted on Weibo about dismissing Wang Shuixin and Zhang Ye.

Alright!

"That's awesome! He should have been fired earlier on!"

"But why did they also dismiss Zhang Ye?"

"Hai, there's no other way. The way he spoke on a live broadcast meant that he was bound to be punished."

"But it was due to extenuating circumstances, and the facts have proven that Teacher Zhang Ye was right. He was seeking justice for Father Wei. He shouldn't be fired, right?"

"The rules are like that."

"Bullsh*t rules! Those bunch of bastards! They are all in cahoots! When Wang Shuixin was abusing his power, did anyone in the television station do a thing? Eh? Teacher Zhang Ye was upholding justice, yet they fired him? Strictly speaking, it's not a problem. But based on the situation, is this how it should be handled?"

"It's better not to work there. Teacher Zhang can spare himself the trouble!"

"Right, Teacher Zhang is not to kind that will fit into a structure like that television station."

Zhang Ye was satisfied to see what everyone had said. He now knew that many people were in solidarity with him, so what else could he complain about? But just as Zhang Ye was continuing to browse, Xiao Lu suddenly shouted, "D*mn! Quickly look at the front page of Weibo, Teacher Little Zhang! Scroll down and take a look!"

Dafei asked curiously, "What's the matter?"

"You will know it when you see it." Hou Ge obviously just saw it, too.

Zhang Ye found the Weibo post and looking at the title, he was deeply moved. He even felt like he didn't know whether to laugh or to cry.

Title — "Help Zhang Ye find a job!"

It was a moderator from Zhang Ye's fan club, "Comrades, to seek justice for Father Wei, Teacher Zhang Ye has lost his job. Beijing Television Station has already announced his dismissal. As Teacher Zhang Ye's hardcore fan, I declare my anger and dissatisfaction. But this is not within my control, and the truth is that it has already happened. We can only look forward. I would like to suggest that all of us launch a campaign to help Teacher Zhang Ye find a job! We can't let a good person go unrewarded!"

"Support!"

"Supporting 10,000 times!"

"Well said. A good person will be rewarded!"

"Count me in! After the memorial service's live broadcast, I have been captivated by Teacher Zhang Ye's character and charms! He's so f***king cool! This is what a person in media should be like in my heart! A person who dares to speak out and do! That bunch of media who cover up for their Leaders all day! Compared to Teacher Zhang Ye, are you not ashamed? Everyone, let's move! Help Teacher Zhang!"

"In the past, it was always Teacher Zhang helping others. Today, it's time for us to help him!"

"Count me in. I see that Xishan television station is hiring. I will submit Teacher Zhang's resume to them. Let's post on Weibo!"

"I'm going to Liaodong station!"

"I'm going to Beihe province's television stations!"

"Fine, I'll go to CCTV!"

Instantly, numerous netizens and Zhang Ye's fans helped him apply for jobs. They would begin spamming the moment they saw any television media post a hiring notice on Weibo. Some of them had even dug up some Weibo pictures of advertisements from years ago and posted them!

Xiao Lu exclaimed, "Well done! Let us help, too!"

Dafei had already joined in this activity without saying a thing, "I have already posted on a few television stations for Teacher Zhang! The television station's website has Teacher Zhang's resume! Just copying and pasting would do!"

Hou Ge blinked at Hu Fei, "Leader?"

Hu Fei said with a stern face, "It's work time. Are you not working?"

Hou Ge exclaimed and did not dare to post anymore.

But suddenly, Xiao Lu exclaimed to the point of bursting out, "Brother Hu, why did you post Teacher Zhang's resume! You are too fast! I haven't even copied the resume!"

Hou Ge and Hou Di were also watching. It was really Brother Hu's verified Weibo. They were immediately amused. Even their Leader had pulled up his sleeves and went to the forefront! Haha!

Help Zhang Ye find a job?

Man, why does it sound like "Helping Wang Feng hit the headlines"?

Zhang Ye was at a loss of whether to laugh or cry, but he was mostly touched. Seeing the netizens helping post his resume on Weibo, Zhang Ye was wondering how he deserved it. It was fine if it was just his fans, but most of them were not from his fan club, or even people who had even seen his works. Maybe there was only one way to answer it. If you treat people sincerely, others would also treat you sincerely.

However, things did not go so smoothly.

Many television stations did not reply. They pretended not to see the hundreds of posts that included Zhang Ye's resume.

Only Xishan province's television station's official Weibo page responded, "We have seen everyone's posting of the resume. We extremely appreciate Teacher Zhang Ye's excellent works and his abhorrence to evil; however, our station's quota has been filled. There are temporarily no spots, so we are not hiring."

They had just posted the hiring notice on Weibo yesterday!

Besides, industry insiders knew that in the media circles, it was never filled. There was always a shortage of people. The only point was seeing if one had the ability.

Did Zhang Ye have the ability?

Of course he had it, but the problem was that he had too much ability!

After creating such a major live broadcast incident, who would dare to hire Zhang Ye!?

Translators' Note: From this week onwards, we will be removing the 'sponsored chapter limit'. We will release them as donations come in (maybe up to a 3-4 hour delay). Also, we are including the next chapter's preview if you click to the next chapter. The chapter will be marked with the words Preview in bold at the top and bottom of the chapter. It's up to you to choose to be partially spoiled ;)

Chapter 179 - Why care at all – be it winter, summer, spring or fall!

"Help Zhang Ye find a job".

Some people sincerely wanted to help, while others were just joining in for the fun. Of course, there were also the troublemakers. Everyone showed their way of getting enjoyment.

"I have an export business, requesting for Teacher Zhang Ye to join."

"I am from a machine fabrication factory, requesting for Teacher Zhang to join."

"I am from the textile factory's sewing department, requesting for Teacher Zhang Ye to join."

"I am from Da Hui Nightclub, offering a high salary for Teacher Zhang Ye to join us!"

Not a single television station wanted Zhang Ye, yet a mix of all sorts of companies offered Zhang Ye an olive branch in response to the call of "Help Zhang Ye find a job".

"Pfft!"

"You guys stop messing around! Really, stop!"

"Why would Teacher Zhang go to the nightclub for! So he can recite poems to attract customers?"

"Textile factory's sewing department? Do you all think that Teacher Zhang would have such a technical skill!"

By afternoon, this Weibo had became a farce before discussions gradually ended. Those who had joined in for fun or to mess around might have felt bad about making fun of Zhang Ye. It was related to Father Wei's incident and Father Wei had only just been cremated, so

Chapter 179 - Why care at all – be it winter, summer, spring or fall!

they said no more after a few comments. Those who really wanted to help Zhang Ye were unable to help much. They had pretty much sent in Zhang Ye's resume to all the television stations in the country, but only two replied. They had explained that while they acknowledge Zhang Ye's character, they had to turn him down. The other television stations did not even reply at all.

Even though Zhang Ye was only infamous in Beijing, as the trouble he had caused was only within the territory and many people from other places did not even know about him, they were all still in the television circle. If they did not know about him, did that mean that they didn't have friends who knew about him? With just a phone call, everything would be known!

.....

Inside the office.

Xiao Lu strained her neck as she looked towards Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang, what are your future plans? Are you still planning on working in TV? Or are you returning to the radio stations?"

Zhang Ye replied with a question, "Can I return to a radio station?"

Xiao Lu replied, "Unanswerable."

Zhang Ye asked another question, "Are there any television stations that dare to want me?"

Xiao Lu coughed and said once again, "...Unanswerable."

Hou Ge and Dafei were also feeling extremely helpless. They knew that this was not an "unanswerable" question. It was just a polite way of saying impossible.

Zhang Ye threw his hands up, "That's why. It's not what I have planned for the future, but that I can't make any plans at all. I may have something in mind, but that something does not have me in mind. I can only take it as it comes. It has been a few months since I

graduated. Although it hasn't been that long, too many things have happened. You all know that." Seeing Xiao Lu and Dafei nodding and feeling the same, Zhang Ye said, "I'm really tired, so I could do with a short rest."

Hu Fei looked at him, "Is there anything that I can help you with?"

Zhang Ye said, "Thanks, Brother Hu. It's fine. I will take it one step at a time." He knew that he had created too much trouble. Even though Hu Fei's network was wide, there was nothing that he could do. The level of trouble that Zhang Ye had created was not something that networks could help with!

Hu Fei probably understood. He sighed and did not say another word.

Outside the door, a person from HR arrived. As he came in, he politely greeted Hu Fei, then looked over at Zhang Ye and told him that the paperwork for his departure was done and needed his signature.

Zhang Ye nodded and followed him.

After 20 minutes, Zhang Ye came back. At this moment, he was no longer a part of Beijing Television Station. He packed his stuff into a box with a relaxed mood. Then, he looked up and around the office where he had spent the past month battling for himself. He narrowed his eyes and carried his box and walked out of the office without any worries or regrets.

When he was outside, the corridor was crowded with people! It was packed with dozens of people!

Zhang Ye was shocked for a bit. When he had just come back, he was wondering where Hu Fei, Xiao Lu and the others had gone to since the office was empty. In the end, they were all at the corridor. Everyone stood there, it was not only limited to Hu Fei and his team colleagues. There were also the other program team staff members

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from the Arts Channel, some of whom he knew and some that he didn't. All in all, everyone stood on both sides of the corridor.

Zhang Ye laughed, "I'm leaving. Everyone, take care."

After a few seconds of silence, Hu Fei raised his hands and started clapping!

This was followed by Xiao Lu, then Dafei, Hou Ge and Hou Di. Following their lead, all the other colleagues started applauding thunderously for Zhang Ye!

Bba Bba Bba!

The applause could be heard all over the television station's building!

"Teacher Zhang, take care!"

"You are the best! We can't compare to you!"

"It's all thanks to you stepping forward for Uncle Wei's matter!"

"Sorry for saying all those bad things about you!"

"Take care. Although the television station has fired you, justice is still in everyone's hearts!"

"That's right; justice is in everyone's hearts! We all know about the matter, and we know about your sacrifice!"

Zhang Ye's actions on the matter of Uncle Wei had shocked everyone. No one had thought of Zhang Ye using such a method to perish together with Wang Shuixin. After the matter, although Zhang Ye had lost his job and had been blacklisted by many media entities, these past colleagues of Uncle Wei all felt respect for Zhang Ye! He was willing to go so far for a person who he was not related to by blood. At least, this was not something they could do!

The applause lasted for a very long while!

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Zhang Ye also said to everyone, "Thank you. Thank you, everyone." With so many people sending him off, with some of them not having had any contact with him before, he was also very pleased.

Hu Fei said, "Come back and visit us anytime."

Hou Ge was so agitated that he went up and gave Zhang Ye a bear hug, "Teacher Zhang, although our time together was short, I still can't bear for you to go. Let's keep in contact. We can have drinks together next time!"

Xiao Lu was even sadder as her tears kept rolling down her face.

Dafei also gave Zhang Ye a bear hug, "If there's any matter, tell me. My phone is switched on 24 hours a day."

Zhang Ye gave his regards to them one by one, thanking them, "Even if I don't work here anymore, that doesn't mean that we're not going to see each other anymore. When we have time, we can still go out for meals and drinks. Thank you for sending me off. You all should return back now. Don't delay your work because of me. Otherwise, I will be even more guilty."

Suddenly, the elevator door opened.

A few people who did not seem to be from the television station squeezed out.

"Is Zhang Ye here? Can we interview Teacher Zhang?"

"Sorry for bothering you. I'm a reporter from the Beijing Times."

"Teacher Zhang, I'm from Entertainment Daily. Apparently, netizens are feeling sympathy over the things that had happened to you and have spontaneously posted your resume on Weibo to help you look for a job. However, no television media has accepted you. May I know your thoughts on this? Are you giving up being a television host or lecturer in the future?"

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"Teacher Zhang, you are leaving today. Do you have any thoughts on Beijing Television Station's decision? Can you tell us?"

They were reporters!

The five to six reporters barraged him with questions.

A few of the television station staff frowned, "Who let you up here? Have you obtained the approval for an interview?" Although they were in the same line, it was still not the same. They were from different systems. Television programs and newspaper media were quite different.

The reporters ignored them, "Teacher Zhang, do you have any last words before leaving?"

Another reporter took the opportunity to ask, "You have only entered the television station for a month before being fired. Do you really not have any thoughts?"

Zhang Ye gave them a fleeting glance and laughed. He then recited a poem that, as usual, didn't exist in this world. It was written by Lu Xun of his world, and its title was "Self-mockery"!

As he recited, he walked forward.

"Before I had even dared to rise up, my head was already struck."

"A worn-out hat to cover my face, I cross the busy marketplace. In a leaky boat loaded with wine – 'mid torrent float as though supine.'

"Eyes askance, I cast a cold glance at the thousand pointing fingers. Head bowed, I gladly agree, an ox for children, to be."

"Inside a small house hidden away, I seek a unified life to obey..." Upon saying this, Zhang Ye had carried his things into the elevator. Before the elevator doors closed, the final verse of his poem was read out, "Of the outside world, why care at all – be it winter, summer, spring or fall!"

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The elevator went down!

Zhang Ye was also gone!

This poem was not as easily understandable as the modern poems that Zhang Ye had previously recited. Many people did not understand on the first listen, but this did not mean that the poem was obscure. After some thinking, everyone understood it!

This poem was describing Zhang Ye's feelings at the moment!

Before I had even dared to rise up? Bad luck had risen up, so what good things could he wish for?

My head was already struck? He lied in bed, not even daring to turn his body, but his head was still struck.

Even on the streets, he had to cover his face with a worn-out hat, afraid of others seeing him, so as not to cause trouble for himself. He was like sitting in a leaky boat, going in circles in the middle of a river, with the risk of drowning. Against the denunciations, swearing and cursing of enemies, I choose to face them coldly. I'll do as I wish. Against the masses, I don't mind being an ox, letting them lead me in any way.

Wasn't this all describing Zhang Ye himself?

Weren't these things describing what had happened to Teacher Zhang Ye over the past few days?

What a good 'cast a cold glance at the thousand pointing fingers'!

What a good 'I gladly agree, an ox for children, to be'!

Many people questioned Zhang Ye's bad temper, messing up a live broadcast, regardless of the consequences and him not considering the bigger picture. He also often stirred up trouble, but what was Teacher Zhang Ye's attitude? Casting a cold glance at the thousand pointing fingers was such a perfect description! He was such a

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person! He did not care about the evaluation of others! For a terminally ill fan, for a deceased colleague that was in no way related to him, he was willing to bow his head and be an ox to do anything!

What sort of integrity was this?

This poem had thoroughly demonstrated it!

Especially with the last line before Zhang Ye stepped into the elevator. You scold me? Question me? Fire me? Great, inside a small house hidden away, I seek a unified life to obey! Why f**king care at all – be it winter, summer, spring or fall!

"Good poem!"

"This was clearly created on the spot, right?"

"It definitely was, or it could not be so appropriate!"

"Just a casual poem from Teacher Zhang's mouth is so awesome?"

The reporters' eyes lit up and hurriedly recorded the poem. Their manuscript for the day was settled. And needless to say, this poem would definitely go viral. Actually, that was a load of rubbish. Be it modern or ancient poems, none of Zhang Ye's poems had less than a million clicks on the internet! This was something that had been tested by the markets and by time!

It was unexpected!

It was really unexpected!

Teacher Zhang Ye was really Teacher Zhang Ye. Even before he left, he would still shock the masses!

Chapter 180 - Another Item Added to The Game's Merchant Shop!

At night.

Unsurprisingly, "Self-mockery" appeared in the newspapers.

After seeing this, many people discussed it on the internet!

"Why is it called 'Self-mockery'?"

"The newspapers said that the name was obtained by asking Teacher Zhang on the phone."

"I think that this name is most appropriate! The poem Zhang Ye composed while leaving the television station might be self-mocking, but in fact, it is mocking at others!"

"That's right. Teacher Zhang is disappointed in too many people!"

"Inside a small house hidden away, I seek a unified life to obey? Of the outside world, why care at all – be it winter, summer, spring or fall? It's awesome!"

"Eyes askance, I cast a cold glance at the thousand pointing fingers is the most awesome line! That's the crowning touch in this poem!"

"Is Teacher Zhang not planning on staying in the television industry anymore? This poem seems like he's a bit jaded. It can't be that he doesn't want to stay in the entertainment industry anymore, right? That would be such a shame!"

"That's not right. Teacher Zhang's program was still being broadcast in the afternoon. Besides, there's the next episode's preview."

"Let me add on to the above poster. Teacher Zhang has already left his job. However, 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' is pre-recorded. So this is all footage that was recorded in advance."

"No matter where Teacher Zhang goes, I'll support him!"

"Me, too. Teacher Zhang, please don't you not care about the winter, summer, spring or fall. We are still waiting for new works of yours. Poems would do, historical segments would do, and even songs would do. Even if you produce another public service advertisement, I will also support it when it is broadcasted. I'm a mindless fan of yours!"

.....

The second day.

The sun had already risen, but it was still early.

Di di di, di di di. The alarm on Zhang Ye's phone was still activated, so it woke him up from his dreams. Seeing the time, Zhang Ye drowsily got off the bed to use the bathroom. He also began brushing his teeth. The toothpaste was some unknown brand of this world, called "Clean & White Brand". Just from the name, it was probably some cheap stuff. He had bought it when it was sold at a discount in the supermarkets, but it wasn't very good. It did not foam, and indeed you didn't get good stuff for cheap.

"Eh? What am I doing?"

After rinsing his mouth, just as Zhang Ye was dressing up for work, he was momentarily shocked. He recalled that he had lost his job as he helplessly sat back on his bed.

What should I do today?

Since he had already woken up, he could no longer go back to sleep.

Zhang Ye was a person who could not stay idle. Even though he encountered a variety of problems, his goal was to become famous and become a top star. Hence, he still gained happiness, despite being tired. However, without any work to do now, he found being free uncomfortable. No, I can't sit idle at home. Opportunities are left

for people with preparations. He needed to enrich himself and make himself stronger!

He looked with determination at a few books placed by the window. Inside were some psychological books, magazines and a poetry book. How should he enrich himself? The answer was simple... Of course, it was the Lottery! Moving his gaze away from the window, Zhang Ye opened up the interface of the game ring on his hand.

A long string of numbers appeared for his overall Reputation points.

"Ten, Hundred, Thousand..." Zhang Ye looked intently as he counted, before he swore, "F**k!"

These days, Zhang Ye had stirred up too many things. He had written "Wishing We Last Forever" for the Heavenly Queen, and he had one classic piece of poetry after another. Also, after the huge show of his awesomeness on Beijing News Channel and the Reputation points gained daily from "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms", Zhang Ye's overall Reputation score was something that he could not comprehend. There was a total of 12.2 million Reputation points!

At the beginning, it was not bad if he gained a few hundred thousand back at the radio station.

Later on at the television station, it was also quite difficult for him to earn a few million in a short period of time.

But now, after just a few days, he had saved up more than ten million Reputation points!

Zhang Ye's temper that caused problems everyday had its advantages. Take a look. With so many Reputation points accrued, if he didn't cause trouble or release a poem or two to show his literary excellence, how could there be so many Reputation points!?

Time for the lottery!

Zhang Ye was now very rich. After spending 100,000 to begin a

Lottery draw, the needle began to move. He did not even look before buying Additional Stakes!

How much should he add?

Let's try with 20 to try my luck!

Zhang Ye bought the Additional Stakes, and despite seeing two million Reputation points disappear instantly, he did not feel the pinch. His lit up a cigarette and calmly waited for the results of the Lottery!

Bada!

The needle stopped!

When Zhang Ye saw this, it was not bad. It was in the Skills Category region. Hence, he immediately took out the 21 Treasure Chests (Small) from his inventory and opened them!

[Computer Programming Skills Experience Book] (21).

Computer?

Programming skills?

Zhang Ye felt faint. Only then did he feel the pinch!

Your sister! This bro had only taken the simplest basic computing course in university. Playing with the computer or installing a program was easy. Anything more complex and Zhang Ye would be perplexed. And this seemed to be enough. Why would I learn some freaking programming? I'm not planning on working in IT in the future. I'm going to be the Pirate... to be a Superstar, so why would I want these skill books?

I lost!

I lost big!

This was over twenty books!

Zhang Ye gave a wry smile. However, he still flipped through the Experience Books. The books turned into a white beam and entered Zhang Ye's head. What could he do other than using them? Since they had been obtained, there was no way of returning them.

Seeing his remaining Reputation points, there was about 10.1 million left. This time, Zhang Ye was more alert and cautious. He did not dare to be too wasteful. This time it was computer programming. If the next time it was something like physiology, he would be crying to his death. Hence, when Zhang Ye opened the Lottery, he did not buy any Additional Stakes, but first looked at the situation. Admittedly, the Skills Category was not bad. For example, the Taekwondo skill had helped Zhang Ye greatly at key moments. It had even saved his life. However, similarly, the Skills Category was too broad. There were bad skills, as well as good skills. For example, the calligraphy skills from last time and the programming skills this time did not seem very useful. At least, he had not seen any effects from them yet.

Round and round!

One circle, two circles...

Finally, when the needle was about to stop, Zhang Ye pressed the Additional Stakes button. However, he did not add. He was planning on letting the wheel stop so that he could think carefully. The needle was currently at the largest Consumption Category region. It was likely to carry on moving forward, but just ahead was the extremely small region, the Special Category.

However, it was still quite far. It was unknown if it could reach there. If he really got the Special Category, then it would be like a windfall. He had drawn at the Lottery so many times over the past few months, but he had only obtained one Special Category Treasure Chest. The probability was too low.

Should I buy Additional Stakes?

He was in a dilemma!

If he really got some dog sh*t luck and got the Special Category, then having Additional Stakes would be meaningless. This was because the prizes from the Treasure Chests that came out from Additional Stakes were the same. Hence, Additional Stakes only multiplied the number of Treasure Chests, but would not change the items inside the Treasure Chest. Since the Special Category Treasure Chest gave the right to buy something in the Merchant Shop, then there was no difference with one or a hundred of that, right? Getting a thousand of those would be a waste.

Let's bet on it!

No Additional Stakes!

Being unlucky in love, and frustrated at work, he definitely would have the luck today!

Zhang Ye immediately began to pray, "God said let there be light and there was light..." He even began chanting the Bible. "Give me a Special Category!"

After he canceled the Additional Stakes, the needle began to slowly move forward!

One tick, a second tick! Just a bit more! It's almost reaching! Go! Come on, go!

At the last moment, the needle lost its last bit of strength. The tip wavered for a bit, and "Bada", it moved one tick forward!

It was at the boundary!

It was the boundary between the Consumption Category and the Special Category!

It was nearly on the line! He couldn't tell with his naked eye which region it was closer to!

However, no Treasure Chest appeared the next second. Instead, an instructive text appeared in the game interface:

[Special Category awarded: Adding the right to purchase item, "Taiji Fist Skill Experience Book".]

It was a Special Category!

He really got a Special Category!

Taiji Fist! The skill books for Taiji Fist!?

Zhang Ye was extremely happy as he roared with laughter. Then, he quickly opened the game Merchant Shop. He saw two icons. One was the [Memory Search Capsule] from before, and the other icon was a book with the Taiji pattern. It was the Merchant Shop item that he had just received. However, when Zhang Ye was trying to buy a book to try it out with excitement, he was dumbfounded when he saw the cost of the skill book!

[Taiji Fist Skill Experience Book] : Requires 1 million Reputation points.

It wasn't 100,000? What the f**k! Why is this skill book a million apiece?

Zhang Ye was originally fantasizing about how he could use his ten million points to buy a hundred Taiji skill books, but who knew it would be so expensive! After some thinking, he understood the reason. Each drawing at the Lottery cost 100,000, and it had a very minute probability of giving a rare skill book like the Taiji Fist. However, if the item turned into a Merchant Shop item, then it could no longer be priced at 100,000 anymore. It would return to its original price. After all, that side was a Lottery and was a test of one's luck. There was no way to know what he would get, so it had to be cheaper. And those awesome skills or items like the Taiji Fist or Stats Fruits would no longer have a cheap price if he could buy them at any time. It was very fair. On further thought, if he had obtained the

rights to buy the Taekwondo skill book, it was unlikely to be at the lowest 100,000 price. It was definitely going to be higher, but not as high as the Taiji Fist skill book.

You get what you pay for.

After Zhang Ye figured it out, he looked at the Taiji icon and hesitated for a long while. After that, he gritted his teeth and began buying, after failing to resist the temptation!

1 book.....

5 books.....

10 books...

10 million Reputation points were expended!

Zhang Ye had gone bankrupt, exchanging his Reputation for ten Taiji Experience Books!

The items bought in the Merchant Shop did not have any Treasure Chests. It immediately entered his inventory. Zhang Ye took them out and “ate” one book after another.

White light flashed!

White light flashed again!

The book with the Taiji pattern became blobs of light as they were sent into Zhang Ye’s mind!

Zhang Ye could not help but move his arms and lift his leg. When he ate the Taekwondo skill books, he felt like some moves had been embedded into his head, but he did not feel the same with the ten Taiji Fist skill books. It was as if there wasn’t any change, and he could not even make a single move! What the heck? Could it be that he had “eaten” too few? Ten skill books were still not enough? Zhang Ye found it impossible. Ten books wasn’t a small number.

Hai, forget it.

Let's research it in the future.

Zhang Ye also did not expect to become invincible just by "eating" a few skillbooks that he had obtained from a Lottery. It was unrealistic. Items were just an aid. It helped him grow step by step. The key was to rely on his own hard work and efforts!

Hard work!

Going all out!

Striving!

Being able to bear hardships!

This was the only secret to success!

Could one succeed without any hard work? Wanting to stand above others without suffering, how could this be possible!?

Let's give an example:

Why is a Heavenly Queen?

How did become famous?

How did enter the international scene?

That's right! It's all because they.. were beautiful!

Chapter 181 - Zhang Ye's Taiji Fist!

First day...

Third day...

Fifth day...

After a week, "Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" came to an end.

"With Analysis of the Three Kingdoms finished, what's there to watch in the future?"

"That's right! Historical segments in the future will not be watchable."

"It's such a good program. What a pity. I still hope Teacher Zhang Ye will carry on lecturing. Even if it's not the Three Kingdoms, something else would do, too."

"Teacher Zhang already doesn't care if it's winter, summer, spring or fall. He has retired into the forest."

"I don't believe that one bit. I'm waiting for Teacher Zhang Ye to come out of the mountains!"

"No television station wants Teacher Zhang, so how is he going to make a reappearance?"

Online topics on Zhang Ye had been quiet for many days, but with "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" ending, there were discussions once again.

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In the afternoon, after the last episode was broadcast, ex-colleague Xiao Lu called, "Teacher Zhang, the program has ended. Brother Hu wanted me to let you know."

Zhang Ye was bored at home, watching television, "How were the ratings?"

"The last few episodes maintained a very high standard. Even the ratings for Monday to Friday's episodes were about 6.4%. During the weekend, it even reached as high as 8.97%. Although it was quite unfortunate that it did not break 9% in the end, historical and educative segments are not as popular, so it can't compare with variety shows. So this rating is already quite heaven-defying. It's the hottest new segment in our Beijing Television Station's Arts Channel. It even ranks high amongst all the television station's programs." Xiao Lu told Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye acknowledged, "Has the new season been fixed?"

"It has been recorded." Upon saying this, Xiao Lu was a bit embarrassed. "With you gone, we had no choice but to invite a history professor. The next episode talks about an ancient poet. It will discuss about his life from the moment he was born until he died. I also heard him when recording the first episode. It was so-so."

"So-so?" Zhang Ye had already treated "Lecture Room" as his own child. No matter what, even the name of the program was given by him, so he was very concerned.

Xiao Lu said helplessly, "That's right. It's definitely incomparable to you. I would only say it barely makes the cut." With a pause, she asked, "How about you? About work...."

Zhang Ye laughed, "I haven't found any yet."

Xiao Lu said angrily, "How can that be? Do they not have eyes?"

"How can't it be? Not a single person in related industries have contacted me over the past week. I am also not worried. I can also take the time to take a break." After exchanging a few more words, Zhang Ye hung up.

Not worried?

That was definitely a lie!

The moment "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" ended, it meant that he had no more opportunities to show his face. The increase in his game Reputation points would be minimal. And Zhang Ye, who only wanted to become a top star, knew that once his exposure was lowered, it would greatly affect his popularity. He would then gradually disappear from the public's view. Don't think too much about how the netizens and fans shout Zhang Ye's name daily. Things like supporting him for a lifetime? If Zhang Ye were to really stay quiet for a month or two, it was likely that most people would even forget his name. Celebrities did not rely on the heat of the moment, but a prolonged period of sustained exposure. This was the core essence needed in maintaining or increasing one's popularity.

He checked the official site of the Celebrity Rankings.

Zhang Ye was still an E-list celebrity, but after the past few days of exposure, he had already reached the forefront of the E-list ranks, ranking fourth. A local TV variety program's host was ranked ahead of him. His ratings were even higher than Zhang Ye's. Placed second was an actor. He had previously acted in a pretty popular TV series, and had quite a few works. He mainly acted as a supporting character, but that was last year. This actor had actually dropped from being a D-list celebrity to an E-list celebrity, as he did not have any good works this year. The person ranked first amongst the E-list celebrities was a woman. She was a singer and considered a rookie. She had recently released an album with pretty good sales. She had also acted in a movie.

If he overtook them, then Zhang Ye would enter the ranks of D-list celebrities. Although D- and E-list celebrities should not be demarcated like that, with the rankings just for reference, and a comprehensive rating a person's influence and popularity, everyone acknowledged it, be it official entities or civilians. So this was the most authoritative statistic. And from the scores, Zhang Ye would

clearly not be able to overtake them. With "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" ended, Zhang Ye's rating scores were already dropping. Although it was minimal, the trend was as such. It reflected Zhang Ye's future decline in popularity and visibility.

How could he not be worried?

Zhang Ye had still not thought of the path he should walk on for the time being. He was only hoping to maintain his current popularity. And for that, he needed to do something.

He had to mess things up!

He definitely had to mess something up!

This was Zhang Ye's first reaction.

.....

While hungry, Zhang Ye looked at his Reputation points in his game ring. There was slightly more than two million Reputation points. Clearly, it was the accumulation of this week's "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms". Leaving a few hundred thousand as backup, Zhang Ye was still thinking about the Taiji Fist skill books. He ended up going to the Merchant Shop and bought another two Experience Books with two million Reputation points.

Flipping it open!

Eating it!

The experience had been absorbed by him!

However, it was the same this time, too. Zhang Ye still did not feel any changes. He tried his best to recall, but not a single Taiji Fist move appeared. All he had were moves and actions from Taekwondo, such as side kicks and cross kicks. There was no Taiji Fist. It made him depressed!

With the experience eaten, there definitely were some effects.

However, without any moves or styles, how was he to use it?

After using his brain so much, Zhang Ye became more hungry. Having not eaten breakfast and lunch because he was lazy to go downstairs, he was really feeling the pangs of hunger. It was also too late for Zhang Ye to buy Lamian two streets away. He could only use his usual tactic and walked out the door towards the landlady's house.

Ding dong. He pressed the doorbell.

It took a long while before the door opened, revealing Chenchen's little head. She was small in size. Clearly, she had tiptoed to reach the door handle. After she opened the door, she was even panting.

Zhang Ye said in a friendly manner, "Chenchen, where's your aunt?"

Chenchen said with a straight face, "My aunt isn't home. She went out jogging." Saying that, she was planning on closing the door.

Zhang Ye took the opportunity to step in, "It's even better that she's not around. I'm not looking for her." Upon entering the house, he did not stand on ceremony. He ran straight to the kitchen to churn through it. Finally, he found two plates of leftovers in the refrigerator. One of them was a plate of braised beef, while the other was a plate of fried celery. Without saying a word, he poked through the wrap with a toothpick to let it breathe. Then he threw it into the microwave and let it spin for two minutes. When it came out, it was steaming hot!

Chenchen asked in surprise, "What are you doing?"

Zhang Ye did not care about talking. As he drew in the fragrance, he sat at the dining table and found a pair of chopsticks to eat in a quick manner!

The sound of keys rang.

The door was opened from the outside.

Rao Aimin was dressed in sportswear today. Her top was a striped white vest worn by hurdle athletes. Her pair of pants was a training pants and looked more baggy. However, at this moment, her body was wet from her sweat. Drops of sweat were dripping down her hair. This appearance made her look mature and attractive.

Zhang Ye already knew Big Sis Rao was a martial arts practitioner, so maintaining her physical fitness and strength was key. So she had went out on a run in the afternoon.

"Kid, why are you here?" Rao Aimin was covered in sweat, but she was not short of breath. Her breaths were still calm, and she did not look tired in any way.

Chenchen covered her forehead like an adult, "The devil has entered the village!"

Rao Aimin was amused by her niece, "What has the devil swept?"

"A plate of beef, a plate of fried parsley and a bowl of rice," Chenchen reported.

Zhang Ye nearly spat out the food from his mouth when he heard her description, "Who's the devil?" These two women, one's tongue was sharper than the other!

I graduated from a broadcasting major?

It was more like the two of you were broadcasting majors!

"You only know to scrounge for food all day and do not know how to find a job. Rotten kid, you have been idle at home for a week, right?"
Rao Aimin glanced at him, "Wash the dishes in a while!"

Zhang Ye had already finished eating. There was nothing left from the two plates and bowl of rice. He rubbed his belly and burped. He could not help but sweep his gaze across the landlady's wet vest.

Whether it was because she knew she would sweat or because it was uncomfortable, the landlady had not worn a bra. From the clues, he could tell. However, despite not wearing any underwear, Rao Aimin's breasts still appeared large,

Heavenly Queen Zhang's were large and ample.

Rao Aimin's were large and straight.

Both had their merits and their individual beauty.

Zhang Ye acted dead after eating his fill, "I can't wash the dishes. I'm too full. I can't move."

Upon hearing this, Rao Aimin, who was taking off her shoes, kicked up and the sneaker on her beautiful foot came shooting straight at Zhang Ye, "Hurry up and go!"

Shua!

The shoe flew across like lightning!

Zhang Ye did not have any time to react, and upon seeing it flying towards him, without a thought, he subconsciously lifted his leg to block. But when he stretched out his leg, the movement in his leg changed. It was like a reflex action. When Zhang Ye's leg lifted, the tip of his foot angled and managed to meet the flying shoe. Then, with his ankle trembling in a manner he could not comprehend, he seemed to draw a circle in midair and reduced the force in Rao Aimin's shoe. And with the bottom of Zhang Ye's foot lifting up again, the shoe flew back along its original trajectory. Bada. It landed exactly where Rao Aimin's foot was!

Rao Aimin exclaimed!

Chenchen also looked at Zhang Ye in surprise!

Zhang Ye was dumbfounded. What had happened?

This set of actions was like flowing water. Zhang Ye's feet were as if they were dancing. A kick, a roll and a shot caused the shoe to return along its original trajectory!

This was...Taiji?

This bro really knows the Taiji Fist?

Chenchen could not tell what move Zhang Ye had used. She only found it fascinating and beautiful!

The landlady had not looked at him after kicking her shoe. She was busy changing into slippers, so she had not seen Zhang Ye's motions, "Your Taekwondo level has increased?"

Zhang Ye chuckled and did not speak the truth, "Indeed. As a neighbor of Big Sis Rao, being influenced by a martial arts master all this time, there would definitely be some improvements."

Rao Aimin smiled, "That's something I like to hear."

Chenchen exposed him, "Bootlicker. Aunt, he doesn't want to wash the dishes."

Zhang Ye, "..." This wicked child. How does she know what I'm thinking!?

In the end, Zhang Ye had to reluctantly wash the dishes. Actually, he was just engaging in idle banter. After scrounging for food, it was only appropriate for him to wash the dishes. Hence, to allow him to scrounge for food and drink in the future, Zhang Ye still did the house chores.

While he was hard at work in the kitchen, his heart was in turmoil. The Taiji Fist skill books were not ineffective. Look at those moves just now!

Too cool!

Too beautiful!

Zhang Ye looked outside the kitchen. Seeing that Rao Aimin and Chenchen were not around, he picked up a bowl and played with the bowl. He wanted to try it again. But this time, it was the same result as the numerous attempts he had before. There was no effect, and he nearly dropped the bowl! Could the Taiji Fist skill be too high level for him? Hence, he was unable to use the moves as he wished, like he did with Taekwondo? It could only be used on sudden inspiration? Damn, why does it sound like I'm from Jin Yong's novel! Despite having the skill of the Six Meridian Divine Sword, he could not use it usually! Isn't this a problem!?

Chapter 182 - Zhang Ye is Publishing Another Book!

Around 2 P.M.

Chenchen needed her afternoon nap, so Rao Aimin chased Zhang Ye out of the house.

Having filled his stomach, he made a burp of satisfaction and headed for his apartment. When he had mostly digested his food, Zhang Ye got changed into his sports attire and a pair of sneakers, as he did not have running shoes. He had to make do with what he had and headed out for a run, just like Rao Aimin.

1 round...

3 rounds...

He ran around the neighborhood to improve his fitness.

Zhang Ye thought that his Taiji Fist could not be used effectively because his body could not keep up with the skill. Like Taekwondo, he had the experience and movements in his head, but he could not execute the moves to its full potential. He lacked strength, reaction speed and stamina. When he fought Wang Cen, his technical skill was slightly better, but yet he was at the disadvantage and on the losing end. In the end, he had to use the consumable item, Health Potion, that he had received from the Lottery to turn the tables around. Zhang Ye had learned his lesson.

Just kung fu alone doesn't cut it!

His body had to match up, too!

For instance, for Taiji Fist, even if he ate 1,000 Taiji experience books, as long as his physical strength remained the same, not even 10,000 experience books would enable him to do what Rao Aimin did —

slicing the steel scissors!

He needed to train!

This had to go through the process and he had to remain determined!

In the future, he would have to run and do some pushups every day.

After running for over an hour, Zhang Ye headed home, drenched in sweat. Just as he entered through the door, the phone in his pocket started ringing.

"Hello, who is this?" Zhang Ye said, catching his breath.

"Hello, Teacher Zhang. We are from the North Chinese Youth and Children's Publishing House." It was a middle-aged man's voice on the other side. It sounded rather hoarse.

Zhang Ye stayed on the phone as he went into the toilet to grab a towel to wipe off his sweat, "Oh, I'm sorry, but my fairy tale stories copyrights have all been sold."

The middle-aged man was a little stunned, but said cheerfully, "We are not calling regarding your fairy tales. We know that your fairy tales have already been published by the Beijing Education Publishing Firm. I'm looking for you to discuss about other publication opportunities. To my understanding, some of your written works and your modern poems have not been published yet, right? If the copyright is not in your hands, then we will forget about it. But I don't see any publications in the market now."

Zhang Ye kept silent for a bit and threw down his towel, "My poems?"

"Yes. We want to do a compilation for you, a 'Zhang Ye's Compilation', that has all your written works and poems, including your couplets." The middle-aged man said, "Let's meet up for a chat? Or you can visit our publication house?"

This interested Zhang Ye. He had been worried about being out of a job and not having enough exposure to maintain his popularity since the afternoon. But good news came knocking on his door. Zhang Ye had not thought of publishing a compilation of his works before. He knew that it was difficult. Which of the authors, who had ever released a compilation, was not well-known? Of course, some unknown authors had also released compilations before. They either bought their way in or depended on their network, but the sales were too poor. They were better off not releasing it.

Zhang Ye always believed that if he wanted to publish his poetry compilation, the biggest hurdle was that he started too late. It had only been a few months and his works only numbered in the dozens. What was the concept of having a dozen poems? Even if they increased the font and put a poem on each page, he would only have a dozen pages. Ignoring the publication of a book, even for a pamphlet, it was too thin! Zhang Ye also did not want to bring over all the classic poems from his previous world in one shot. Whenever he used one, there was one less. He needed to keep them on the blade, so he gave up on the idea of releasing a poetry compilation. He had not expected someone to approach him about this matter instead.

"Alright, I will head on over."

"You sound out of breath. Did you just get home?"

"I was always home, hur hur, but I went for a run just now."

"Why don't I go over to your place instead? You can choose where to meet. It's up to you."

"It's fine. I would like to take a look at your publishing house, too. Send me your address, and I will drive over."

After hanging up, he received a message with the address. Zhang Ye took a quick shower to wash off his sweat and then drove to the location.

.....

North Chinese Youth and Children's Publishing House.

The headquarters was in Beijing, but the place was a bit out of the way, with it not being in the city's center.

On the way there, Zhang Ye went online on his phone to check out the publishing house. He found out that there were many youth and children's publishing houses in the country, but none of them only published reading materials for youths or children. Some even did not publish such materials, but instead dealt with traditional novels or web novels. That had nothing to do with "youths" or "children" at all.

In the lobby.

Zhang Ye finally found the building and walked in.

Just as he was walking to the front desk reception, Zhang Ye was immediately recognized by the young lady seated there. She said to him, "Teacher Zhang Ye, you came? I'll take you upstairs."

Zhang Ye smiled, "Thank you."

"You're welcome," the young lady said as she led him to the 3rd floor.

Knocking on the door, she then opened it and walked in. "Editor-in-Chief Zhang, Teacher Zhang Ye is here."

That person stood up to welcome him, smiling with his outstretched hand, "How are you, Teacher Zhang? We are family; both of us are Zhangs. My name is Zhang Lu. I have heard of you for a long time now." From his voice, this was likely the middle aged-man who had spoken with him over the phone just now.

Zhang Ye shook his hand, "It's all infamy."

Hearing his self-deprecating tone, Zhang Lu said, "That's not true;

you have helped Father Wei seek justice. Anyone who knows about it will give you the thumbs up. How could they fire you?" Zhang Lu laughed, "They let a treasure like you slip away. It's so laughable." This was rather true, and it was also Zhang Lu's opinion. If Zhang Ye was from his publishing firm, even if he had created so much trouble, the firm would fight to keep him since Zhang Ye's intentions were good in the first place. They had already heard of the extremely good sales of "Ghost Blows Out the Light" and his other fairy tales. Who wouldn't fight to keep such a cash cow?

Of course, you cannot compare apples to oranges. After all, a publishing firm and a television station were very different. Profits were now the main concern for publishing firms, as political publications had decreased. For television stations, who earned money from ratings and advertising sponsorship, they were much focused on political implications, so their industries were different.

There were about 3 to 4 other people in the room.

Zhang Lu introduced them to Zhang Ye one by one. They were people of both sexes, all employees of the publishing firm.

After the introductions, Zhang Ye sat down, "About the compilation, I don't really understand or know why you would like to publish them. There will not be enough pages, right?"

Zhang Lu smiled, "There will be enough. We will have illustrations as well."

"Illustrations?" Zhang Ye said, "Would that help much?"

"There will also be translations and sentence analysis. A poem will take up to 3 to 4 pages; one page of illustration, another one to two pages of analysis. But of course, the analysis would not be written by us. We wouldn't dare to because no one can claim to understand all of your works. This would be better left to the author. The same would go for the couplets. Two to three couplets would appear on each page and we would be able to come up with a compilation

without problems," said Zhang Lu.

Zhang Ye pondered for a moment, "The explanation is not a problem, but.. isn't the amount of content still lacking?" He felt that it was just to bolster the page count.

A youth at the back said, "It's not little at all. Even if we take one of your poems and make a book out of it, no one would dare to say a thing, let alone having so many of your works in the book. "The Song of the Stormy Petrel" and "Tribute to the White Poplar", with their words enlarged a little, will easily be able to take up 7 to 8 pages."

F**k!

How big would the words have to be then!

But Zhang Ye himself wanted to publish a book, too. Firstly, there was his fame to consider. Secondly, it was to maintain his popularity. Thirdly, whether it be for money or Reputation points, he could also do with some extra money.

Finally, it came to the point of them discussing about the price.

They would buy all his copyright for 400,000 Yuan!

This was already quite a high price. After all, a literary compilation was not a novel. It was not as popular with the masses as entertainment material like novels. Only some cultural hipsters would buy it, hence the price naturally could not compare with "Ghost Blows Out the Light", and could only be about the same price as the children's fairy tales. And if no comparison was made with novels, compared to other pure literary works or compilations of other authors, the price for Zhang Ye's compilation was definitely much higher than theirs.

There was no reason to wonder why!

It was because every piece of Zhang Ye's works were too popular!

With the negotiations settled and the contract drawn up, Zhang Lu and Zhang Ye shook hands once again, "We had a good time working together. Thank you for trusting our publication house. Leave the publishing and promotional matters to us. With your reputation and fame in Beijing, the sales will definitely not be low." With a pause, he said, "About the analysis of the poems..."

Zhang Ye said, "I'll write it when I get home. I'll pass it to you tomorrow."

Zhang Lu extremely liked Zhang Ye's straightforwardness and his high efficiency, as he said, "Alright, then I'll count on your hard work. Actually doing so in a month would do. After all, analysis work is not something trivial. Oh, and there's also something. We might need a preface or prologue, or some overall introduction to the poetry compilation."

Zhang Ye blinked, "Preface?"

Zhang Lu nodded, "Right. Write anything that comes to your mind. It preferably resonates with the poetry compilation's contents. If the first page began with the poetry compilation, it would feel like something is lacking. What say you?"

"Alright." Zhang Ye asked, "Do you have a pen?"

Zhang Lu's eyes lit up, "Are you writing it now? Good! Of course there is!"

The people behind him all knew that it wasn't easy for someone to witness Zhang Ye creating a work on the spot. They were very happy and excited, "Why don't you use a brush? If that's the case, we can directly use your words for the cover or preface. It will feel better than using computer fonts."

Zhang Lu agreed, "Right. What a good idea. I heard that Teacher Zhang's words are pretty good."

"Sure," Zhang Ye did not mind.

A youth quickly prepared it. A minute later, he came back with an ink stick and took the initiative to grind the ink for Zhang Ye.

"I'll take the pictures." A woman took out a camera and took a few pictures from the side and front. She included the Editor-in-Chief, Zhang Lu, too. In the future, they could also use it in promotional materials. Then the woman focused the camera and waited to take a picture of Teacher Zhang Ye writing.

Preface?

It had to match the content?

His literary compilation definitely needed his own thoughts and values.

Thinking of the death written of in "My Confession" and "Prisoner's Song", and then thinking of the existence in "A Generation" and "Tribute to the White Poplar"...

Zhang Ye lifted his brush and wrote a preface on the calligraphy paper.

"Let life be beautiful like summer flowers and death like autumn leaves — Zhang Ye."

Chapter 183 - The Heavenly Queen is going to be Zhang Ye's Wife?

Zhang Lu was dumbfounded, "Let life be beautiful like summer flowers?"

"Death like... autumn leaves?" The young editor recited it in a daze.

"The words are written so nicely! This poem is even better!" An old editor gave his kudos.

"Teacher Zhang Ye is indeed talented! I believe it today!" the only woman there said.

Zhang Ye put down the brush and smiled at the female editor, "Could it be that you didn't believe it in the past?"

The woman's face turned red and she quickly waved her hands, "No, no such thing. I never saw it with my own eyes in the past, so I did not feel as strongly. Hai, I chose my words wrongly. Tonight, Editor-in-Chief Zhang will treat you to dinner. I will punish myself with a cup of alcohol as to atone for my sins."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "It's fine. I'm not that particular. Hur hur, I was just joking."

Zhang Lu was still looking at the words, "Was this really thought up on the spot by you? It's absolutely impressive. Using this poem for the preface is extremely apt! The mood written in it is indescribable!"

The people from the publishing house were giving their kudos. Some even applauded and were not stingy with their praises towards Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye hurriedly answered with a few modest words. This poem was just a simple sentence. In terms of word count, it was even shorter than "A Generation". However, the fewer the words, the more

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apparent his skill was. It was not easy to write it. A saying went that the philosophy at the highest level can be described with the simplest words. It was probably this principle. This poem actually had a great origin. It was a poem from his world's famous Indian poet, Tagore, in "Stray Birds". The translation was by Zheng Zhenduo. It was a very famous poem in Zhang Ye's world. Actually, even "See Me or Not" and "This is also Everything" were not as famous as this poem. Be it the original version or the translated version, just a short sentence had a strong mood leap out of the paper!

Why did he use this as a prologue?

Why did Zhang Ye use this sentence as a prologue?

Firstly, Zhang Ye wanted it to resonate with the works in the compilation. The poetry he liked and the poems he used from his world were all more open and free. Be it being indifferent, or cursing, or moving, or taking death lightly, or a life full of vibrancy, this poem that came from "Stray Birds" was perfectly apt. It was as if it summarized all his works at once. Secondly, this poem also reflected Zhang Ye's character and ideals. It could also be said to describe his wishes.

Let life be beautiful like summer flowers and death like autumn leaves.

This sentence might seem slightly artistic, but in simple words, and using the words great men used to commemorate Comrade Liu Hulan, this poem could also be said to be—A great life! A glorious death! Actually, Zhang Ye also wanted this sentence of the greats as a prologue, but it was too blunt, nor was he that great and glorious to praise himself. Hence, his world's famous poem from "Stray Birds" came out!

.....

Back home.

Chapter 183 - The Heavenly Queen is going to be Zhang Ye's Wife?

Zhang Ye began doing the comments and notes.

This was indeed a heavy workload. If he had to make up something, it would not only take more than a day, even a month would not be enough. It would bound to be full of errors, too. Zhang Ye then took a look at his Game Reputation. Once it crept up slowly to 200,000 points, he bought 2 Memory Search Capsules from the Merchant Shop to look through the analysis and notes of those poems back in his world.

After staying up the whole night and day, he finally finished and delivered them to the publishing house.

.....

Today.

It was almost nighttime now. Autumn was almost over and the nights fell earlier.

Zhang Ye looked on as the sun set. He lay in bed without moving. His arms were sore and his neck was aching. There was no part of him that was not tired. He had spent the past two days writing up his comments. Even though all the content was already in his head and with the Memory Search Capsules, he could retrieve all the information fully intact, it was still a lot of work. He also had to work on modifying the script and comments until late at night before everything was completed. For the whole of today, Zhang Ye lazed in bed without moving. He even skipped running, which he had been doing daily for the last few days. He needed a break.

Ring, ring, ring.

Zhang Lu from the publishing house called.

Zhang Ye, who had been lying down all day, had some life injected into him. He reached out to answer the call, "Hello, Editor Zhang."

"Teacher Zhang, you have worked hard." Zhang Lu was smiling

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widely on the other side, "I have read through the comments and notes last night. Everything is good. We got the typesetting done today and the illustrations are also ready. I just got out from the printers. The first edition has already been printed. If nothing goes wrong, we will be using this edition for release. They will be released for sale in the next few days. But before that, I think you should have a look at it first. It's your compilation after all. Are you at home now? Is it convenient?"

Zhang Ye politely said, "Why don't I look for you instead?"

"No need. I am around the area. Shall I go over to your place?" asked Zhang Lu.

"That's fine, too." It did not matter to Zhang Ye. He wanted to quickly see the finished product, too. Compared to "Ghost Blows Out the Light" and the fairy tales, this compilation might not be comparable to them in terms of sales; there was nothing to even compete with. But "Zhang Ye's Compilation" had immeasurable value. But in terms of literature, in terms of its meaning, "Ghost Blows Out the Light" would not even stand a chance against this!

What did the compilation represent?

It represented fame! It represented reputation!

It could be said that once the compilation was released, Zhang Ye would have made his mark in the literary world. No one could refute him as his place had already been recognized by the market and audience. Whichever poet or author they might be, they all had to be tested by the market before they could claim to be a writer. Otherwise, it would only be considered as self-praise. Literature was not only for other literary persons, but for the masses, too. Take for example Wang Shuixin. Although he was quite a bigwig in the country's poetry circles, if he wanted to publish a compilation of his poetry, it was unlikely that any publishers would work with him because, if they did, they might not even make much profit. Even worse, the publishers might even take a big loss!

Chapter 183 - The Heavenly Queen is going to be Zhang Ye's Wife?

It was time to get up.

Zhang Ye showered before cleaning up his house.

Ding dong, the bell sounded. He went to open the door, "Editor-in-Chief Zhang, come...." even before he could complete the sentence, he was slightly shocked, "It's you?"

There was a strange person standing at the door.

Wearing a hat, aviator shades and a face mask.

If it were anyone else, they would have jumped in shock, thinking that this was some criminal. But Zhang Ye was familiar with this person. This sort of situation had already happened a few times, "Sister Zhang? Why are you here?"

Zhang Yuanqi's beautiful eyes hidden behind her sunglasses looked at him, "You don't welcome me?"

"Of course I welcome you." Zhang Ye said listlessly, "Please come in."

Zhang Yuanqi was dressed to the nines today. A bright red dress paired with red heels of at least 10 cm or more. She was even taller than Zhang Ye.

Was she not afraid of the cold?

Zhang Ye closed the door, "Where did you go to?"

Zhang Yuanqi kicked off her heels while leaning against the door. She let out a breath and said tiredly, "Movie premiere."

Kicking off her heels?

Barefooted?

What sort of image was she giving! What Heavenly Queen!

"White Maiden 2? The premiere was today?" Zhang Ye knew about it

Chapter 183 - The Heavenly Queen is going to be Zhang Ye's Wife?

as he had paid attention to her news.

Zhang Yuanqi nodded, "I got a cab while everyone was still busy. Do you have water?"

"Let me see." Zhang Ye looked a little, then threw an unopened bottle of water to her, "It's the last bottle. Leave some for me. I'm thirsty, too." He was not so polite anymore since he was quite familiar with the Heavenly Queen already. "Oh, give me a call first in future if you are coming. At least let me get prepared."

Zhang Yuanqi looked at him, "My phone's with my manager. Where can I put it in this dress of mine? Oh, you need to go downstairs. I have not paid for the cab yet."

"Ah?"

"I did not bring my purse."

"....You're really great."

Zhang Ye could only quickly make his way downstairs.

The cab driver had been waiting for the longest time. Seeing Zhang Ye coming to pay up, he said angrily, "You are keeping me from doing my job! Dare to take a cab when she didn't even bring money! Is that your girlfriend? How could she...." At this moment, the cab driver was surprised, "Aiyo, aren't you Teacher Zhang Ye?"

Zhang Ye gave a wry smile, "That's me."

The cab driver stuffed the money back to him, "Then I don't want it."

Zhang Ye a little stunned said, "How is that? Take it, take it."

The cab driver looked at him, "Who doesn't know about you going broke to save a fan's life? And after that, seeking justice for Father Wei and losing your job? If I were to take your money, I would be cursed to death by my other cab colleagues! Don't want, don't want!"

Chapter 183 - The Heavenly Queen is going to be Zhang Ye's Wife?

I'm leaving!"

"Don't! Hey! Driver!" Zhang Ye chased after him.

The cab driver had sped away after making a turn.

Zhang Ye felt a little warm inside and shouted out to the cab, "Then thank you!"

The car windows rolled down and the driver put out his hands to give Zhang Ye a thumbs up. Then the cab disappeared into the distance.

Back upstairs.

The windows were open. Zhang Yuanqi probably heard everything.

Zhang Yuanqi was sitting cross-legged on the chair, reading a book. She looked up and said, "You have some reputation, don't you?"

Zhang Ye said, "Don't kid me. If you removed your face mask, you would be free to walk all over the country. How could my little reputation compare to you?"

Zhang Yuanqi muttered, "I will pay you back next time."

"Forget it. I did not expect you to anyway. Just don't steal my song next time."

Just as they were chatting, the doorbell rang!

Holy sh*t! This was going to be bad!

Zhang Ye acknowledged the knocking, but suddenly realized something. He looked over to Zhang Yuanqi, "Uhm, so someone is coming over from the publishing house. You...."

Zhang Yuanqi frowned, "Why didn't you say so earlier?"

"You did not inform me earlier either!" Zhang Ye looked left and right

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to find a place.

Zhang Yuanqi reached for her sunglasses and face mask.

Zhang Ye did not know whether to laugh or to cry, "It's already dark. Who wears this at home at this time? It'll look odd!"

An open apartment like this could not possibly hide anyone. Zhang Yuanqi simply slid into the chair with her back facing the door. She continued to read like nothing was wrong, "This will do!"

The bell sounded again.

Zhang Ye could not delay anymore. He was worried that if anyone saw the Heavenly Queen at his home, it would be a mess. Hesitating for a moment, he still opened the door, but stood at the entrance. It looked like he did not intend to ask them in, "Editor Zhang, yo. Editor Chen and Editor Sun are here, too?"

Three people had came over; two men and a woman.

Zhang Lu smiled, "We were just passing by after work. We came together in a car."

The female editor standing behind had sharp eyes. She spotted the woman's figure in the apartment, "Eh! That is....."

Zhang Ye paused for a moment. It's done for. This time it's bad! The Heavenly Queen had been recognized!

The female editor the laughed and said, "Is that Teacher Zhang Ye's wife? Just from her back, I can tell that she is beautiful! Teacher Zhang is really blessed!"

Chapter 183: The Heavenly Queen is going to be Zhang Ye's Wife?

Chapter 184 - The Misunderstanding of the Publishing House's Employees!

My wife?

I really do wish so.

But I can't afford to have such a 'wife'.

Zhang Ye gave a perfunctory smile to the visitors standing outside, "Oh no, I'm not married yet. That's a friend of mine. She came to visit and to borrow some books."

The Heavenly Queen continued sitting with her back facing them. She did not make a sound.

The female editor felt that it was a little strange. Even if they were just friends, how could she not stand up to welcome them when there visitors were about to enter the house? She did not even turn her head? What kind of situation was this? Why was it so bizarre? The female editor courteously greeted the woman whose face could not be seen, "Hello, elder sister." She could see that she was older just by the way she dressed up and her hairstyle. And Zhang Ye's reputation was not small either, so being his friend, calling her elder sister would not be wrong.

The woman who was reading the books acknowledged softly and then continued doing her thing.

The female editor awkwardly scratched her hair and said to Zhang Ye, "Uh, did we.....come at the wrong time?"

Zhang Ye could only make up something saying, "No, she....she just had an argument with me. Her mood's not that good. Don't mind her. I'm sorry about it."

Argument?

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Weren't you just friends? What argument?

The female editor thought to herself that this must definitely be your girlfriend!

Zhang Lu and the other editor also thought it was strange. They blinked and looked at Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang, we brought the books over. Where do you want to put it?"

A thick pile of books in a box.

Zhang Ye was surprised, "So many books? There must be 20 in there?"

Zhang Lu laughed, "30 books, and they are all first prints. There's no bulk print yet."

The editor holding the box looked inside the apartment, "Where do you want to place these? Look through them first. If they're okay, then we will do the bulk printing."

Zhang Ye immediately blocked the door, "There's no need. I trust you all. There won't be any problems."

"It's better to look at it first. If by any chance there's a wrong word, it would affect the quality and sales." Zhang Lu suggested.

The male editor had already entered the apartment, "I will put it here on the floor then. Hu, it's rather heavy."

Seeing the situation, Zhang Ye turned back to check on Zhang Yuanqi's position frequently, "This...."

But Zhang Lu and the female editor also followed in and even closed the door. Zhang Ye could not even make them leave now. There was no reason to!

This was bad!

The cat's going to be out of the bag soon!

Chapter 184 - The Misunderstanding of the Publishing House's Employees!

"Let's.... Where should we sit and discuss?" Zhang Lu asked.

Zhang Ye wiped his sweat, "On the bed. Feel free to take a seat."

The Heavenly Queen, who was reading, was facing the corner. If they sat on the bed, they would not be able to see her face. At most, they would be able to see her side partially.

The female editor squatted down to open the box and took out a few books. She gave one to Zhang Ye first, "Take a look." and then turned around and politely said to the woman with an extremely beautiful back view, "Sis, for you....."

Before she could finish saying, the beautiful woman said coldly, "No need."

The female editor choked and coughed, "Okay then." The two of them really argued? From the looks of it, it was a very big argument. She didn't give any face at all?

Zhang Ye suddenly felt a loss of face, too, "Hey you, she was passing you a book." He knew that was the Heavenly Queen's attitude, but even so, even if you did not want to turn around, you can't say that. Where would this bro put his face now! So Zhang Ye took the book from the female editor's hands and walked over. He put it into Zhang Yuanqi's hands, "Help me take a look, too, to see whether there are any typos."

The Heavenly Queen did not reply.

Zhang Ye tried to smooth things over, "Take a seat. I will get some tea for you."

"There's no need, Teacher Zhang. We won't be staying long. Take a look at the compilation first. If it's okay, then it's set. We will not bother you two from resting." The male editor also smiled ambiguously.

Our rest?

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Rest, my ass!

Zhang Ye could not argue. He flipped open "Zhang Ye's Compilation". The cover was simple. It looked elegant in a conventional way. Upon opening it, Zhang Ye's age and resume was written on the first page on the left. The first page on the right was the preface — "Let life be beautiful like summer flowers and death like autumn leaves."

Flipping to the next pages.

A page of poetry, a page of illustration, followed by a page or two of notes.

After reading it all, Zhang Ye nodded in satisfaction, "Okay, I'm done reading it. It's all good."

Usually when a book was published, the author would be the one begging the publishing house to quickly release the book. But for a person of Zhang Ye's level, it had become the publishing house who had to beg him. Otherwise, for normal authors, which chief editor of a publishing house would bring his team to send the first print to the doorstep? There was no need to mention how widespread Zhang Ye's poems were on the internet. Each one of them was a miracle. Any one of his works would easily gain at least a million clicks. On Weibo, it would have thousands of forwards and a few thousand comments. In addition, Zhang Ye's "Ghost Blows Out the Light" and his fairy tales had all accumulated several millions of Yuan in sales, so he was already a well-established author in this field. He had even been a radio host and television host before, so he already had a level of fame in Beijing. Although his number of fans was not extremely high, the number of hardcore fans was enough. If each bought a book, they would not have to incur any losses. So on the matter of publication, the publication house was very polite to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Lu stood up and smiled while shaking Zhang Ye's hands, "Okay then. The first edition is settled. I will rush the printing press tomorrow."

Chapter 184 - The Misunderstanding of the Publishing House's Employees!

Zhang Ye said, "Let's work together happily."

"To good cooperation." Zhang Lu said.

The female editor said, "Teacher Zhang, then we will be leaving now."

"Let me see you out," Zhang Ye took a coat to wear.

"There's no need." said the male editor, "You must be tired from rushing out the notes these few days. You must not have slept much. Editor Zhang's car is just downstairs. There's no need to come out."

The female editor giggled, "Right, you should keep sister-in-law company."

Sister-in-law?

What sister-in-law!

Zhang Ye nearly fainted and said, "She's really my friend, just ordinary friends. You've misunderstood."

The female editor just smiled. The three of them then opened the door and left.

Zhang Ye walked them to the corridor as a gesture.

At this moment, Zhang Lu also laughed. He patted Zhang Ye on the shoulder, "Alright, go in and coax your partner. Your partner must really have a temper, just like my wife. My wife is the same; she won't care at all when she's angry. Doesn't even leave any face for me.

Being experienced in this, let me give you a few pointers. You know women; they all need to be coaxed. Give in when you need to give in. When she is over it, you can go back to being the man."

Zhang Ye, "..."

He wanted to explain, but they had already taken the lift down.

Turning around, he saw that Zhang Yuanqi was still in the same

Chapter 184 - The Misunderstanding of the Publishing House's Employees!

position, reading the book and not looking behind.

Zhang Ye looked at her for a while, and then puckered his mouth.
Hng, this Zhang Yuanqi has too many shortcomings.

1st, she puts on a false front!

2nd, her attitude was really poor!

3rd, her survival skills were low!

4th, she doesn't take into consideration how others feel!

And so on and so forth. It numbered so much that it was uncountable!

As for her strong points, she had one — She was pretty.

And then, is there any need to go on? No, there's nothing more to say. Then..... All the shortcomings from before no longer mattered!

Chapter 185

At home.

The two of them said nothing.

Zhang Ye bent down and picked the box of books up. He placed the books by the window and after throwing away the empty box, he looked at the floor. He then picked up the red stilettos that the Heavenly Queen had kicked away and walked a few steps to place them by the door. He then threw a pair of slippers towards her.

"Slippers!" Zhang Ye reminded her.

"Oh..." Zhang Yuanqi placed her feet down and wore them.

Zhang Ye looked at her, "Have you eaten?"

"Yes," Zhang Yuanqi answered half-heartedly.

"Then carry on reading. I will make some food." said Zhang Ye.

The Heavenly Queen did not turn her head, she continued to read the book. It was Zhang Ye's compilation book.

Zhang Ye was hungry. Zhang Lu and company made him nervous. The Heavenly Queen had nearly been discovered, resulting in Zhang Ye's heart being on tenterhooks. He turned on the stove and prepared a bowl of Guamian noodles, eggs and some green onions. He was sick of eating instant noodles. So he wanted to eat Guamian noodles to have a change of taste.

He slurped it up.

As he was eating, the Heavenly Queen suddenly closed the book, "Give me the book."

"Ah?" Zhang Ye said with the noodles forming a beard on his chin,

"Take it, I have plenty anyway."

Zhang Yuanqi glanced at him, "Let life be beautiful like summer flowers and death like autumn leaves.' Did you write that?"

"Who else could it be?" Zhang Ye laughed, "Why? It's not bad, right?"

Zhang Yuanqi said nonchalantly, "One day when I publish a book, help me write a preface. That's settled."

"What do you mean, 'settled'!? That won't do." Zhang Ye tutted, "My poems aren't freely given. If you really like my poems, I can give you the book and give you my autograph."

Zhang Yuanqi said without giving any face, "The autograph is unnecessary."

Zhang Ye said angrily, "You won't have any friends in the future by being like that!"

After finishing the noodles and washing the dishes, Zhang Ye looked at his watch. It was getting late.

"Are you leaving today?" Zhang Ye asked.

"Yes." Zhang Yuanqi also raised her wrist to check the time. She probably also found out that it was late. Looking sideways, her eyes landed on Zhang Ye's wallet. Without any propriety, she picked up the wallet on the table and opened it. She then took 500 Yuan out of it.

Zhang Ye said in alarm, "What are you doing?"

"I didn't bring money. Lend me some," Zhang Yuanqi said coldly.

Zhang Ye said helplessly, "Forget it. I'll send you back."

Zhang Yuanqi acknowledged, "That would do."

"Man, can you be more polite?" Zhang Ye was at a loss whether to

laugh or to cry, "Where is your house? As long as it's not too far. It's nearly 9. If it's the suburbs, I won't be able to come back after going there."

Zhang Yuanqi said coldly, "There's a Jinyuan hotel at Ma Jia Bao. You can send me there."

"Why are you going to a hotel?" Zhang Ye asked curiously.

"Peace and quiet for two days. I'm evading a job," Zhang Yuanqi said.

Zhang Ye only realized that the Heavenly Queen came to his house every time to relax. She was evading the bustle. At his place, she did not need to care about her status as the Heavenly Queen. She could do or say anything she wanted. Today, the Heavenly Queen clearly had such intentions. But since it was already late, she most likely did not want to stay in Zhang Ye's house. It was unbecoming for a male and female to be alone together. The first time was only because she was drunk and had no clothes to wear.

Hai, forget it. He would go all the way to help her. Whenever the Heavenly Queen was stressed with work, she would first think of Zhang Ye and come to him. Although Zhang Ye constantly complained, he was quite flattered deep down. The Heavenly Queen did not stand on ceremony with her nonchalant attitude. From a different angle, if the Heavenly Queen really disliked Zhang Ye as much as she said she did, why would she come to Zhang Ye's house every time she wanted to relax? Why would she not find other friends? Hence, Zhang Ye believed that although he was not important in the Heavenly Queen's heart, he was at least special. Besides, the Heavenly Queen trusted him greatly. Thinking of this, Zhang Ye wore a tender smile. Trusting me would be right. You have the foresight to know that this bro would not spout nonsense about you. The Heavenly Queen has a bad temper, so she had a way of evaluating people.

The Heavenly Queen already wore her sunglasses and face mask.

Zhang Ye was also afraid that he would be recognized. He was after all somewhat famous in Beijing. Hence, he also wore a pair of sunglasses and he avoided arousing suspicion by not walking together with the Heavenly Queen. He first went down to drive the car over. After he stopped the car at a secluded spot, Zhang Yuanqi also appeared downstairs a short while later.

"Over here." Zhang Ye rolled down his car windows and said softly.

Zhang Yuanqi looked at his BMW X5. She did not sit in the passenger seat, she sat at the back. This made it difficult for people to see her.
"Your car?"

Zhang Ye tapped the steering wheel, "That's right. Not bad, right!? You must think that this is a normal X5, right? Ha, then you would be wrong! This car of mine is..."

Zhang Yuanqi lowered her head and carried on reading Zhang Ye's compilation.

Zhang Ye wanted to brag but he ended up choking on his words. He could only depressingly drive off. He did not brag again. This Heavenly Queen did not like chatting!

It was not far away.

In front of them, the signboard of Jinyuan hotel appeared.

Zhang Ye stopped by the road, "We are here. It looks like a 5-star hotel? Or is it 4-star? The 500 you took from me won't be enough for you to stay there for two days, right?"

Zhang Yuanqi did not even lift her head while reading the book, "Help me get a room. I don't have a purse, nor do I have any identification. Even if I had it, I can't use it." Indeed, that was the case. If the Heavenly Queen's identification card was used at the hotel, a storm would brew. She could wear sunglasses, but the picture on her identification card couldn't. She was bound to be recognized. Typically, a celebrity at the level of the Heavenly Queen,

even when they were out on business trips, would have their managers or assistants book a room for them using their own identification. If the fans knew, they would definitely be surrounded, and that would be trouble.

"Alright." Zhang Ye smacked his lips. He alighted and walked into the hotel lobby, "Hi, I want to get a room."

"Do you have a reservation?", the clerk at the front desk asked.

"No," Zhang Ye shook his head.

The clerk said, "Then I'm very sorry. All our rooms are full."

Zhang Ye was surprised, "They are all full? A suite would do as well."

"Not a single room is available." The clerk explained, "It's already 9, so unless someone checks out now, it is very unlikely."

Zhang Ye could only exit the hotel and return to the car. "There aren't any rooms left."

Zhang Yuanqi frowned, "Keep looking. Other hotels will do."

"Man, I've already become your assistant." Zhang Ye was feeling stifled as he drove around.

After alighting the car and asking a relatively presentable hotel, there were still no rooms. Zhang Ye asked the clerk at the front desk if there were any places he could get nearby. The clerk was pretty good and he secretly pointed across the road. When Zhang Ye looked over, it was a signboard of a motel!

Who cares!

Staying anywhere was the same!

Zhang Ye did not tell Zhang Yuanqi. After driving across the road, he found that the motel was located in a small residential area. It was called Chengfeng Motel. It was very old and it looked very crappy

from the exterior.

Entering the motel.

"Is there a room available?" Zhang Ye asked.

The clerk at the front desk checked the computer, "Let me see. Oh, there's one. A room with a normal king sized bed."

Zhang Ye nodded, "I'll take it. Please give it to me." He then took his identification card out and proceeded with the formalities.

The clerk probably did not know Zhang Ye. He had no reaction after seeing the identification card. The room was ready for him.

Zhang Ye did not go up, he first returned to the car and drove towards the small residential area. He stopped at a corner and then indicated to Zhang Yuanqi, "Will this do? I've already gotten a room."

Zhang Yuanqi said indifferently, "What do you think?"

Zhang Ye coughed, "This place is actually not bad. It's not eye-catching, so there's no worry that others will recognize you. Who would think that the Heavenly Queen would stay here? Right? It is a deception. Don't you want two days of peace and quiet, so no one will disturb you? I think that this place is perfectly suitable. It's also cheap." Yes, the key reason was because it was cheap.

The Heavenly Queen did not say a word. He couldn't tell if she was satisfied or not.

Zhang Ye ended up saying, "Let's go. If it won't do, I'll reserve a better hotel for you and change it. There are definitely no rooms available today. It's so late."

Zhang Yuanqi kept the book, "Go."

"I'll be going in first. You join me in 5 minutes. Room 318. Since you don't have any identification, the front desk might check if we are

together." Saying that, Zhang Ye first entered the motel.

The room was not big and it was at most 18 square meters.

Zhang Ye looked down from the window and he saw the Heavenly Queen walk towards the motel. This scene made Zhang Ye's blood rush. It felt like he was engaging in an extramarital affair. Suddenly, Zhang Ye looked in the distance not far behind Zhang Yuanqi. Oh? Who are these two people? Why were they pointing at Zhang Yuanqi? They were a couple and they were probably here to get a room. However, they were currently looking at Zhang Yuanqi and were speaking in low voices.

A while later.

Knock, knock.

Zhang Ye quickly and quietly opened the door. Once the Heavenly Queen entered, he closed the door, afraid that people could see through the door's peephole. "The room is a bit small, so make do with it."

Zhang Yuanqi looked around. It was most likely that she had never lived in such a small motel before. However, she did not say a word and she drew the curtains.

Zhang Ye did not have much thoughts back at home, but at a motel, Zhang Ye could not help but fantasize. He felt somewhat embarrassed, "Then I'll be leaving first. Tomorrow, I'll reserve a room at the Jingyuan hotel. It will probably be at noon. I'll come to pick you up in the afternoon. Right, you don't have a cell phone. I'll remember the extension to your room, so I can contact you." Zhang Ye then remembered the number and wore his sunglasses and prepared to head downstairs.

When had the Heavenly Queen not lived in a five-star hotel before?

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Yet he had gotten her a motel room? And it was the cheapest place at 108 a day?

Thinking of that, Zhang Ye was slightly amused. As he was on the stairs leading to the lobby, he heard a few people conversing.

"Sorry, we don't have any more rooms."

"No, I'm a reporter. Is Zhang Yuanqi staying here?"

"Ah? Which Zhang Yuanqi? The Heavenly Queen?"

"Yes, someone said he saw her here!"

"Well, I didn't see her. Why would the Heavenly Queen live in our motel? Hur Hur, you are so humorous. Please leave. Hey, no pictures! Who let you take pictures?"

"Take the pictures. This is big news!"

Hearing this, he did not dare to take another step out. Oh no! The reporters are here!

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Room 318.

Zhang Ye quickly darted back.

Knock, knock, knock. He knocked on the door for a long time.

The door opened and a warm rush of hot air surged out. Clearly, Zhang Yuanqi had turned on the heater in the room. She was wearing very little clothing.

"What's the matter?" The Heavenly Queen asked nonchalantly.

"Let me in first!" Zhang Ye squeezed into the room and closed the door. "There's a problem!"

Zhang Yuanqi was very calm because she was battle-hardened, "Speak slowly. What happened?"

Zhang Ye pointed downstairs and said, "There are some reporters here. They're blocking the motel entrance and asking if you are staying here. I did not dare show myself, but I think I heard two of them, they even kept on taking pictures. Eh, I'm puzzled, we just arrived, how did they even know? Aiyo, I remember now. When you were coming in, wasn't there a couple who was walking behind you? I saw them pointing at you but I didn't think much of it. I thought they were just talking about your rather gorgeous dress. This is not good!"

Upon hearing that, Zhang Yuanqi switch off the lights and went to the window. She opened it a little to look downstairs.

One car...

Two cars..

There were more and more people coming!

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These people were clearly reporters. It was too obvious. Some of them were even carrying cameras.

Some of them were just ordinary people, maybe they were Heavenly Queen Zhang's fans. Many people had gathered around the motel by now and some people from the district also came over in their pyjamas.

"Sister Zhang came here?"

"I heard that too. It's so exciting!"

"Where is she? Where? Why don't I see her?

"So many reporters? Holy sh*t, is this going crazy?"

"What's crazy about it? This is Heavenly Queen Zhang. Every move of hers attracts the attention of others! If you want to talk about crazy, I'm the one going crazy. Does Sister Zhang have a boyfriend? Why would she come to a hotel? Your sister, which son of a bitch managed to woo Sister Zhang!? Don't tell me! If you do, I'll fight him to the death!"

"My Sister Zhang! My goddess!

I'm not leaving today, I want to see who it is!"

"There's only one entrance and exit for this motel. As long as we block it, we will know anyone who walks in or out!"

One after another, people arrived. Soon, about a hundred people had gathered in the front yard of the motel. The numbers were continuing to increase with many people joining out of curiosity. Where did the news spread from?!

In the room.

Zhang Yuanqi closed the curtains. "Check the internet!"

Zhang Ye immediately checked his phone's browser. Without even

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needing to search thoroughly, he had found the news article.

Clicking the link, a page appeared showing a picture of a woman's back view. Red top, black skirt, red stiletto heels. Above her head was the motel's signboard. Although it was just the back view and the picture was fuzzy, it was placed beside another clearer picture. This was the picture of Zhang Yuanqi at the premiere of "White Maiden 2". She was dressed identically in both pictures and they were even captured on the same day!

The headlines was even more exciting!

"Heavenly Queen Zhang's secret meeting with mysterious man!"

"Zhang Yuanqi and mystery man checks into motel!"

"Has Heavenly Queen's rumored boyfriend appeared? Who could it be?"

The headlines were getting more and more shocking, but the content was largely the same:

As everyone knows, since Heavenly Queen Zhang started out as a child star, she has never been in a relationship nor had there ever been any news of any relationships. But today, a couple posted a picture on Weibo. The person in the picture is suspected to be Zhang Yuanqi. After comparing the picture with our reporters' photos, it is 90% confirmed that the person who went into the motel was Zhang Yuanqi. Earlier in the day, she had attended the premiere for "White Maiden 2". Their figure and clothes are exactly the same. The premiere of "White Maiden 2" ended a few hours earlier and Heavenly Queen Zhang disappeared without even changing. She mysteriously appeared later at a motel in Nancheng wearing the same outfit. The outfit does not have pockets so that would mean she does not have any money or identification on her. The couple who spotted her first said that the Heavenly Queen had taken the elevator up directly and she did not ask for a room at the reception counter. From this, we can deduce that Heavenly Queen Zhang is not staying there alone. Someone was waiting for her! Manager?

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Assistant? Or a female friend of the Heavenly Queen? That's not likely, why would a meeting with a female friend not be at home? Or in a big hotel? But instead secretly going to a small district's insignificant motel? There could only be one answer, the other party is a man! To keep the secret, they had to settle for such a place! Who would have thought, the country's famous S-List Heavenly Queen would settle for a motel? The most dangerous place has become the safest place! But unexpectedly, she was spotted by a pair of lovers who took her picture!

After reading this, Zhang Ye nearly fainted. Is this group of reporters working as detectives? Aren't they too good at analytical work!? This and that could be put together!

Zhang Yuanqi had a deadpan look after reading the article.

Zhang Ye knew that this matter had blown up, "Why don't I leave quickly?"

"How can you leave?" Zhang Yuanqi asked, "There's only one doorway here. The motel staff might not recognize you, but do you think the reporters are stupid? You can just get by them with a pair of sunglasses?"

Zhang Ye also knew this was true. He was no longer an unknown person who could walk along the streets without being recognized. The reporters would definitely recognize him. If he went out now, his photos would be taken for sure. If he and Zhang Yuanqi had no dealings previously, they could let it slide. But Zhang Ye had written a song for the Heavenly Queen, so anyone would know that the two of them had met through work before. Two people who knew each other, two public figures, on the same day and checking into a motel at the same time. Even a fool would know that there was something to it, what more, those ultra sensitive reporters. Given the cause and effect of this matter, even Zhang Ye would not believe that he had nothing to do with Heavenly Queen Zhang!

The internet was also putting two and two together, everyone was in

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"Heavens!"

"My Sister Zhang! No!"

"Who dares to do this to my goddess? I'm furious!"

"They are even doing this at a motel? Oh, my heart! It's bleeding!"

"Bastard! Let go of our goddess!"

"You guys can't say that, Sister Zhang is a normal woman as well. She needs to have relationships, get married and have children too. You can't take away Sister Zhang's basic rights and freedom to love. I support Sister Zhang's freedom to love. Eh, she's been working too hard and getting too tired, Everyday is work, work and work, which of you has ever felt for her?"

"That might be true, but... my heart still feels terrible!"

"I can't accept it too! Who the hell could it be!? That bastard. How could he be so lucky to catch Sister Zhang's eyes? No, I must go and take a look! Ma Jia Bao is not far from where I am!"

"I'm also from Beijing! Let's go together!"

"We need to catch that man and kill him!"

Of course, most of what they said were just in a joking manner. Anyhow, almost all of the netizens had come to join in the fun and discussions. Some were supportive, saying that they were overreacting. Some objected, saying that they will skin the mysterious man alive to ease their hatred!

This was getting big!

Zhang Ye was dazed reading all of it!

This bro had often gotten into trouble before and the internet would

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often break out in discussions about him. But a scandal with Zhang Yuanqi was on a different level. In the past, the discussions were kept within Beijing. As Zhang Yuanqi was popular throughout the country, this was what you would really call a discussion. Within only half an hour, it had become the headline on Weibo! On Tieba, discussion forums and other major portals, this scandal was all over the place!

Zhang Ye smiled bitterly and poked fun at himself, "Man, credits to you, I have now made the headlines."

Zhang Yuanqi did not pay attention to him.

What made Zhang Ye not know whether to laugh or cry the most was that his own fans on Tieba were also scolding him.

"Bastard!"

"Heavenly Queen Zhang is my most loved!"

"It's over, the flowers must be planted on cow dung!"

"@ZhangYe, is Teacher Zhang Ye around? Come over and criticize this shameless act! Heavenly Queen Zhang belongs to everyone! Not to that bastard!"

There were also many fans of Zhang Yuanqi within Zhang Ye's fans.

Zhang Ye thought — Criticize your sister, shameless act your sister! Why did you @ me for!?

His fans obviously did not know. The mysterious man with Heavenly Queen Zhang now, the one who was creating the scandal, was in fact, their Teacher Zhang Ye!

A lot of netizens did not believe the news either!

"Why would the Heavenly Queen go to a motel?"

"It's impossible, it might just be a coincidence that they were wearing

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the same outfit."

"Right, I don't believe it either. The Heavenly Queen would not get into a relationship now. Even if she did, she would tell her fans. The Heavenly Queen never hides anything from us fans!"

"Did they get it wrong?"

"It might just be a gimmick. 'White Maiden 2' has just started screening and the box office results aren't out yet. Did someone release this news to bring up the box office sales? That is common behavior!"

Following that, Zhang Yuanqi's management also released a statement!

They were forced to do so, they had to immediately start their crisis PR. The company's official Weibo and Zhang Yuanqi's management Weibo announced at the same time, "On the current rumors, we would like to express our anger. The person in the photo is not Zhang Yuanqi. Please do not spread any more rumors. Sister Zhang is currently at home with a few of her friends celebrating the movie's premiere. How could Sister Zhang appear at some motel?"

In the next moment, Zhang Yuanqi's Weibo also posted something!

A selfie of Zhang Yuanqi wearing pajamas and standing on the balcony of her villa was posted, "Just finished doing my face mask. Friends, why are so many people @-ing me? What happened?"

Following that, another person, who was considered an A-List celebrity, also posted something. It was Ning Lan, a singer that was considered quite close to Zhang Yuanqi, "I'm at Sister Zhang's house, we just finished doing our face masks and we are getting ready for bed. Haha, when did we both teleport to a motel?"

Zhang Ye, "... "

Zhang Yuanqi sat on the bed calmly.

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Zhang Ye was utterly impressed, "Your company and your friends... are really..." Your sister! That was f**king lying without even needing to coordinate! The Heavenly Queen was obviously by his side! And you all of you could say that she was at home without missing a beat? Even a selfie was posted? And even having another A-List celebrity say that they were together doing face masks? Zhang Ye finally understood. He also made a note to himself that he would no longer believe the words of these celebrities. They were full of nonsense!

But many netizens believed it!

"Sure enough!"

"I told you all that it was a rumor!"

"Haha, the Heavenly Queen does not have a partner!"

But there were also the smarter ones amongst these netizens who did not believe it.

"Selfie? Who knows who posted that and when it was taken? Why is the moon in the background so round? Friends from Beijing, can you go verify if the moon tonight is really so round? It's not even the 15th or 16th* yet! This is why the selfie is doubtful!"

"Good point!"

"What you said is pretty true!"

"It's over, my heart is broken. My goddess Zhang has been taken!"

For this picture, everyone started another round of heated discussions. The matter had once again been blown up even further!

*This is going by the Lunar calendar where there is a full moon on the 15th of the month.

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Chapter 187 - Curtains!

At the motel.

The front desk was clogged with people.

The reporters had their cannons (cameras zooms) ready, with the cameras all set up at the entrance.

"Please leave! Don't stand around here!" the woman at the front desk said unhappily.

A television station reporter said, "Can you let us see the guest list?"

The front desk staff stared at him, "How is that possible, the guest names are all private!"

Another reporter asked, "Then, did you see a woman go upstairs just now? Which room does she stay in?"

The front desk staff shook her head, "I don't know, no comments. Are you reporters or policemen? Why are you asking so much? Leave quickly, all of you are affecting our work!" she was utterly annoyed. Zhang Yuanqi? Of course she knew who that was. Would such a famous Heavenly Queen come to such a dilapidated and far off motel that had such poor facilities? Wasn't this an exaggeration!? Wouldn't she know what a crappy place this was? Only students who had no means would come to this place. Even those white-collared workers wouldn't want to come here, the conditions were too bad! And you think a Heavenly Queen would come? Why won't the Heavenly Queen sleep at a train station instead!?

At this moment, a bunch of people squeezed in from the outside.

"Manager! You are finally here!" the front desk staff nearly cried.

The manager was a middle-aged man, he asked with a straight face, "What happened? What do you all want?" He had found out about

the situation over the phone earlier, "Don't disturb us from our work! Or we will call the police!"

After rambling for a long time, the reporters forcefully agreed to leave the motel. But they stayed around the area watching the motel's entrance along with over a hundred Zhang Yuanqi fan.

When they left, the female front desk staff complained, "This bunch of people, really!"

The manager also asked puzzledly, "Did the Heavenly Queen really come to our place?"

The front desk staff shook her head, "How could that be? Anyway I didn't see her. I don't even know who started the rumor."

The manager looked outside and pondered, "Let them wait. At least they are giving our motel some publicity, as long as they don't make trouble."

The front desk staff bitterly said, "But some of those reporters and fans have already gone upstairs. A dozen or so of them, I couldn't stop them myself."

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3rd floor.

Room 318

Zhang Ye was sweating profusely as he saw wave after wave of trouble on the internet. Zhang Yuanqi grabbed his phone and logged on to an account.

There was a message.

It was her manager, Fang Weihong, "Sister Zhang! My dear sister! Can you not cause trouble? Can you not do the disappearing act again? Did you see what's happening online? There's news of your

scandal everywhere! Oh my grandaunt! Can you please spare us? Come back quickly! We are already in a big mess!"

Zhang Yuanqi replied with a smiley face emoticon.

Fang Weihong immediately replied, "You finally appeared! My god, how long do you intend to keep this going? Why did you even go to a motel? Who are you with!?"

Zhang Yuanqi sent another smiley face.

Fang Weihong accepted that she could do nothing: Alright, I won't ask about your private matters and I don't want to know who you are with. Just tell me, when will you be back? We have already released a statement and also posted your selfie on Weibo to clarify. And your friend also helped you to lie, but how long can the lie go on for? You have to show yourself quickly for the matter to calm over!

Zhang Yuanqi typed: I can't leave at the moment.

Fang Weihong: You have been surrounded? Then think of a way fast, we can't do much over here. Otherwise, if we go over, the scandal would become true. Forget it, don't think about leaving for now, those reporters are all too bright, you can't lie to them. Just wait a little and find a chance to leave!

Zhang Yuanqi: I'm sorry, Hur Hur, I've given you trouble again.

Fang Weihong: Sigh, this is part of our job, even if it's trouble, we still have to do it. Actually, we are already considered lucky. If it were other celebrities, we would be dealing with scandals like this at least once every month. You are already very professional about your work, only having this happen once in over 20 years. But as your friend, let me remind you Sister Zhang, rumors are easy to handle. They are just groundless accusations. It will cool down after some time!

Zhang Yuanqi did not reply. She logged off the account and returned the phone to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye coughed, "Ahem! Sister Zhang, why don't I go out and take a look? We will slip away if there's a chance, and then..."

"Shhh! Don't speak!" Zhang Yuanqi looked at the door.

Zhang Ye quickly shut his mouth as he heard some footsteps outside.

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"This is such a rundown place."

"Would the Heavenly Queen stay here?"

"I don't know either, but there's a chance that it could be true!"

"Yes, that would be some big news. Go, go, keep looking!"

"I wonder which room it is? So many rooms here, we can't possibly knock on every door to look for them right? Before we can even find them, the police would have us arrested!"

"Then let's wait a little, I don't believe that they won't come out!"

Redacted part of chapter from here on

Their footsteps and the chatter slowly disappeared.

Zhang Ye said nervously, "The entrance has been blocked, we won't be able to go out."

Zhang Yuanqi opened a gap in the curtains and looked outside. There had only been a few dozen people outside earlier, but now, the motel entrance and the area around it had around 200-300 people.

"Did you park in a safe place?" Zhang Yuanqi asked.

Zhang Ye understood what she meant and answered, "It's safe, it's a car park and there are so many other cars. It should not attract

suspicions."

Zhang Yuanqi nodded and lowered her head as she took off her heels.

Zhang Ye asked, "What are you doing?"

"Shower." Zhang Yuanqi said blandly.

Zhang Ye stupidly asked, "And then?"

"Sleep..." Zhang Yuanqi said calmly.

Zhang Ye touched his face, "What about me? Should I find a chance to get out?"

Zhang Yuanqi went into the bathroom without looking back, "There are reporters and my fans outside, are you able to get out?"

"Ah?" Zhang Ye was stunned. "Then I will stay here too?" She did not answer him, but Zhang Ye thought to himself, this wasn't the first time that they stayed in the same room anyway. But looking at the room's facilities, it couldn't be more dilapidated. There was just a large bed and a table attached to the wall, the table was especially narrow too. Besides the bed, there was also a cabinet but other than that, there was nothing else, not even a chair.

How was he to sleep?

Sitting on the bedside cabinet to sleep?

Bedside cabinet? So be it. It was all his fault in handling the matter poorly.

Zhang Ye understood that if he had not chosen the motel, all of this would not have happened. He could have driven further to look for a five star hotel. Even if Zhang Yuanqi was recognized, it wouldn't be a problem. Such celebrities often spend a huge chunk of their time in hotels anyway. But a single room at a motel that cost less than 200

was too attention seeking. This was obviously not for work, it looked like something that was meant to be secretive. And with the highly imaginative minds of the masses, they would definitely link this to something else. This led to the current situation they were in. So in the end, Zhang Ye had some responsibility in this whole matter. He did not take all of that into consideration before he booked the room. But from a different perspective, Zhang Yuanqi did not bring any money or identification and she even came to look for him this late at night. Many of the big hotels wouldn't have any rooms available, so a large part of the responsibility was hers too.

Splish.

Splash.

As he was thinking, the sounds came from the bathroom.

Zhang Ye, who was sitting on the bed, raised his head up and saw Zhang Yuanqi in the bathroom. There was no helping it, this was a motel room and the bathroom was separated by a glass door, there was nothing else blocking it.

"Little Zhang."

"Yeah, what's the matter?"

"Come here."

Zhang Ye went into the bathroom.

The Heavenly Queen was fumbling with the curtain in her hands,
"How do I pull it down?"

Zhang Ye went over to take a look, it was a drawstring type of curtain to block off the view from the bathroom and the room. But no matter how much he tried to get it to work, it didn't work. In the end, even the ring broke. He was full of sweat by now, so he stepped on a chair and tinkered with it for a long time before saying, "Uh, this curtain is spoilt, you can't pull it down anymore."

It was a small motel, it was normal for the facilities to be lousy.

Zhang Yuanqi looked at him, "Then tell me, how can I shower?"

Zhang Ye coughed, "Why don't you not shower?"

"I've been busy the entire day. If I don't shower, I can't sleep," said Zhang Yuanqi.

Zhang Ye did not dare to call the front desk staff. If they came up, everything would be exposed. There wouldn't be any rooms available to change anyway, the motel was fully booked. Zhang Ye looked around hoping for something when he spotted a long towel. He took it and stood on the chair and hung the towel. He squeezed it in and he managed to put up the towel in place of the damaged curtain.

Zhang Yuanqi said indifferently, "That doesn't block well."

"I know, but that's all I can do." Zhang Ye blinked, "Don't worry, I will face my back towards you. I won't look, alright?"

Zhang Yuanqi kept silent for a while, "You can go outside."

Zhang Ye went out of the bathroom and closed the door. He went back to the bed not knowing if the Heavenly Queen would shower or not. He turned his head to take a look. The cursory glance did not matter, but Zhang Ye's nose turned warm as blood rushed to it. That towel was obviously a little short and narrow. Hanging there, it covered only about half of the glass. Both ends of the glass could be seen through, the bottom of the glass also could be seen through for the length of an arm. He could clearly see Zhang Yuanqi's legs in stockings. Her lower body could not be seen, but from that angle, he could see that she was bending her body a little.

Bada, the skirt came off.

A pair of hands was also exposed on the other side of the unblocked piece of glass. Following that, he could see her hands moving downwards to her legs as she took off her stockings.

Seeing her fair legs, Zhang Ye was now in a daze. For the moment, he had forgotten about his promise. Words like I won't look, that was all bullsh*t.

Her skirt was hung up.

The stockings were also sorted by a pair of hands and placed on a hanger.

The skirt could not be seen anymore, but the stockings could be seen around the unblocked parts of the glass. They were on a hanger and they looked like they were playing on a swing.

Chapter 188 - In the Same Bed!

This was too tempting!

It's killing me!

Her legs were revealed!

Zhang Ye was acting like he was sitting on a cushion of needles. He watched without wanting to blink his eyes. The tiny skirt and the stockings, and finally even her panties were taken off Queen. However, of all things, this item had to be blocked by the towel hanging on the glass. Zhang Ye only saw a glimpse and he barely saw its color. It was brown. He did not see the floral patterns as it had moved too quickly. However, it looked like a translucent style and material. As the bathroom's lights were shining towards Zhang Ye, when the Heavenly Queen took her panties off, the light had shone through, revealing the panties. Hence, it could not be too thick. It could even be hollow.

Behind the glass.

Zhang Yuanqi was still moving and changing.

This time she was most likely taking her top and bra off. However, the angle was hidden.

Suddenly, hair appeared!

Zhang Ye was actually constantly tensed and on high alert. The moment he saw a bit of hair appear, which was not that far from her head, he would quickly turn his head and pretend to be staring at the window curtains in a daze. Zhang Ye was afraid that Zhang Yuanqi was "spot-checking" him. This fellow had been training himself with running, and he had done an uncountable number of push-ups and sit-ups as he had nothing to do at home. Hence, his body had clearly improved, resulting in very fast reactions.

Five seconds...

Ten seconds...

Hua Hua. The sound of water flowing sounded out.

Only then would Zhang Ye dare to turn back again. The Heavenly Queen's hair could no longer be seen. He could see the two beautiful legs situated behind the glass. The towel covering the glass only hid Zhang Yuanqi's upper body, and as well as the middle portion of her body, but her thighs could not be covered. The towel was not long enough.

There was no need to mention those legs!

The Heavenly Queen was that slim. Her body was very balanced and it was a perfect S-shape.

Zhang Ye stared unblinkingly. He could even see the sweat pores on the Heavenly Queen's thighs. This scene no doubt engorged his blood vessels!

After washing her hair, she began to use body wash.

White foam rolled down her legs, past her knees, to her calves, ankles and finally into the drain. The scene was so beautiful that he didn't dare to carry on looking!

Forget it, I'll carry on looking.

Zhang Ye was feasting his eyes!

.....

After a while.

The sound of the water stopped. The Heavenly Queen began using a second towel to dry herself.

Zhang Ye no longer dared to take the risk. He had seen almost all

there was to be seen. He quickly turned around and maintained the previous posture of looking at the curtains.

After a while.

Bada Bada. The sound of slippers stepping on water could be heard.

"Are you done showering?" Zhang Ye said without turning back.

"Yup." Zhang Yuanqi only said that.

Only then did Zhang Ye turn around. He thought that the Heavenly Queen would not be wearing any clothes such as wearing the bathrobe over her underwear, but who knew that she was completely dressed. Other than not wearing her stockings, she was no different from before she showered. She wore her red top and tiny black skirt. However, after some thought, he understood. Wearing just a bathrobe would be too revealing, and as for things like bathrobes... this crappy motel did not have such a provision!

Zhang Ye stood up, "Please sleep. I'll be showering now." He had not showered yesterday as he was too tired, so he had to shower today, or it would be too outrageous.

Zhang Yuanqi ignored him, lifted her leg and went onto the bed.

Zhang Ye kept feeling nervous. A small motel and them being alone in it kept giving him nefarious thoughts.

After entering the bathroom, Zhang Ye was initially somewhat awkward. After taking off his clothes, he peeped past the towel that was being used as a temporary blockage. The Heavenly Queen's back was facing him. She was reading Zhang Ye's literary compilation. Clearly, she was in no way interested in Zhang Ye's shower. Zhang Ye was relieved. Indeed, he might have not been able to curb his desire to watch the Heavenly Queen showering, but with the roles switched, how could the Heavenly Queen want to peep!?

Time to shower then.

Zhang Ye became more relaxed. He washed his hair and then, he lathered on body shampoo.

After showering, Zhang Ye realized that there was a problem. There were only two towels in the room. One was being hung on the glass, and the other one had been used by Zhang Yuanqi. After a long hesitation, Zhang Ye grabbed the towel that was thrown on the wash basin by the Heavenly Queen. He then dried himself.

It was fragrant and it was moist.

He could smell The Heavenly Queen's mature fragrance.

Zhang Ye was a bit in a fantasy as he wiped himself. Then, he wore his clothes but he did not put on a jacket. "There are no more towels. I used the one you used."

Zhang Yuanqi remained silent as she carried on reading.

Zhang Ye looked at his watch, "It's past ten. Are you sleeping?"

"Not tired," Zhang Yuanqi said nonchalantly.

"No problem. You sleep as and when you please. I'll make do with the table." He knew that the Heavenly Queen might find it inconvenient, so he went to the table by the end of the bed. He had to have gentlemanly manners after all. Women first, right? Then, he tried to lie on the table. It wouldn't do. The table creaked and nearly collapsed. As it was a simple table connected to the wall, the supporting legs beneath him were not very strong, so it was unable to support Zhang Ye's weight. Besides, the table was too narrow, and it had insufficient area for him to lie down. Zhang Ye could only sit on the table with his feet on the ground, as he leaned on the wall.

Only then did Zhang Yuanqi look at him. With a raise of her hand, she switched off the lights.

In the darkness, the Heavenly Queen seemed to throw the book and slip into the bed.

Zhang Ye also closed his eyes in an attempt to sleep. Since it was definitely impossible for him to leave, he had to make do with spending the night here.

.....

After an unknown period of time.

There were shouts that woke Zhang Ye up.

"Zhang Yuanqi!"

"Sister Zhang! I love you!"

"Sister Zhang, don't you fall in love!"

"That asshole! Remove your stinky hands! Don't touch my Sister Zhang!"

So it was the Heavenly Queen's fans. There were still people staying behind despite it being so late!

But with Zhang Ye waking up, he lost his balance and slammed to the ground. It was so painful that it took a while before he got over it, "Sh*t!"

Zhang Yuanqi had also gotten up. However, she looked like she had not slept. Her eyes were still very awake. She ignored Zhang Ye and first went to the window and pulled the curtain slightly apart to peep downstairs. She then went over to Zhang Ye, "How are you?"

Zhang Ye said in pain, "It's okay. Sis, it was just a painful fall!" After he slowly got up, "How many people are there outside? Those shouts gave me a fright."

Zhang Yuanqi said coldly, "There are still about thirty to forty people."

When he saw what time it was, Zhang Ye turned speechless, "It's already 1 in the morning!"

The Heavenly Queen's fans could be said to be fanatical. Zhang Ye was incomparable.

Seeing that Zhang Ye was fine, Zhang Yuanqi went back onto the bed. However, this time she lay closer to the edge. Then she looked at him, "Sleep on the bed."

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "That's inappropriate, right?"

Zhang Yuanqi said impolitely, "Up to you."

"Hey, don't. I'll sleep, I'll sleep." Zhang Ye was just being polite. It was too uncomfortable sleeping in a sitting position. His back was hurting and he had nearly fallen off. Since the Heavenly Queen had allowed him to sleep on the bed, why would Zhang Ye reject her? He was dying to sleep on the same bed with Zhang Yuanqi.

With an excited mood, Zhang Ye dragged his slippers and moved over. After lifting the blanket, he slipped under it.

When the blanket was lifted, a fragrant smell from the Heavenly Queen came surging towards him. There was only one blanket on the bed, and there were no barriers underneath the blanket.

Zhang Yuanqi was lying flat on the northern end of the bed.

Zhang Ye was lying on the southern end. There was quite a distance separating the two of them, but it was not that great either. After all, the bed was only that big, there was no way for them to be spaced far apart.

It was quiet in the night.

No one shouted from downstairs anymore.

Zhang Ye heard his heart beating. Putong Putong. It sounded even louder than the shouts from the fans. Then, the sounds of the Heavenly Queen's rhythmic breathing could be heard.

"Sister Zhang, have you fallen asleep?"

"What's the matter?"

"You aren't asleep? I can't sleep too. I fell hard just now."

"I can sleep."

"Man, then wait and hear me out. The results of 'Wishing We Last Forever' wasn't too bad, right? This week, it has also been ranked first on several boards?"

"What do you want to say?"

"That song of mine was snatched by you. You said you owe me one. Then, help me look for a movie to act in. I do not need to be the main lead. I definitely won't do being the main lead. Whatever side characters would be fine, as long as there are lines. Or if you are acting in any show, I'll make a guest appearance. Anyway, it's for me to gain some popularity. I don't have any works these days, so my popularity has fallen."

Zhang Ye's thoughts were that the poetry compilation was not enough. He had to work harder and expose himself to the masses more. And the other main reason was that he still had not decided on what to do next.

"Are you planning on going down the filming route in the future?"

"Not really. I just want to be a temporary guest and give it a try."

"Oh."

"Can you?"

"Wait for my news."

"Alright, then I'll thank you first."

Although Zhang Yuanqi said wait for her news, Zhang Ye knew that

her saying that meant there were no problems. Others might not have the power, but she did. Actually, Zhang Ye did not plan on developing as an actor this year, nor did he plan on singing, let alone directing. People who majored in acting might not turn out good, let alone Zhang Ye. He did not know a sh*t about acting. For singing, Zhang Ye did not have any singing ability either. Part of singing was learned while the other part was honed through practice, but he was far from passable. His singing wasn't pleasurable to the ears. There was no need to talk about directing. Ignoring directing a movie, even if a camera was given to Zhang Ye now, he would have no idea how to use it. He did not know a thing!

These jobs were things Zhang Ye had to do, but it was not the right time. It was because he lacked the strength and ability.

Unfortunately, despite Zhang Ye having extremely good broadcasting abilities, no television station dared to hire him. He was currently depressed and he had no future goals. Hence, he could only put up with second best, by first acting in a guest role. At least, he could ensure his popularity would not diminish. He needed to first maintain his popularity before deciding on the future.

With proper matters discussed, the atmosphere in the room turned silent.

This was the same bed he and the Heavenly Queen was sleeping in!

After a while, Zhang Yuanqi might have fallen asleep. As she rolled over, she threw the blanket away. She was wearing her clothes to sleep, so it was definitely hot.

In the end, Zhang Ye's eyes had a feast. His eyes had gotten used to the dark and he could see very clearly. With this roll of the Heavenly Queen, she was facing Zhang Ye, and she was much closer to him instantaneously. One of Zhang Yuanqi's beautiful legs was bent in front of her. Her short black skirt was not long to begin with, so with her legs bent, a large gap in her skirt opened up. Inside the black skirt, a brown fabric appeared. She had exposed herself!

Zhang Ye's mind was perturbed as he focused his gaze into the black skirt.

Then, Zhang Yuanqi, who was sleeping, adjusted her body's posture. At that moment, her red top was squeezed. The opening to her blouse revealed a deep cleavage. A crevice appeared near the buttons on her chest, revealing a bit of her brown bra.

Momentarily, he recalled a phrase of Shakespeare's.

To touch?

Or not to touch?

That is the question!

Chapter 189 - Caught by a bunch of reporters?

The next morning.

Around 9 – 10 o'clock.

Zhang Ye mockingly laughed, "You're awake?"

"Yes." the Heavenly Queen answered coldly.

"You didn't sleep well? I can see your dark eye circles." Zhang Ye said.

"I will make do with it." the Heavenly Queen commanded, "Go see if there are still people downstairs."

Zhang Ye got off the bed and he went over, pulling the curtain slightly apart. He said impatiently, "There are still several dozens of people. It looks like the reporters have changed shifts. Looks like we won't be leaving today either?"

"Let's eat first," Zhang Yuanqi said.

Zhang Ye was hungry too, "Order take away? Sure, let me see."

He checked online and made a few calls. In the end, none of the eateries were willing to deliver take away as the area was too isolated. Even fast food restaurants were not willing to deliver here. Out of desperation, Zhang Ye called the motel front desk, "Hello, what can we eat over here? Bread? Instant noodles? Biscuits? OK, please give me 2 sets of everything. I want a bottle of cola and a bottle of mineral water too... please deliver it to my room, thank you."

The Heavenly Queen put on her sunglasses, "Don't let anyone come in."

"I know." Zhang Ye put on his coat and walked to the door to wait.

Momentarily, the cleaning lady came to deliver the food. When the

door was opened, she handed the things over, "The money will be deducted from the deposit. Oh yes, are you checking out today?"

Zhang Ye messed up his hair on purpose so that no one would recognize him. But it was obviously unnecessary, as even if his face was not covered, the cleaning lady would still not be able to recognize him. Zhang Ye thought for a while, then said, "I won't be checking out today, I will stay another day."

The cleaning lady said, "Then you need to go downstairs to hand over the money."

Zhang Ye said quickly said, "I'm too lazy to go down, I will hand the money to you."

"Alright then." the cleaning took the money and counted it, "Do you need housekeeping?"

"No need, no need." Zhang Ye did not dare to let anyone into the room, "Oh yes, why is the thermostat turned off? It's pretty cold and rather gloomy. The temperature's turning cold."

The cleaning lady explained, "The thermostat is externally controlled. There's only electricity after 9PM." It was obviously to save power and after explaining, the cleaner went downstairs.

Back in the room, Zhang Ye put the food onto the bed, "What do you want to eat?"

Zhang Yuanqi took a look and pointed to the instant noodles. She did not even say a word.

Zhang Ye glanced at her, then went to boil some water. He prepared the instant noodles and placed them at the dressing table in front of the bed. He took some bread for himself and he had some hot water to go along with, "I think today won't be the day too, we won't be able to find a chance to slip away. If you have something on today, you can call your manager with my phone?"

The Heavenly Queen was eating her instant noodles with a not too happy expression. She still ate it anyway, "Use your phone to call? And tell her that I am with you at the motel?"

Zhang Ye realized that her manager had his number. A call would reveal everything. This was not something that they could let anyone know even if there was nothing between the two of them.

.....

After the meal.

It was almost noon.

The two of them were doing nothing, there was basically nothing to do at all.

Zhang Ye switched the old CRT television on. There were only about 20 channels, but every channel was only showing static. The reception was probably terrible, so there was no way to watch anything. The Heavenly Queen lay in bed under her blanket. She had already read Zhang Ye's compilation twice. There weren't many words to begin with anyway, so she didn't bother to read it again. Zhang Ye switched the television off. It was getting cold as it looked to be almost raining outside. He rubbed his hands together to keep warm. He did not wear much as he came out in a rush last night.

"Phone." the Heavenly Queen said.

"What's the matter?" Zhang Ye blinked.

Zhang Yuanqi did not explain, but repeated, "Phone."

"Here." Zhang Ye uttered as he threw it to her.

Zhang Yuanqi began dialing some numbers, after recalling for a long while, the call finally connected. The expression on her face changed to one of a smiling one, "Hello, is this Director Jiang?"

It was a young man's voice on the other side, "Yo, it's Sister Zhang?"

"Great, you can still recognize my voice. Hur Hur!" Zhang Yuanqi said.

Director Jiang said, "I listened to your songs growing up, how could I not know? Oh yes, there's news of you being at a motel that's spreading online now, is this true?"

Zhang Yuanqi laughed, "It's just the company doing some publicity. I'm at home but because too many people are calling me, I switched my phone off. I borrowed a friend's phone to call you, there's something I need your help with. The movie that you are directing, isn't it almost done? I heard that there are a few scenes that you need to reshoot? Do you need an actor? I would like to recommend someone, Zhang Ye. I don't know if you know him, but he has a little bit of fame in Beijing."

"Zhang Ye? The one who wrote a song for you, that Zhang Ye?"

Director Jiang remembered, "I know who he is, I have some some impression. I think he's really good at writing poetry?"

Zhang Yuanqi said, "Yes, you can give him a supporting role."

Director Jiang hesitated and said, "I'm directing a wuxia movie, the roles..."

"I still owe him one for that song, I don't care whether it's wuxia or not. You need to help me repay him this favor, Hur Hur. That's settled then?" Zhang Yuanqi said laughingly.

Director Jiang laughed bitterly, "Alright then, since Sister Zhang has spoken, we will have some discussions first. When the time comes..."

Zhang Yuanqi said, "Don't wait until the time comes, I will ask him to report for filming tomorrow. That settles it, if you have another movie in the future, I will do a cameo role for you."

"Haha, then that will be great. It's done, settled!" Director Jiang did not have any complaints with that.

After hanging up, she threw the phone back to Zhang Ye who caught it. He immediately said, "Thanks, Sister Zhang." He had not expected it to be done so quickly.

With the called ended, Zhang Yuanqi's amicable expression had changed back to the usual cold-faced expression. She hugged her own shoulders before saying, "We need to find a way out by tonight. I have some activities in Hong Kong and Taiwan tomorrow, it's an afternoon flight. I can't cancel them!"

Zhang Ye wondered, "How do we leave?"

"You think of a way." after saying, Zhang Yuanqi laid down and had her afternoon nap.

Zhang Ye also lay down to think, but as he cracked his brains, he fell asleep.

.....

At night.

It was 1AM.

Zhang Ye wore his clothes properly and Zhang Yuanqi also wore her heels. The 2 of them had something to eat before Zhang Ye pulled the curtains aside to take a look outside. There were much fewer people now. The fans were almost all gone since they did not have the time to keep waiting aimlessly. The others left were those reporters with nothing to do, either from the television station or the newspapers. They had shifts of two or three people waiting there without moving. Some were hidden from view, like in the car or the staircase landings. They were holding on to their cameras and waiting patiently for things to happen.

Going out through the main entrance — impossible.

Zhang Ye breathed in deeply, "You wait for me here, I will go take a look."

"What's the plan?" Zhang Yuanqi asked.

"One step at a time." Zhang Ye already had a plan, but he did not dare tell the Heavenly Queen. He was afraid that the Heavenly Queen would not take him seriously, so he went ahead to scout first.

To be safe, Zhang Ye waited for the Heavenly Queen to not pay attention before he took out a "Save Crystal" from the inventory of his game ring. 2 Save Crystals and 1 Lucky Bread. This was all inside Zhang Ye's inventory. He had gotten them some time ago through the Lottery. Zhang Ye knew the importance of the matter, so he didn't dare be careless. He crushed the Save crystal with his hands.

It took effect!

[Progress Saved!] [Save Record Retains 30 Minutes!]

Zhang Ye pulled the door open and walked out without making a sound. It was already midnight. There was no one in the corridor so Zhang Ye relaxed his senses a little. He quickly walked towards the escape stairway as the elevator was definitely a no go. It was too enclosed and there were too many factors to consider. But just as he was approaching the escape stairway, the room beside it opened without a warning. The person who opened it was a middle-aged man holding a camera, there were still three or four youths in the room. They were obviously reporters!

Zhang Ye kept walking, he was numb. So, they had laid an ambush.

The middle-aged man had come out due to hearing a noise. He wanted to know who was passing by. These reporters had been waiting outside in the day, but at noon, many people had checked out. Naturally, they could get a room and gain entry into the building. He did not expect to see headline news the moment he opened the door. After a momentary shock, he found the person familiar. Then after some recollection, he got excited, "It's Zhang Ye! Teacher Zhang, what are you doing here? Are you with the Heavenly Queen?"

He chased after him.

Zhang Ye kept going.

The man was busily taking photos. Kacha, kacha!

Upon hearing that, several other reporters who were in the room also realized that this was big news! The Heavenly Queen and Zhang Ye had worked together before, the two of them had now appeared at this motel? This was definitely unusual!

They gave chase!

Zhang Ye had already gone to the second floor through the escape stairway. On the second floor, there was another reporter. He was probably not part of the group from upstairs but he was probably just having a smoke along the corridor. But Zhang Ye did not see him as he did not have a line of sight to the corridor. When he heard no commotion, he went outside into the corridor. In the end, he had direct eye contact with that reporter in the distance.

"Ah! Zhang Ye!" said the thin reporter excitedly!

Zhang Ye turned his head and continued walking down the stairs, but there were even more people on the first floor. Some were seated on the staircase reading newspapers, some were leaning against the wall and napping. This route had been sealed off. The elevator was probably the same too, there would probably be people keeping watch.

The bunch of people also saw Zhang Ye now, many of them did not recognize him but there were some who did. Once they shouted his name, everyone's eyes lighted up!

Zhang Ye turned back to the second floor. The reporters from upstairs had now chased after him down the stairs while those from the first floor chased after him up the stairs. But Zhang Ye totally ignored them. No matter how they took his pictures and asked questions, Zhang Ye just continued walking coldly. He turned the

corner at the second floor. Firstly, he wanted to know the locations of all the reporters. Secondly, he wanted to check the route.

About 20 minutes later.

A bunch of the reporters had surrounded Zhang Ye by now. They were joined by the others from the yard, this included a number of Zhang Yuanqi's fans. After a day and a night, many of her fans had already left. But there were still some hardcore fans who had nothing better to do who stayed on.

"Teacher Zhang Ye?"

"Why is it you!?"

"Teacher Zhang, why are you here?"

"What's going on between you and Sister Zhang!?"

"Where is the Heavenly Queen? Is she in your room? Can you please explain?"

"What the f**k! The Heavenly Queen came to the motel to meet you? This... this... when did the two of you start?"

"Teacher Zhang, please answer us!"

The flashes kept going off. It was no different from a press conference!

Everyone was either questioning or taking pictures. This was already a mess now, many of the people who had seen Zhang Ye appear were in disbelief!

Zhang Ye and Zhang Yuanqi?

How can it be!? That was such a terrible match!

Zhang Ye knew that he couldn't explain himself but he also knew that he did not need to explain. He gave a smile and looked around

at all the reporters. He then said something very puzzling, "Even if I told you, all of you wouldn't know anything the next moment."

"Eh?"

"What did that mean?"

"Teacher Zhang, please answer straightforwardly!"

"What are you and the Heavenly Queen doing here? There's no such coincidences!"

Zhang Ye was not nervous at all. He was extraordinarily calm. He did not bother himself with these people and he lowered his head to open the game screen up. When the virtual game screen came up, he lightly tapped onto a button — Load file!

[Reading Save...] [Reading Completed...]

Chapter 190 - Prophetic Escape!

.....

It turned fuzzy all around him!

The chattering noise from the reporters had disappeared suddenly!

.....

Room 318

When Zhang Ye came back to his senses, the dizziness had gone away. He looked left and right, and he found himself back in the familiar room. It was back to the point when he had saved!

"Still not leaving?" Zhang Yuanqi said behind him.

Zhang Ye looked behind and said, "Let's go together."

Zhang Yuanqi frowned, "Didn't you say that you were going to scout ahead?"

"No need for that, let's go. The faster the better!" Zhang Ye had already scouted. But he did so at a time that the Heavenly Queen and anyone else would never know of.

Zhang Yuanqi didn't say a word but she followed along.

"Your heels." Zhang Ye lowered his head to look at the pair of beautiful red stiletto heels, "You can't wear them, it will be too loud. Hold it in your hands?"

Zhang Yuanqi bent down and removed her high heels.

"Don't move after I have opened the door. Follow my gestures accordingly." saying that, Zhang Ye proceeded to open the door but he did not step out. He took a coin out of his pocket and flicked it outside with his finger. Ta, ta, the coin landed on the corridor's

carpet and made a sound. It sounded like footstep sounds.

The Heavenly Queen was about to open her mouth to ask, not knowing what was going on.

The next moment, a door beside the escape stairway slammed open — It was the middle-aged reporter who had discovered Zhang Ye previously. He came outside and looked around but he saw no one. Wondering aloud, he could only go back inside and shut the door.

The soundproofing was not too good as they heard the conversation in the room.

"What's the matter, Brother Shao?"

"Nothing, I thought there was someone there."

"It's already the middle of the night. There's definitely nothing to expect anymore."

"Right, I think the Heavenly Queen isn't here, the chances are too slim."

"Even if there's a low probability, we have to keep watch. What if we really discover them, wouldn't that be big news?"

Making use of the time they were chatting, Zhang Ye signaled to the Heavenly Queen to move out into the corridor. Zhang Ye gestured for her to keep her head low as there were peep holes on the doors. It was safer to stay low.

1 step.....

10 steps.....

The two of them made it to the stairway and walked down quietly.

The Heavenly Queen holding her shoes asked, "How did you know that there were reporters in that room?"

Zhang Ye quickly gestured, "Shh!"

Zhang Yuanqi had a doubtful expression but she remained quiet.

Zhang Ye did not say a word. He just quietly stayed at the second floor's stairway and waited. He did not show himself or intend to walk forward.

After about a minute.

There was a sudden sound on the second floor's corridor. It was the sound of someone stepping on a cigarette butt to extinguish it. A cough from a youth could be heard. Bang, the sound of the door closing, then silence.

Zhang Yuanqi looked at Zhang Ye in surprise. She did not understand how Zhang Ye knew that there was someone there.

Zhang Ye of course did not answer. When he saw that the Heavenly Queen wanted to go down the stairs, he grabbed her arm and shook his head. That wasn't the right place to go, it was full of people. Zhang Ye led the way in front as they walked onto the second floor's corridor. Zhang Yuanqi looked on but she could only follow along.

On the left were the rooms, the elevator and the entrance area.

But on the right? There was only one room. The sign on it said that it was a staff room, a place for the staff. Placed outside of it was a broom and some unwashed bed linen sheets.

"Why are we here?" the Heavenly Queen whispered softly.

Zhang Ye said, "Open the door."

"How do I open it?" the Heavenly Queen asked.

"Just follow my instructions." Zhang Ye said.

Zhang Ye walked to the side window. The windows here were the old metal wire grille type. He easily removed a few strands of wire from

of it. After fiddling with it a bit with some fast hand movements, he made the wire into the length he wanted and proceeded to slot it into the staff room's lock. Zhang Ye had eaten several of the lockpicking skill experience books before. It had really become of good use, it was really a case of having more skills without additional burden. It was unexpected that he could use this skill in such a critical moment. The motel's other rooms were all unlocked with swipe cards. They were more high tech, the locks were operated digitally too. With Zhang Ye's lockpicking skills, he wouldn't be able to open those kinds of locks. But for the workers' rooms, they were had the traditional locksets. Maybe it was more convenient for the staff to use a traditional lock and key.

Ka-cha.

The door was unlocked without much effort.

The room was dark and of course, he did not switch on the lights. Staying hidden was of utmost priority.

Zhang Ye had considered the layout and he knew that there wasn't anyone in this room. It was a storeroom. He led Zhang Yuanqi with familiarity inside, then, he closed the door gently.

Zhang Yuanqi looked at him, "That was pretty nifty."

Zhang Ye said nervously, "I'm not that good."

Zhang Yuanqi said, "I don't think that this is your first time doing such things."

"Hur Hur, I'm a man of many talents, you know that." Zhang Ye changed the subject and walked to the bed and pulled the curtainsaside, "Let's go."

Zhang Yuanqi narrowed her eyes and asked, "How?"

Only at this moment did Zhang Ye inform her of the plan, "We will not go to the first floor. There are many reporters waiting by the

stairway. The entrance is out of the question too. There will be people at the elevator too. If we want to leave this place, we will have to jump out of the window. This is the second floor, it's not that high up. We are at the staff room and this side of the windows goes out to the back of the motel. That side is blocked by a metal fence, so no reporter can get in. If we go out from here, it would be the safest option. Moreover, no one has thought of going to the back to keep watch, because no one would be expecting that the famous Heavenly Queen to escape from the windows. In their minds, this is something that would never happen."

Zhang Yuanqi frowned, "Jump through the window?"

Zhang Ye assured her, "Don't worry, it won't be dangerous. I will go down first and catch you. You can slowly climb down, I will take care of your safety."

Zhang Yuanqi shook her head without saying anything.

"Quickly, if we don't leave now, there won't be another chance. Who cares about face now!?" Zhang Ye encouraged her, "I will definitely catch you!"

Zhang Yuanqi gave him a skeptical look.

Actually, Zhang Ye did not have any confidence too. The Heavenly Queen was not plump, but neither was she very light. She was rather tall so her weight couldn't be that light. Zhang Ye thought about his arm strength which was rather lousy. But in this situation, this was the only way.

Zhang Ye tugged at the windows, and did not wait for the Heavenly Queen's agreement. Jumping onto the window sill, he stood there. Looking at the ground that wasn't that far off, he flipped around and squatted down. With his hands against the window sill, he lowered himself bit by bit, before letting his body extend fully. He then let go.

Smash!

He landed on the ground!

Zhang Ye did not manage to balance himself and fell down. His legs were hurting. He only managed to stand up after a long while, looking embarrassed with a red face.

Seeing Zhang Ye in this pathetic state, Zhang Yuanqi froze at the side of the window. She could only muster a cold laugh and muttered something along the lines of — A guy like you already took so much effort just to jump down, what do you expect from a female comrade like me?

Zhang Ye whispered and signaled, "Hurry! I will catch you!"

The Heavenly Queen said, "Think of another way."

Zhang Ye pondered a little. To ask a woman to jump like this was indeed asking too much of her. She did not have the strength nor courage to do it. She was the Heavenly Queen after all, not a brute like Zhang Ye who could take a fall. After some thinking, Zhang Ye had an idea. He looked at the staff room on the first floor and with a lift, he stood on the window of the first floor. The window was not locked, so it allowed Zhang Ye to grab onto it. Then he looked up and faced the Heavenly Queen, saying, "Sister Zhang, you come down bit by bit. I'll hold you, so there certainly won't be any problems."

There was a few seconds of hesitation from the top.

Finally, Zhang Yuanqi's figure appeared. Clearly, she had made up her mind. Her hand stretched out from the second floor's window and handed her pair of high heels to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye tiptoed and after trying very hard, he grabbed the high heels. He then lowered his head and kept them properly.

Zhang Yuanqi was already on the window sill. Her motions were not as smooth as Zhang Ye, but as a woman, it was already pretty fast. Without any hesitation, Zhang Yuanqi did the same motions Zhang Ye did.

.....

Behind the motel was the perimeter of a small district. It was also an out-of-the-way garden, filled with grass.

Zhang Ye did not need to pick the lock. A glance was enough to tell that the lock had rusted due to years of disuse. With a hard push, the rusty lock fell apart.

"You go first. I'll circle around the district and drive the car to pick you up."

After saying that, he wore his sunglasses. After he circled around and entered the small district, he noticed that there were still many people waiting by the motel's entrance. They did not notice that someone had come in from behind. They clearly didn't realize that the Heavenly Queen would escape from the windows. Besides, Zhang Ye had even used a "Save" item in order to prevent any mishaps. Carry on waiting, guys. Zhang Ye ignored them. He went to the parking lot to pick his car up and drove off. He did not attract the attention of others. Even if others saw his car, they would not have recognized him. After all, Zhang Ye was not as famous as Zhang Yuanqi. It was not at the level where he was placed under a microscope.

.....

Outside.

It was already midnight, the roads were deserted.

Zhang Ye drove over to the trees where Zhang Yuanqi was waiting. After pulling over, the Heavenly Queen quickly got into the car and closed the door.

Whew!

They were finally out!

Zhang Ye breathed a sigh of relief, "Are you hurt?"

"I'm okay."

"Where are you going?"

"Beicheng, just stop me at the Lishui Bridge. Someone will come and fetch me."

Zhang Yuanqi was probably tired as she shut her eyes for a nap. The past two days had taken its toll on her and Zhang Ye.

.....

They reached the venue.

The Heavenly Queen took Zhang Ye's almost flat phone and contacted her management through the internet. The car stopped and she got off. She sat on a bench at the roadside to wait.

Zhang Ye did not leave. Instead, he parked at a distance and waited for her to leave safely. Otherwise, he wouldn't be at ease.

A few minutes later, a luxury car that Zhang Ye had seen before but could not put a name to stopped in front of Zhang Yuanqi. The Heavenly Queen stood up and got into the car. Looking through the glass, there were two women in the car. Upon seeing the Heavenly Queen, they began their chattering, one looking like she was at a loss whether to laugh or cry, another looking like she was bearing a grudge. They looked super anxious. Whereas Zhang Yuanqi's face was full of smiles, she spoke very calmly with them.

He couldn't hear them, so he did not know what they were talking about.

But when Zhang Ye was preparing to drive off, he suddenly noticed that Zhang Yuanqi had raised her hand while in the luxury car's back seat. She did not turn her head but it was obvious that her hands were waving. In the end, she put it down without attracting the

attention of her assistants.

Was she saying goodbye to me?

Zhang Ye smiled. He felt that the relationship between him and Zhang Yuanqi had become even more complicated. It could be said that they had become closer, at least, they could now be considered friends.

They were stuck together, in the same room, and slept on the same bed together. They escaped together and he gave her a shoulder ride. They even nearly created a scandal together.

All these images floated in front of Zhang Ye. After the storm passed, a feeling of warmth took over. Especially that last wave from Zhang Yuanqi. It was like a farewell gesture between two soldiers-in-arms who had battled for two days. It made Zhang Ye feel that the Heavenly Queen's indifferent bad temper to be not as irritating as before.

Good temper?

Bad temper?

A lot of people who hated Zhang Ye scolded him, saying that his temper was as bad as a hooligan's. But those who really knew and understood Zhang Ye did not feel that his temper was bad at all.

It was just a matter of perception.

Chapter 191 - Teacher Little Zhang joins the Film Crew!

The next day.

Morning.

The wind was getting stronger as it blew across the windows and made ghostly howls.

After waking up and showering, Zhang Ye received a message. It was sent from Zhang Yuanqi's number. Without mentioning the subject, she only sent him an address. It was the address of the outskirts of Beijing where the movie studios were located. The message also included a telephone number as well as a time. There were two words beside the telephone number — Assistant Director. As for the time, it was indicated as before 4 in the afternoon. The Heavenly Queen must have arranged it and meant for him to report there.

It was still early, so Zhang Ye went online to research on the movie. Although the filming was not over yet nor was it about to be screened, some information were already available before the premiere. The movie was called "The Great Pugilistic World". It was probably not a movie from Zhang Ye's world, anyway he had never heard of this title before. The movie synopsis was about a youth in ancient times whose parents were killed. He dragged partners along with him, traversing Wudang and beating Shaolin to avenge them. It was the stereotypical revenge genre movie. Of course, that was how the online summary was written. As for the details, he was not sure either.

Zhang Ye set off in the afternoon. He did not drive as he knew that he would be with the filming crew for the next few days. He did not know where they would be headed to anyway, driving would instead be inconvenient. He packed some clothes along and took a cab to a bus depot. From there, he took a long distance bus to the

destination.

.....

In the suburbs.

At a certain movie studio.

It was a little deserted and cheap looking here. Zhang Ye looked around for a full day before he walked a distance and found the studio. This place was usually open. It could be considered as a tourist destination for visitors. But most of the time, like today, the studios were shut off to the public. The outside was densely packed with cars. It was estimated that there were about two or three filming crews inside so it was not considered a small place.

He reached the gates.

"Who are you?" a crew member looked at him.

Zhang Ye said, "I'm here to take part in the shoot for The Great Pugilistic World."

The crew member waved his hand, "If you don't have a pass, you aren't allowed in. I'm sorry."

Zhang Ye was annoyed, he could only make a call to the deputy director with the number in the message. He was probably busy as no one answered at first. It might have been put on silent mode. Zhang Ye smoked a cigarette before trying again 10 minutes later. This time, the call was answered, "Hello, Assistant Director, I am Zhang Ye. Sister Zhang asked me to contact you."

"Zhang Ye? Oh, I remember. Hello."

"I've already reached the outside of the movie studios, but they won't let me in. What do you say?"

"Alright, wait there for a while. I've work to attend to so I can't leave

here. I will get someone to bring you in."

After a short while, a 40 to 50-year-old man came outside. He had a simple face and looked very honest. But he had shifty eyes which made him look rather dishonest at the same time. It felt like they were eyes of a thief. Zhang Ye saw him and found him to be quite familiar looking. He had a rather good memory and somehow felt like he had seen him on TV last week at his parents' house. He had a minor role on a TV serial. It was a city life drama. If he was not wrong, this man was acting as the main character's good friend's father. Zhang Ye did not understand this world's dramas, he had only watched a few. But it was a coincidence that he had seen those few scenes before and the man was standing right in front of him. He was rather good and could act in a funny role.

"Zhang Ye?" Yao Jiancai walked towards him.

Zhang Ye reached out his hand, "That's me, and you are?"

Yao Jiancai smiled and shook his hands, "I am Yao Jiancai, you may call me Old Yao. The deputy director asked me to come fetch you."

Yao Jiancai?

Biting Building Materials? (literally translated)

Hearing this name, you would know immediately this person couldn't be young.

"Yo, that's too much trouble for you." Zhang Ye smiled, "I've watched your shows before. Your acting was really good, you totally brought out the happiness with that role of a father."

Maybe Yao Jiancai did not expect someone to know him as he had been acting for many years but remained obscure. He was forever a member of the supporting cast, so he laughed and said, "Not too bad, not too bad." After that, he passed a staff card to him and they both strutted into the studio. Then, Yao Jiancai spoke with the air of a veteran to Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang ah, you are a newbie? I've been

acting for so many years and I've never heard of you?"

Zhang Ye smiled, "You can say that."

"Looking at you. You must've just graduated? From Beijing Film Academy? Majored in performing arts?" Yao Jiancai asked.

Zhang Ye said briefly, "Beijing Broadcasting Institute"

Only did Yao Jiancai made an oh sound, "Broadcasting, the Drama Film and Television faculty there isn't too bad, but the best faculty there is still Radio Broadcast Studies faculty, yea...." After saying that, he lowered his voice and said, "I only heard about it today morning, the director had arranged a pretty good supporting role for you. There are a few fight scenes and several lines for you. Your surname is Zhang? Is that Producer Zhang your dad? Eh, can't be. You don't look alike. Oh, are you the Deputy Director's relative?" Old Yao looked like an honest man, but he spoke without any propriety and felt like an old slacker.

Zhang Ye said, "No, I don't know anyone from the film crew."

Yao Jiancai said wonderingly, "Then that's weird. This movie can be considered quite a big production, they wouldn't use a newbie in it. You are a lucky kid, getting this job just after graduation. Even a Beijing Film Academy Performing Arts major would usually need to go through six months or a year's worth of hardship and they still might not even be able to get a role. Even if they did, they can only get a minor role, hur hur. You better grab hold of this opportunity. People like us who don't have looks or outstanding features, if we want to survive in this industry, we have to take every chance. If you don't know something, you can ask me."

Old Yao was very sociable, he would say whatever he thought and didn't take Zhang Ye to be an outsider. This made Zhang Ye smile wryly but he could tell that comrade Old Yao was very nice to him, "Thanks, Uncle Yao."

"What Uncle Yao, call me Old Yao!"

"OK, Old Yao, Hur Hur."

"That's how it should be, don't be modest with me. Stay around me in the future, we will have good food and wine together!"

After exchanging a few words, the old and the young duo were already putting arms to shoulders. Zhang Ye rather liked him, he realized that Old Yao was similar to him. His words did not carry too much meaning, so there was nothing to be on guard for.

The movie studio was very big.

How big was it? It was very big!

A construction set from the 60s or 70s, a set from the Republic of China years, a town set of the ancient times. The sets placed side by side made one dizzy from seeing them.

He reached where the filming crew of "The Great Pugilistic World" was.

The camera seemed to have stopped rolling, a few actors who were wearing ancient costumes were seated by the corner, drinking water. Director Jiang was facing them and explaining the scene and giving some pointers. Over the other side, was a crew in charge of set layout. There were many people, numbering around 30 to 40 people.

"Assistant Director, I've brought the person here," Yao Jiancai said.

The assistant director looked at Zhang Ye, then walked over to greet, "Teacher Zhang, you're here? The script has been prepared, please take a look at your lines. I will get someone to do your makeup for you."

Zhang Ye took the script, "Okay."

The assistant director said worriedly, "There's a fight scene, so

there's a possibility you might get hurt, you...?"

"I will follow your arrangements, I'm okay with anything." Zhang Ye agreed without hesitation.

Teacher Zhang?

What Teacher?

Yao Jiancai was stunned as he did not understand.

At this moment, a crew staff's eye lit up. He quickly took a book over, "Teacher Zhang, I've been waiting for you the whole day. I knew you were coming, so I had my book and pen ready. Can I have your autograph?" His accent was that of a Beijing local, so obviously, he knew who Zhang Ye was.

"Sure." Zhang Ye did not say much and signed it for him.

"Aiyo, isn't this Teacher Little Zhang?" a girl who had a minor role as suggested by her costume, came running over, "You are here for the filming too? Why didn't anyone tell me. My dad and mum are super fans of yours. I see them watching 'Lecture Room' everyday when I go home. They even said that the new lecture can't be compared to yours, so they don't intend to watch it anymore. They keep bugging me to download your collection of 'Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'."

Zhang Ye smiled, "Thanks to your dad and mum for their support."

"Come, let's have a photo together," said the girl.

"Alright." Zhang Ye stood shoulder to shoulder with her.

The girl took out her phone and snapped a picture before going back to memorize her script.

Director Jiang also saw Zhang Ye but didn't say much. He could be considered as a second tier director in the country and even that

would make him more well known than Zhang Ye. He was only a minor character, so he didn't need to be too bothered about him. He definitely needed to accede to Zhang Yuanqi's request, but Zhang Ye was not that big a star for him prioritize him. Zhang Ye did have some fame in Beijing but not in other places. For the movie that Director Jiang was directing, the main leads and supporting cast were all easily more well-known than Zhang Ye. They were at minimum B-List or C-List celebrities. This was why Director Jiang did not bother too much about Zhang Ye, he was just doing the Heavenly Queen a favor by arranging a role for him. That was all there was to it.

And so, the others were confused.

A change of profession often meant a different field of knowledge. They were not in the same profession as Zhang Ye from the beginning. With the fact that most of the film crew were not living in Beijing as they had to travel all around the country for filming, most of the people there did not know Zhang Ye or where he was from.

Yao Jiancai was one of them, he was dazed.

Wasn't Little Zhang a newbie? Why did some people want his autograph and have photos together?

Thinking of the time when he first joined the film crew, only a cleaning auntie liked his shows and had asked him for an autograph. He did not get such V.I.P. treatment!

"Little Yan." Yao Jiancai strolled around to the girl's side, "Who is this Zhang Ye?"

The girl said doubtfully, "Uncle Yao, don't you live in Beijing, how can you not know who he is?"

Yao Jiancai said, "I've been away to the south for filming for the past few months. I don't use the internet either, I don't get things like new technology anyways because of my age."

The girl laughed, "If you want to know about Zhang Ye's deeds, I don't think I can finish telling you about them today. In any case, he is very famous in Beijing. He has written novels, done radio hosting, TV hosting, been a lecturer, produced a public service advertisement and can match couplets. Especially in the field of poetry and scolding people, Teacher Zhang Ye is unbeatable. After the live broadcast incident recently, Teacher Zhang Ye already has no opponents left!" It could be said that she was very familiar about Zhang Ye's deeds, so she explained it briefly to Yao Jiancai.

Scolding a colleague on Weibo!

Scolding his unit at the Silver Microphone Awards!

Scolding the Writers' Association at the couplet competition!

Scolding a leader during a live broadcast on television!

After hearing all of that, Yao Jiancai was immediately stunned to the heavens!

F**k! This Teacher Little Zhang....is such a talent!

Chapter 192 - Zhang Ye's Real and Fake Kung Fu!

The movie studio.

At a tiny corner, on a row of benches.

Zhang Ye was sitting there reading the script. It contained the lines for his role. It was simple, just a few lines. The difficulty was in the fight scenes. To Zhang Ye, who was filming for the first time, this was a challenge.

But he believed that he could do it well. As Zhang Ye always said, confidence was very important. If you did not believe in yourself, then you will lose confidence and as a result, you will not be able to do it. Because you had already lost half the battle before you fought it. This was a very intriguing thing, if you had the confidence, then you would surely be able to do it! This was not bullshit, nor was it scaremongering. In the field of psychology, there had been studies on it. A plebeian could never become a rich handsome person? It was only fantasy? It was definitely not the case! So what if he was a plebeian? So what if a plebeian was weak and ugly? As long as one firmly believed in one's success, as long as one firmly believed that he could do it, then there would be a day that he would become...an extremely confident weak and ugly plebeian!

"Little Zhang!" Yao Jiancai came over.

Zhang Ye kept his script, "Hey, what's the matter?"

Yao Jiancai said in a speechless manner, "Didn't you say you were a rookie?"

"But I am a rookie," Zhang Ye said with his eyes blinking.

Only then did Yao Jiancai realize that since Zhang Ye had never acted in movies, he was indeed a complete newcomer in the filming

industry. "I only just got to know that you are pretty famous in Beijing."

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, "It's nothing. I can't compare with you."

This was not him being modest. If he were to really compete with Yao Jiancai in fame, despite always being a supporting character, how many shows had Yao Jiancai acted in over all those years? He did have some fame in the country. Well, although it was not that much, he was much better than Zhang Ye who was only known in the Beijing circles. At least he was not as "limited".

"Fine," Yao Jiancai laughed, "In Beijing, there are definitely more people who know you than me. Nice, you are promising. You can even compose poems?"

"Nothing serious," Zhang Ye said.

After hearing of Zhang Ye's deeds, Yao Jiancai increasingly found that Zhang Ye's attitude matched his appetite. He sat beside Zhang Ye and put his arms around his shoulder, "Quickly tell me the process of how you smacked the face of your television station's Leader. Haha, it was to the point of every television station in the country not daring to hire you? Forcing you to act? Kid, you sure are impressive! You are so frisky! Not bad, not bad. You have a bit of my style like me back in the day!"

"You also did something like that?"

"No?"

"Then what was that about your style?"

"Hai, it was just an analogy."

"..."

The old and young duo had gotten close through their chatting. They even exchanged telephone numbers and were like old pals.

Suddenly, a stout man in his thirties walked over. He was the film crew's martial arts director. He looked very strong and it was clear at a glance that he practiced kung fu. "Which one of you is Zhang Ye?"

"I am." Zhang Ye stood up with the script in hand.

The martial arts director glanced at him and said with a speechless manner, "You are acting as young hero Chen?"

This was Zhang Ye's role. He nodded, "That's right."

The martial arts director sized him up and then squeezed his arms. After some evaluation, he turned and left without saying a word. He went directly to the Assistant Director, "Assistant Director, are you sure you didn't make a mistake? That Zhang Ye is acting as young hero Chen? He won't do as young hero Chen. He's small in size and his attacks would look weak like a girl's. You can't get a substitute for a supporting actor. And even if you looked for one, no one is suitable. How are we to film?"

The Assistant Director looked at him and said, "If you think he won't do, then train him well. Teach him the motions. The role has been decided, so there won't be any changes. The rest is your job."

The martial arts director said, "But I can't make something out of nothing. Let's not talk about his looks, just his physique is terrible. It will have an adverse effect on the filming."

The two began to quarrel.

Zhang Ye felt helpless. Man, he had been looked down upon on the first day of filming.

Finally, the martial arts director came back without any success. He looked at Zhang Ye and said with a sense of powerlessness, "Have you filmed a martial arts scene before?"

Zhang Ye shook his head.

The martial arts director asked, "Have you acted before?"

Zhang Ye shook his head again.

The martial arts director said, "Have you practiced dancing before?"

Zhang Ye still shook his head.

The martial arts director slapped himself in the forehead. Man, he was useless on all fronts!

This movie had quite a large investment and was considered a medium to large production, hence the requirements of the actors were very high. It was not like low-cost martial arts movies where a punch or kick would do. If they did so, people would die laughing at them. Hence, the actors they found had some foundation in martial arts or had acted in martial arts movies. Even the main lead could not be too shabby. He had to have the arms and the figure.

Furthermore, a substitute could be used for the main lead, but how could one find a substitute for a supporting actor?

The martial arts director had a headache.

Yao Jiancai was the funny fellow in the film crew, so he could easily speak with anyone. "This lad is my good friend, please take care of him."

The martial arts director said, "Uncle Yao, young hero Chen has quite a few scenes in the movie. It's at least a minute and half of screen time. There are quite a lot of advanced movements required, but he..."

Zhang Ye summoned his courage and said, "Why don't we try it out?"

The martial arts director found a sword and passed it to him, "Wave the sword twice for me to see."

Zhang Ye took it over and immediately felt high-spirited. With a flick of his wrist, he caused sword beams to flicker in the air...Alright,

those were just adjectives with artistic embellishment. Actually he just waved the sword in the air. This was a real sword and due to the soft nature of a sword, this shake of the sword nearly stabbed Yao Jiancai.

Yao Jiancai was so scared out of his wits that he retreated a few steps, "Take it easy, bro."

The martial arts director then instructed Zhang Ye to do a few other actions. However, when Zhang Ye followed his instructions, it was still a mismatch. His person and the sword were not well-coordinated. There was no elegance, nor was there any forcefulness. It had the mood of an "old farmer crossing the river", and the old farmer was one that did not know how to swim.

"Learn from me!"

"Alright."

"Follow my demonstration. This way. Your wrist has to be straight. Your lower body has to be stable. No swaying!"

"This way? Will this do?"

"Aiyah, what do you mean will this do!? Are you practicing aerobics?"

After a long period of back and forth, the martial arts director could no longer endure it. He got another supporting actor. It was easy to tell that this person had probably practiced martial arts in the past. The martial arts director let the actor demonstrate to Zhang Ye as well as attempt a fighting scene. However, Zhang Ye, who was a complete rookie, was unable to match the actor. Either his lines did not match or his martial arts motions were lacking. The actor was feeling quite vexed in the end.

The acting elsewhere had finished filming. Quite a few people had noticed the commotion here. Many people were amused by Zhang Ye's "clumsy-handed" swordplay.

"Hur Hur.."

"What is this?"

"We can film this? Are we even filming a wuxia movie?"

"His actions are quite strong. I couldn't tell that he had so much strength? It looks like his kicks are quite forceful too, but..it's just not pretty. It's too ugly."

"So what if he's famous in Beijing. He's not cut out for acting."

"Don't spout irresponsible words. Do you think Teacher Zhang is like the bunch of you who are veterans in this circle? Teacher Zhang is a learned man. To think you ridicule him? I'm telling you. Even if our entire filming crew's literary ability is combined together, we are still inferior to Teacher Zhang!"

"Every industry has its specialists."

"We aren't mocking him, but we are after all in acting, and not competing in literature."

With the filming done, they could switch locations. So the moment there was a break, more people gathered around. Some were here to join in the fun, while others were well-meaning and tried to give some advice.

The actress who had taken a picture with Zhang Ye said, "Should we try changing a few actions? The ones before are indeed too difficult. Even professional martial arts actors would have difficulties doing them."

The martial arts director sighed, "It's already been decided. If we are changing it, we need to redo the choreography. There's no time left. The Director has said that we are wrapping up in two days, so where do we have the time?"

Yao Jiancai said, "When is Zhang Ye's part?"

The assistant director also looked over, "It will be tonight. We will be driving to a new location. It's a monastery."

"Tonight? Then he wouldn't be able to make it in time even if he practices for a few days." Yao Jiancai began to worry for Zhang Ye.

The person who was most angry was Zhang Ye himself. When had this fellow ever been so embarrassed. So many people were watching him? They were pointing at him? His face was slightly red. However, he did not believe his actions were in anyway not up to mark. In terms of swordplay and kicking, he had done it properly, but these people did not agree to it. They believed Zhang Ye was not up to standard. Why? It was because this was filming for a movie. It was all about the effects and the beauty of fighting. It cared about style. The martial arts director and the other actors who practiced martial arts since they were young definitely had some foundation, but it was at most just a bit. Don't look at their muscles, if they really began fighting, Zhang Ye believed he could beat all them himself without breaking a sweat. And this was if he was unable to use the Taiji Fist.

This wasn't an exaggeration.

What did Zhang Ye know?

Taekwondo and Taiji Fist!

One was a foreign fighting style! Another was a traditional Chinese martial art!

Be it the former or latter, these kung fu were ultimately used to suppress one's enemy. Each punch and kick was the real deal and not just a pretty act. It was no joke. But what did they care about when filming a martial arts film? It was the coolness and stylishness. Every movement had to be wide and open. If they could do it, they would somersault in the air dozens of times before sending a kick towards their enemy. This was what they felt was awesome!

But from Zhang Ye's point of view, that was being a retard!

If you were to do all this cool stuff while somersaulting in midair, an enemy would have sent you flying with a kick. There were too many flaws!

However, this was the difference between industries. Zhang Ye did not look down on others because he knew some kung fu. He knew that in other people's territory and domain, he had to listen to them. This martial arts director was a professional. This was not a problem of knowing kung fu. If a master who had practiced in Chinese martial arts came to direct, it would be unknown what the outcome of the movie would be. The actions would probably be unsightly!

Zhang Ye still maintained a heart of humility. He practiced and learned from the martial arts director. He tried to adapt as much as possible to this "martial arts act" that seemed retarded to him.

Chapter 193 - Fighting with Monks!

In the outskirts.

The setting sun was nearing the Western horizon.

The film crew traveled long distance by car before they finally stopped at the foot of a mountain. About thirty people disembarked from a coach bus and three trucks that were filled with props.

There was no official written name for this mountain. The locals only called it Little Qingshan as there was a Qingshan monastery on the top of the mountain. Beijing's landscape was definitely incomparable to locations that had beautiful natural landscapes in the South. However, Little Qingshan was an exception. The scenery was pleasant and the monastery was very popular. Many people would come here annually to burn incense and worship. Of course, there were even more filming crews like them who came to film.

This was no ordinary place.

Little Qingshan was very famous. Qingshan Monastery was also very famous.

If one wanted to ask which was the highest mountain here? Everyone would definitely point in one direction. Well, the Xiangshan mountain was a few kilometers away.

If one asked which was the most popular monastery around here? The locals would definitely point in one direction. Well, the Xiangshan Zhao Monastery was a few kilometers away.

If you asked what had the Little Qingshan had to do with Xiangshan?

Or ask what Qingshan Monastery had to do with the Zhao Monastery?

Well, actually these places have no relation at all. Let's change topics!

The main lead did not come. He had no scenes to film today so he had gone back to rest. Director Jiang walked in front and spoke to a few important supporting actors about the scene. The Assistant Director was in charge of the prop placement. Stage management was the busiest in the filming crew. Not only did they need to busily prepare items, they had to pick up people, collect food boxes and take on the role of drivers. For such a change of filming locations that was not that far away, they still had to transport the items. Heaps of equipment were unloaded by a few stage management crew and employees. Then they transported it up the mountain. Ignoring the swords, sabers, and poles, even the few cameras were not easily transported.

The stairs went up high. It looked like a hundred meters and it extended upwards in a winding fashion.

"Little Zhang, hurry, give your old bro a hand!" After about a dozen steps, Yao Jiancai was already panting. His large belly was trembling and it looked like he was having a hard time.

Zhang Ye supported him, "Your physical fitness is lacking."

Yao Jiancai bragged, "Back in the day, your old bro was a representative for the school's physical education classes. I'm not in a good state today. It has been a day of filming, if not, just climbing a few hundred meters would be like child's play." After a few pants, he said, "Don't you say me. Just from the few martial arts move you did, you aren't any better than me!"

Zhang Ye smiled without saying a word. Neither did he explain.

Halfway up the mountain, Director Jiang waved his hand and shouted. "Stop. Let's set up the cameras here. Props too!"

Everyone began to busy themselves. There was a scene along the mountainside. Clearly, they were prepared to film here. This scene was precisely where Zhang Ye's role of "Young hero Chen" would appear.

The Assistant Director asked worriedly, "Teacher Zhang, will you manage?"

How could Zhang Ye say no as he firmly said, "I've no problems. We can begin filming anytime." He had not taken off his costume. He got a sword from the props and was prepared to act.

The martial arts director was standing by the side, "What do you mean you have no problems. Just that move of yours isn't up to standard. Hai, you should practice before the cameras begin rolling. When the cameras begin rolling, wasting a scene is wasting money. If the Director is unhappy, he will definitely swap you out." He was cold on the outside but warm on the inside. Although he kept saying how Zhang Ye was lacking, he was still sparing no effort to help Zhang Ye do it well.

Zhang Ye began practicing.

"Teacher Zhang, all the best."

"Right, practice more is all you need. It's not difficult."

A few people from Beijing, who knew Zhang Ye, cheered him on.

In their hearts, Zhang Ye was a very mighty figure. In the literary field, he was an invincible person with no rivals in Beijing. Unfortunately, he was banned by the television stations, so he was unable to showcase his prowess. In the end, he had to film a movie, and it was a martial arts one. In their opinion, this was clearly something Zhang Ye was lacking in. Although they could see that Zhang Ye was slowly progressing, his actions were still not beautiful. A few knew that this was hard on Teacher Zhang. He was a literary scholar who did literature. It was a bit too much for him to brandish swords and swing staffs.

However, there were people in the filming crew who looked down on Zhang Ye.

"Don't bite off more than you chew."

"We will definitely be wasting some film later. Sigh."

"Isn't this causing a problem? We are all waiting to knock off after work. If he delays it, who knows what time the filming will end today."

"Forget it. Refrain from saying so much. It's not easy."

A short while later, a few machinery were ready after a few adjustments.

Director Jiang sat beside Machine #1, "Alright, let's begin!"

The villain character that was acting with Zhang Ye came over. He was carrying a sword and stood at his designated position.

Zhang Ye took a deep breath and walked over too. He stood at the spot the martial arts director indicated to him. Everything was ready.

With a command from Director Jiang, the cameras began rolling!

"Young hero Chen?" The villain looked to be on guard.

Zhang Ye smiled and said his lines, "My surname is Chen, but I don't deserve the title young hero."

After a few words were exchanged, the two began fighting. Zhang Ye's role was that of a helper of the main lead. The fighting scene was directly recorded. There should have been some scenes of young hero Chen before this, but it was likely to be filmed in the future. Films were seldom recorded according to the plot's order.

There was close combat!

Saber beams and sword shadows!

This scene originally would have Zhang Ye take his enemy's life within ten moves.

At the second move, Zhang Ye followed the established movement

and blocked with his sword. Then he kicked out according to the choreography created by the martial arts director. However, this kick of his was too accurate. There was no other way about it as Zhang Ye knew kung fu. The skills he obtained from the books were too entrenched, so it was not that easy to deviate from it. His kick had aimed for the villain's vital spot. This was a reflexive movement of Zhang Ye, and he knew things would be bad if he really made the kick. Hence, he quickly diverted it, and reduced his strength. But with the villain slashing the sword over, he "slashed" onto Zhang Ye's shoulder!

"Cut!" Director Jiang said angrily.

The Assistant Director also said, "Why didn't you follow the choreography?"

The villain smacked his lips, "Teacher Zhang, your kick should have been lower, then will you be at an advantage with a lowered stance. How can you be slashed by me?"

Zhang Ye was thinking that if he had not lessened his strength, you would have been sent flying by this bro's kick. How would you even slash me? That was nonsense! However, he did not say a word. As this was not a real fight and just filming a movie, it was indeed true that Zhang Ye was in the wrong.

Following that, the cameras began rolling again.

Once...

Twice...

Thrice...

Zhang Ye followed the choreography this time. However, he kept feeling that the actions were too weird, nor could there be any strength in them. His limbs were all soft. He was unsatisfied with it. Naturally, Director Jiang would not agree to these takes!

"What are you doing!" Director Jiang's temper was quite bad. In an annoyed manner, he said, "Do you even know how to fight? You can't even do this tiny bit of actions? Is this very difficult?"

F**k!

And you are actually yelling at me?

Two knife-wielding burglars who were fighting me with their lives had been taken down by me! I can't fight?

Zhang Ye stared at him. Those who knew him knew that this fellow's temper was much worse than Director Jiang's. He refused to submit to anyone!

The Assistant Director smoothed things over, "Teacher Zhang is an intellectual. He will definitely be slightly lacking in fighting scenes."

Having recalled that this person was recommended by Zhang Yuanqi, Director Jiang sighed, "Let's do another take."

However, many of the crew had their objections. Zhang Ye was too useless in their eyes. There were still several scenes later on. They still needed to go up the mountain. How long would this filming take?

At this moment, five people came down the mountain!

"Who are you?"

"Who allowed you to gather here?"

"The monastery is a serene place! Please leave immediately!"

It was a few bald monks. They were dressed in robes and held poles in their hand. They did not look welcoming.

They had already set up the lighting and it was easy to tell at a glance. The Assistant Director was stunned, "Little masters, we had informed your abbot a month ago that we would be filming this

month. Our sponsorship fees and related contracts have been drawn up. You just need to ask your abbot."

Everyone no longer had time to show disdain at Zhang Ye's uselessness. Instead, they looked at the few monks.

A monk looked cold as he clenched his pole tightly, "Half a month ago, our abbot was changed! Now, unauthorized people are prohibited from entry!"

Zhang Ye felt speechless hearing this.

The abbot had changed? When did monasteries engage in competition for higher positions?

The Assistant Director said with a frown, "But we have already decided on it. This scene is very important. We can't not have this scene. We will just film for a day and will be gone tomorrow."

The young monk said fiercely, "Not even an hour! Leave immediately!"

A few young monks surrounded them and blocked the path uphill.

Yao Jiancai said, "Where is your abbot? Please call him here. We will discuss it with him."

"The abbot is meditating! It's inconvenient for him to receive others!" The young monk seemed impenetrable. His expression was also arrogant. He looked down on them, "I'm giving you ten seconds! Leave immediately!"

Ten seconds?

It wasn't even enough to move their equipment!

Director Jiang was also annoyed, "Bring us to your abbot!"

The young monk stared at him, "Didn't you hear what I said? The abbot is meditating! There is still six seconds remaining! Are you

leaving? We can help you leave!"

Monks were so fierce?

What sort of monks were these!?

The filming crew was extremely annoyed!

"How can you be so fierce!? So what if we don't leave!?"

"What would you do? Will you use your poles to beat us?"

"Having gone to so many monasteries, I have never seen such unreasonable monks! Come! Try and hit me! I want to see how you are helping us leave!"

Ten seconds were up!

The young monk did not say an additional word and slammed down with his pole. With a crashing sound, a bulb was shattered. Even the lighting frame crashed down and rolled down the mountain. It nearly even swept Zhang Ye off his feet, who had not provoked anyone!

Zhang Ye's gaze turned cold.

The other filming crew members were also outraged, "What are you doing!"

Another older monk in his twenties also brandished his pole and was about to smash the camera!

At this moment, the martial arts director stood forward. With a sword from the props, he charged. Ding! He had clashed with the pole, but before he could make his next move, the young monk had flicked his pole and hit the martial arts director's stomach, sending him flying!

"Ah!" The martial arts director rolled down the stairs!

An actor and two stage management crew happened to be just

below. They hurriedly caught him, stabilizing him. If he carried on rolling down, even if he did not die, he would be left half-dead. There were still tens of meters of stairs!

Chapter 194 - Zhang Ye's Taiji Fist 1 vs 4!

On Little Qingshan.

The filming crew began cursing!

"You dare hit someone?"

"You smashed our things?"

"Have you monks gone crazy?"

"Call the police! Isn't this a society that is ruled by law?"

"You're from the monastery, we respected you. We've already discussed it with you all earlier, but now you just want to take back your word like this? Even hitting our people?"

"This is too unreasonable!"

"All of you, what kind of people are you! And you call yourselves monks?"

Aren't monks supposed to be compassionate? Ah? What if our people fell off just now! He would had fallen to his death! You guys tried to push him to his death?"

With the commotion, many people had now gathered around!

The few young monks looked at them without batting an eyelid, "We already told you to leave immediately! You guys did not listen! So don't blame us for for not being welcoming!"

Another young monk said, "We will say it once more! Are you leaving? Ah?" their faces were full of malice!

A stuntman stepped forward, "So what if we don't leave!"

Before he could even finish the sentence, another young monk had

already attacked. With a wave of his pole, it hit the stuntman on his face. Pu! The stuntman flew sideways horizontally. That showed how much strength was put into that hit!

"Little Zhao!"

"Holy fuck!"

"This gang of bald donkeys!"

That hit showed everyone the group of monks were not in the mood for discussion. They did not bother about what had been discussed nor did they have eyes for the law. If they wanted to beat you, they will beat you! It also made them understand that even though their group numbered around 30 people, they were totally outmatched by the group of monks. Initially, they felt that since most of them had some training before and with so many years of filming martial arts movies, they'd be able to deal with these few monks! But the facts had proven that their martial arts were all just fancy moves. The martial arts director could not even take two hits before being blown away. Those stuntmen with over 10 years of experience like Little Zhao were not even able to strike. Though the monks were a little underhanded by striking first without warning, even in a fair duel, the monks were still one better than the other! It was different from this bunch of actors with their fancy moves. The monks had real weapons on hand and had trained from young in the monastery!

Fancy moves versus real skills!

With just an exchange of blows, the outcome had been decided!

Director Jiang did not bother about the equipment. Instead he ran over to the fallen stuntman and asked, "Little Zhao, how are you? Are you alright?"

Little Zhao bitterly spat out the blood in his mouth, "I'm fine!"

The Assistant Director said in a panic, "Director Jiang, a wise man does not fight when the odds are against him, let's....."

Director Jiang clenched his teeth and hesitated a moment. Just as he was about to command everyone to head down the mountain, the monks did not even wait and tried to strike another camera with a pole!

The girl who had asked for a photo with Zhang Ye was standing nearby. She suddenly threw herself in front of the camera, "If you want to hit, you have to hit me first!"

"Little Yan!"

"Sister Yan!"

"Little Yan, come back here!"

"Are you or the machine more important?"

"Stop! You even want to hit a girl? Are you even human!?"

The actress showed no fear and stared at the group of monks.

The monk who was striking with the pole hesitated but said, "A monk does not differentiate between man and woman!" After saying that, his face turned malicious and he struck the pole down on the actress!

"No!"

"Sister Yan!"

"Are you all f**king insane!"

The film crew were all in shock as they cursed. They could pass on the stuntman Little Zhao, or even the martial arts director, they were trained with good builds and were men. But the actress was a fragile female comrade. If the pole struck her, she might even become paralyzed?

Little Yan's face turned green. But she stood her ground and did not step back. She was betting her life on this!

The long pole whistled through the air!

10 cm!

5 cm!

Just as the pole was about to hit Little Yan's shoulder, as the the film crew were all shouting with rage, a figure appeared behind Little Yan's back!

It was Zhang Ye!

Everyone was stunned!

"Teacher Zhang?"

"What are you doing over there!"

"You don't even know the basic moves for the scene, those monks are....."

At this moment, Zhang Ye made a move that left everyone dumbfounded!

Zhang Ye had tried numerous times earlier during the duel with the villain during filming to use his Taiji Fist to let the filming effect be expressed more beautifully. But despite trying over and over, he could not achieve the desired effect. He had wanted to achieve those moves like in the movies, but he just couldn't do it. But right now, upon seeing so many of the equipment being smashed and the actress, who had wanted a photo with him, facing a beating, Zhang Ye's emotions were exploding. With a move of his arms and feet, he now knew that he could use Taiji!

His hands had precisely grabbed hold of the pole as it came down and with a twist of his wrist, the pole had deviated from its trajectory and slid past Little Yan's shoulder and landed with a loud slam on the ground!

The young monk was stunned.

Before he could come back to his senses, Zhang Ye's wrist followed up with a movement, seemingly without much effort, as he borrowed the momentum he obtained when the pole rebound forcefully, hitting the chin of the monk with a loud bang! The young monk's mouth was full of blood! His lower jaw had slammed into his upper jaw as four to five bloody teeth flew out from his mouth!

"Pu!" The young monk was beaten into a daze!

Zhang Ye did not let him off and used a single hand to lift and twist him around before winding up behind the young monk. Then, he landed a heavy shot to the back of the young monk's neck!

The young monk crumbled to the ground. Having his upper body being hit by Zhang Ye caused him to land on his head on a step. Without a sound, he had passed out!

"Wu Yan!"

"Brother Wu Yan!"

The few young monks all shouted that person's name in horror!

Little Yan was stunned. She looked at Zhang Ye with a dazed face and then looked at the young monk with a bloody mouth who was now lying dead on the ground.

This...

This...

"Are you looking for death?" The monk who had earlier ambushed the stuntman with an attack rushed at Zhang Ye within a few steps. The other monks also rushed forward with killing intent, their eyes full of hatred!

Looking for death?

Is this what a monk should utter?

When you wanted to kill us, we deserved it. But when we get one of your guys, then I have to die?

Zhang Ye's face turned cold. He had no intention of stepping back. Instead, he took a few large strides and headed forward, to welcome them face on. This time, he was really offended! If he had depended on those few Taekwondo skills experience books, Zhang Ye felt that it would be a chore to face even just one of them. This bunch of monks knew kung fu that was neither deep nor at a superficial level. However, their punches and kicks were all real so Zhang Ye felt that his Taekwondo would not hold up. But now with the eruption of his Taiji Fist and the experience of fighting the monk earlier, Zhang Ye worries had all faded!

One of them reached him first!

A shadow of the pole came after!

Zhang Ye used the same move, his hand grabbed hold of the pole but did not stop it. He again borrowed the momentum and with a flick of his wrists turned it downwards!

That monk did not realize what had happened. He only felt his brute strength being negated fully at that moment and the pole that was no longer in his control came crashing onto the ground! He had earlier seen the other monk being beaten unconscious but could not put his head around it. He did not understand why his junior was not a match for this person in front of him. At this moment, he could finally see it, but it was already too late!

Zhang Ye turned his palm and hit him on the chin!

That monk had followed in the previous victim's footsteps. He spat out blood and several of his teeth!

Zhang Ye struck him on the back of his neck with his hand and this second monk too had now been knocked unconscious!

The remaining two monks had now gone pale upon seeing this. They looked at each other and said, "Let's attack together!"

The shadow of the poles came down together to attack!

Zhang Ye's used the same move that allowed him greatness. With one hand, he held the pole on the left side. With his other hand, he held the pole on his right. And then seeing the monk on his left staggering, their movements messier than the two monks from earlier, he changed the direction and momentum of the pole's movement. The monk tried to increase his attacking strength but without any control, the pole flew out from his hands. With that, his legs wobbled and he lost his balance. This allowed Zhang Ye to give a kick, a Taekwondo kick to his face. It was not a kick as graceful as Taiji, but its strength was vicious! That monk collapsed on his back and groaned as he lay on the ground. Then he fainted. Following that, the monk on his right moved in. He thought he was smart and did not attack with the pole swinging down. He deviated from the previous few attacks and swung the pole at Zhang Ye sideways at his waist. But Zhang Ye managed to grab hold of the pole. With a step aside and a flick of his waist, the pole was now at Zhang Ye's waist with hardly any force. The attack had been nullified by Zhang Ye's unknown moves and he had even allowed Zhang Ye to move closer to him now. With the back of his palm, Zhang Ye hit him on the lower jaw and followed up with another to his back!

Smash!

".....Ah!" That person was also knocked unconscious!

In a space of just 10 seconds and several simple moves, four of the five monks were now lying unconscious on the floor!

Seeing this, the last monk did not rush forward no matter how foolish he was. He knew that they had met a master today! A master of the masters! He looked at his fellow disciples and turned to run back up towards the mountain!

"Senior brother!"

"Master!"

"This is not good!"

The young monk shouted until his lungs almost burst!

Zhang Ye looked at the actress, "Are you alright?"

"Ah, no, no matter." Little Yan was stuttering in her shock!

"How are the others?" Zhang Ye asked the martial arts director, "Are there any internal injuries?"

But all of them didn't say a word. They were in fact looking at Zhang Ye with shocked faces, as if they had witnessed an alien!

Yao Jiancai was dumbfounded!

Director Jiang was in a daze!

The Assistant Director and other members of the film crew were all staring at him!

To ferocious! This was too fucking ferocious!

Who said that Teacher Zhang Ye was a learned man?

Who said that Teacher Zhang was a weakling?

Weakling your sister! The martial arts director and the stuntman, Little Zhao were all no match for those people! But look at what happened? That bunch of monks were no match for you? Each one unconscious with a hit, like they were dancing? Holy sh*t! What kind of ferocious battle points do you even have!

Chapter 195 - Zhang Ye Discusses Buddhist Verses with Monks!

"Little Zhang, you are awesome! A fierce man!" Yao Jiancai said with a loud laugh. He did not seem composed like how an old man in his forties or fifties should be. He wrapped his arm around Zhang Ye's shoulders, "Those few moves of yours are coquettish!"

The actress, who had been saved, came around and thanked him, "Teacher Zhang, thank you!"

Zhang Ye waved his hands and also removed Old Yao's arm from his shoulder.

The martial arts director had gotten around. He was not seriously injured, but the expression he used while looking at Zhang Ye was only that of shock, "Little Zhang...Teacher, you.. I thought you don't know kung fu? Aren't you not able to do a few simple martial arts movements and even after practice, you still could not do it up to standard? How did you..."

Zhang Ye said in a speechless manner, "Martial arts movements?"

Those things were called bullsh*t martial arts movements!

The villain actor who had acted opposite him also said, "That's right. If you are so powerful, why couldn't you do those simple actions? Could you been acting and using me for your amusement?" Only then did he realize that the person he had looked down upon and had wasted a lot of film footage was a hidden master! However, why couldn't he tell despite sparring with him previously?

Zhang Ye did not explain.

The stuntman, who had been injured, had already stood up. Although Zhang Ye did not say a word, he could tell. "Can't you tell? Teacher Zhang knows real kung fu. Our 'martial arts' we use for

filming movies is not called martial arts at all. It's just showy. What Teacher Zhang was using was true Chinese martial arts. We let a Teacher, who has already imbued Chinese martial arts into his bones and body, to do our showy 'martial arts'? It would be a wonder if he could do it well! True Chinese martial arts focuses on training one's body before practicing the art of restraining an enemy. It's not the same as ours which is just to show the audience!"

His master had also practiced in Chinese martial arts. He only began learning from his master after the age of 18, and had already missed the prime age for practicing martial arts. No matter what he practiced was just the tip of the iceberg. Hence, he could only become a stuntman. Although he could not traverse down the path of Chinese martial arts, he still knew quite a bit, so he could tell at a glance.

"Chinese martial arts?"

"Teacher Zhang really knows kung fu?"

"And it's true kung fu? This is the first time seeing it!"

"It's so cool! Teacher Zhang, teach me tomorrow!"

Everyone gave him the thumbs up.

After a daze, the martial arts director was no longer surprised. He had seen many Chinese martial arts experts before. For example, many action stars and martial arts director in the industry or even stuntmen had practiced Chinese martial arts. Some of them had great attainment. However, he never expected a weak, soft and non-muscular Teacher Zhang was a Chinese martial arts practitioner. And it could be seen that he was not a beginner. He destroyed each person upon each encounter with one punch each. He was definitely an expert who had trained for years!

He was a frog in a well!

He was really a frog in a well!

The martial arts director and many of the people who had previously grumbled about Zhang Ye's inability to do the actions turned red from embarrassment. They realized that it was not because Zhang Ye was unable to do well, but it was because they were making fools out of themselves. If one wanted to be precise, Teacher Zhang Ye was the person who really knew martial arts!

The martial arts director cupped his fists, "Sorry about before."

Zhang Ye shook his hands, "What's there to be sorry about?"

The Assistant Director said with lingering fear, "It's all thanks to Little Zhang or we would suffer heavy losses. Xiaoyan was nearly beaten. That bunch of bald donkeys!"

When the other people from the filming crew heard this, they also began cursing!

"Pui!"

"What sort of monks are they!"

"We can't just let this go!"

Yao Jiancai was also very angry. He went forward and kicked a monk who had fainted from Zhang Ye's beating. However, that kick made him move. It was as if he was regaining consciousness. Yao Jiancai hurriedly retreated in fear and stood behind Zhang Ye. He then began cursing the monk.

"Director Jiang."

"Director Jiang, what do we do?"

Director Jiang looked at those who had fainted and asked Zhang Ye, "How are they? There's no danger, right?"

Zhang Ye said lightly, "There's no danger. Just a few teeth lost or a dislocated jaw. As for other things, they are just superficial wounds. I

didn't injure them too badly."

For the first time, Director Jiang looked at him with appreciation, "Then what do you think we should do now?"

"Go up the mountain." Zhang Ye said matter-of-factly, "Let's get them to answer for their actions! They can't just beat our people up for nothing! They have to pay for our equipment!"

Director Jiang, "..."

The Assistant Director wiped his sweat and said, "They have already called for reinforcements. Who knows how many monks they have. What if there are more than ten, we..."

Zhang Ye said coldly, "If one comes, I'll beat one up! If ten comes, I'll beat ten up!"

The martial arts director gave his kudos, "Nice! Count me in!"

"Me too! Let's fight it out with them up the mountain!" An actor said excitedly.

After seeing Zhang Ye's kung fu, these people immediately felt emboldened. They were no longer afraid of anything. With a masterful expert with them, who was afraid of who?!

Of course, there were only a few who felt their blood surging. A large number of them were at a loss whether to laugh or cry. Those who knew of Zhang Ye's past deeds recalled of this person's a*shole temper. Back then, they did not actually believe it and waved them off as rumors. After all, how much of an a*shole could a broadcasting host who dealt with literature be? However from what they saw today, it was indeed true. The rumors were not fake. This guy was a fearless person! What sort of place was a monastery? That was a place protected by numerous civilians! From the looks of it, you were going to thrash their monastery?

"Don't be rash!"

"Calm down!"

"Don't fight when you are up the mountain. Speak nicely first!"

"Right, those monks had been beaten by us, and it was not that trivial. We have obtained our revenge. I think we should report to the police and go down the mountain first."

Everyone were in disagreement. There was no outcome.

But in a blink of an eye, Zhang Ye had already walked up the staircase. Zhang Ye didn't care if they were going up. He could not take it lying down!

"Heh!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Little Zhang, what are you doing!?"

The moment Zhang Ye went up the mountain, the martial arts director, a few stuntmen and two actors followed. Yao Jiancai did not hide away and also rolled up his sleeves and followed behind while swearing.

Director Jiang was already appeased. They had only beaten two people up, and the injuries were slight. The lighting equipment they smashed was not that expensive either. However, they had taken down four monks. Up to now, none of them had waken up. As the overall director, he still cared about the bigger picture. Although he felt hatred, he still got a few people to carry the monks up the mountain. He did not ignore and leave the monks behind.

.....

At the top of the mountain.

What was supposed to be a dark monastery was lit up.

They were not using flaming torches or similar stuff. Monasteries

had lamps. Every one of them used electricity these days.

The moment the filming crew arrived, they encountered a group of about seven to eight monks. There weren't many of them, but they were fully armed. Some of them held poles, while one of them looked like the monastery's cook. It looked like he came out with a large ladle. They were all furious and stared deadly at Zhang Ye, however, none of them dared to take the step forward. The junior brother that came back had already informed them of the situation. From the description, they could not tell what kung fu the other party used. They could only be certain that it was a form of Chinese martial arts. They also guessed that according to the description, the lot of them probably was not the person's match. Hence, although they stood there shouting, none of them dared to be the first to rush forward!

"Where are my junior brothers!?"

"You dare to hit monks?!"

"This is pushing it too far!"

"Where's the abbot? Quickly get the abbot here!"

A few of the filming crew members had brought the monks up the mountain. After receiving a nod from Director Jiang when they glanced at him, they brought the monks over. One of the monks had already woken up, so he walked over himself.

"Junior brother!"

"Senior brother!"

"What happened to you?"

The bunch of monks hurried over to help and pinched their philtrums.

Not a while later, the monks, who had been beaten, regained consciousness. They barely stood up. They were not seriously

injured, but their words sounded odd like there was air leakage. Their teeth had dropped off!

“Amitābha!” Suddenly, an old monk walked out of the courtyard. He first looked at his disciples’ wounds before he faced the filming crew.

“Abbot!”

“They beat us up!”

A young monk who had regained consciousness complained despite being the first at fault.

“Shut up!” The abbot roared, “Did you make the move first?”

The monks were temporarily rendered speechless. The other monks also lowered their heads and did not speak.

The abbot said with a sad heart, “Monks should be benevolent. By hurting others, this outcome is a result of your own actions. Others are not to blame!”

Yao Jiancai grunted, “Looks like you have someone reasonable here. Then this would be easier to negotiate.”

Director Jiang said with some resentment, “Abbot, our film crew had previously contacted the previous abbot and had agreed to this filming. Now with you going back on your words and even beating up our people and smashing our equipment, I want to ask what’s the meaning of this? Thankfully we have an expert in our crew, or who knows if someone would be killed by the bunch of you today?”

The abbot looked very calm and spoke calmly, “We do not welcome filming crew in the future.”

Director Jiang said, “It’s fine if you don’t welcome us, but why didn’t you say so earlier? Why was there a need to beat people up?”

“I was meditating. I did not know anything that was happening

outside. If I knew, I wouldn't have allowed them to do so." The abbot placed his palms together and said, "Amitābha, my few disciples have been taught a lesson by you, so Almsgiver, please leave. I won't see you out."

He was pushing the responsibility?

He was using the fact that he was unaware as an answer?

And he was not seeing them out? He was so impolite?

They had previously thought they had met a reasonable person, but who knew he was also a recalcitrant monk!

Zhang Ye walked up. This movement of his caused a few of the young monks to step back in horror.

The abbot understood this at a glance. This person was definitely the Chinese martial arts expert who had beaten his disciples. "This Almsgiver, what's the matter?" He was fearless. It was unknown if he had practiced kung fu before.

Zhang Ye looked at him and said, "If this matter is not cleared up, we will not leave!"

"If there's any matter, do it another day. I haven't finished my seated meditation." The abbot could not care any less about him as he turned around, bringing his disciples away.

"Meditation? You are still meditating at this moment?" Zhang Ye was angered and as he saw the abbot's distancing back figure, he immediately threw out a famous Buddhist verse from , in a face-smacking way, "When living, sit, don't lie. When dead, lie down, don't sit. How can a set of stinking bones, be used for training?"

The abbot was stunned as he suddenly turned his head backwards!

The young monks were also stunned as they looked with their mouths agape at Zhang Ye!

Chapter 196 - Zhang Ye's one gatha after Another!

Zen verse?

This person even knew Zen verses?

When living, sit, don't lie. When dead, lie down, don't sit.

How can a set of stinking bones, be used for training?

Those who did not know could not understand at all, but those who really knew could tell the profoundness of the Zen verse. Even Buddhist masters might not be able to freely say such verses!

Zhang Ye's Zen phrase meant: A pile of stinking bones will rot, but if it stubbornly insisted on doing the actions of meditation without understanding the verses, then they were demonstrating "When living, sit, don't lie. When dead, lie down, don't sit". By the time you had such thoughts, your senses and character would only be fake inside out. How was there any merit established? How was one to gain enlightenment? Or if it was put simply, Zhang Ye was telling them: Are you learning to meditate or learning to be a seated Buddha? If you were meditating, then that was not something you could do just sitting there. If they were learning to be a seated Buddha, Buddha was not a fixed state, so how was one to accomplish it by sitting? To gain Buddhist enlightenment from meditation was not a feasible route!

In Buddhism, there were gatha and Zen verses. They were given such names and not called poems. But to Zhang Ye, they were no different from poems!

"You..." a young monk said in disbelief.

Not only him, even the abbot could not accept that such a profound Zen verse came from the mouth of a "martial monger" who had

beaten his four disciples!

The abbot looked into Zhang Ye's eyes, "Almsgiver, you know Zen verses?"

Many people in the filming crew did not understand Zhang Ye's gatha, but from the monks' faces of shock, they knew Zhang Ye had said something awesome.

Yao Jiancai laughed.

The Deputy Director laughed.

Many people in the filming crew were also laughing.

They knew that for acting, Zhang Ye was a complete layman. He was inferior to even a typical rookie, or they would not have wasted so much of the film footage without succeeding in filming his motions. However, when it came to poems and literature, this Teacher Zhang Ye was an expert amongst experts. All the members of the filming crew combined together could not even amount to a finger of Zhang Ye. It could be said that this was his true trade! Everyone laughed knowing that these monks had encountered a hard problem! When some people live, they are already dead. When some people die, they are still alive. Some of them knew that Zhang Ye had previously used a short poem like this. This short line made it evident that Zhang Ye's literary skill was not to be underestimated!

Zhang Ye smiled, "I can't say I know."

"You don't have to be humble. Just that gatha you said might not even be produced by an esteemed monk who has meditated for decades. Hur Hur. Since I happen to meet you, let us exchange our knowledge on verses?" His disciples had been beaten, so the abbot probably was suppressing his anger. Compete in martial arts? Since he couldn't beat others, he changed to competing through words!

Xiaoyan could not help but laugh. Compare your literary attainment with Teacher Zhang? This was shooting themselves in the foot, and

immediately cheered on Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang, compete with him!"

"Right! Attack!"

"Let them broaden their horizons!"

"Haha, there are still people these days that want to compete with Zhang Ye in literature?"

"Eh, this is Zen studies, right?" Does Teacher Zhang know?"

"Isn't Zen studies also a form a literature? It's not much different."

Everyone started to shout, urging Zhang Ye to have a literary battle with the monk. Many of them were confident of Zhang Ye. Only a small number of them did not know Zhang Ye well, and were not as optimistic.

An old monk sneered, "To have an exchange in verses with the abbot?"

Another monk said, "If your senses are dirty, what verses are there to talk about?"

"A layman dares to have an exchange in verses with our abbot? He doesn't know his strength." A young monk scoffed. Yes, he said that although he was previously shocked by Zhang Ye's verse.

This bunch of monks did not watch television, so they did not know anything about Zhang Ye.

It was obvious that neither side was willing to step down. They could not fight, nor could they afford to fight, but they had to decide who was better. They had to vent this anger!

Zhang Ye said nonchalantly, "Alright, please go ahead."

Taking advantage of the moment, Zhang Ye did a few actions with his hands and bought a Memory Search Capsule from the game ring's

Merchant Shop. After eating it, he very quickly remembered the gatha and Zen verses from his world. These text-based things were recalled quickly. With a blink of an eye, Zhang Ye was ready. People fought for their anger, while Buddha fought for incense. The past two days of accumulation had slightly increased his Reputation, so it was still enough to buy a Memory Search Capsule. It was not for anything but to act almighty!

He could see that a female stage management crew member had begun recording with a cellphone a long while ago!

Look at how smart she was. Zhang Ye wanted to give her a Like. She had such great foresight!

What were the conditions to reach the highest realm of acting almighty? Firstly, one needed an inhuman opponent. Secondly, one needed a bunch of fussing audience. Thirdly, one needed recording equipment, so as to broadcast Zhang Ye's literary excellence to its fullest extent. It couldn't be privately admired!

These three conditions had been fulfilled!

The abbot said softly, "The gatha said by Almsgiver previously meant that meditating was useless. On this point, I do not agree. I am not attempting to gain enlightenment from simply meditating. Meditating is just a method and a way of training one's mind. Since you are a martial arts practitioner, you should know the importance of methods in martial studies. I'm dedicated to Buddhism, while you are dedicated to martial arts. They all have the same principles. Didn't you use methods while being a bully to beat my disciples?"

At this moment, when the highest authority, Director Jiang, heard this, the anger he had suppressed flared up once again. He was so angry that he cried out!

"What unreasonable words!"

"Teacher Zhang was being a bully?"

"Beat your disciples?"

"Why didn't you mention that your disciples were the first to attack!?"

"This old bald donkey sure can beat about the bush!"

The film crew began to shout in unison. They were very unhappy with the abbot's words.

Zhang Ye laughed and looked at him, "Was I the one who injured your disciples?"

"If it wasn't you, then who was it?" The abbot answered. It seemed like he was relying back on Zen studies to come back at Zhang Ye. In this field, the abbot was a "specialized major".

However, Zhang Ye did not give him a chance. He immediately took a Buddhist story from his world. He then pointed at a flag at the corner of the monastery. The flag was flapping in the wind, "With the wind blowing, the flag flaps. Do you say the wind is moving or the flag is moving?"

A young monk was the first to answer, "Of course the wind is moving!"

Zhang Ye shook his head.

An old monk said, "The flag is moving?"

Zhang Ye carried on shaking his head.

A monk said, "Then what is moving? The world is moving?"

Zhang Ye looked up and said, "It's your heart that is moving!"

This Buddhist story was quite well known in Zhang Ye's world. Things changed because of one's will to change. This was not talking about the physical change in things, but the way things were approached. We would always first subjectively decide if a thing was good or bad. Zhang Ye was using this verse to tell this bunch of people. I was

being a bully? I beat you up? That was just your own subjective opinion!

Director Jiang applauded, "Well said!"

The actress, Xiaoyan laughed out loud, "Teacher Zhang is awesome!"

The filming crew was also highly spirited as they clapped and cheered Zhang Ye!

The monks did not look good. With that verse said, it showed how petty they were.

However, the abbot remained poised. He quietly said, "Buddha said, evil words that harm others would descend to Hell after death, what more those who beat others? I wonder if Almsgiver believes in Heaven and Hell."

As a superstitious person, Zhang Ye answered without thinking, "I believe."

The abbot said, "Then where is Heaven? And where is Hell?"

Zhang Ye glanced at him, "It's in your heart and also everywhere."

"Oh? In my heart? Why can't I see that?" The abbot said peacefully.

Zhang Ye chuckled, and immediately scolded him, "You old bald donkey!"

An old monk immediately turned angry. A few younger monks also picked up their sticks, wanting to fight it out with Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye said without any hurry and pointed at them, "See, the gates of Hell has opened."

When the few monks heard it, they immediately understood and quickly put down their sticks.

Zhang Ye chuckled once again, "Look, the gates to Heaven has also

opened."

The monks looked at each other. So this was what it meant with Heaven and Hell being in the heart!

The abbot asked, "Then what does it mean that Heaven and Hell is everywhere?"

Zhang Ye answered him with his world's gatha, "To see a world in a grain of sand. And a heaven in a wild flower. Hold infinity in the palm of your hand. And eternity in an hour."

About ten monks were stunned hearing this.

Yao Jiancai slapped his thigh and applauded, "What finesse! Too much finesse!"

"Teacher Zhang is so impressive! Hahaha! That was said so beautifully!" Someone in the filming crew sent his kudos.

The abbot was also slightly lost in thought, "Since Almsgiver believes in Heaven and knows about Hell, then why did you have to do actions that harm others?" He kept insisting on this issue.

Xiaoyan said angrily, "Do you have anything else?"

Yao Jiancai said, "You can't beat Little Zhang in Zen studies, so you begin clinging on this?"

"Who was the one who harmed others? It was the bunch of you who harmed others first, alright!? F**k!" An actor cursed.

The abbot ignored the surrounding people and only looked at Zhang Ye, "Indifferent towards karma, since you believe in Hell, aren't you afraid of descending into Hell?"

Zhang Ye was not pulled in by him, and did not accept his verse that was filled with hidden tricks. With a laugh, he said heroically, "If I don't descend into Hell, who will?" This gatha could be said to be one

of the most famous Buddhist verses in Zhang Ye's world. It could be said to be peerless!

The deputy director immediately shouted, "Awesome!"

The other members of the filming crew also shouted excitedly, "What a good 'if I don't descend into Hell, who will!'"

However, this sentence did not only have the literal meaning they understood. In fact, they did not understand either, but the abbot understood. Another old monk also understood it. Momentarily, the two of them looked at Zhang Ye with their gazes changed!

If I don't descend into Hell, who will?

These words were not that of anger but a Zen verse that was filled with compassion. By descending into Hell, without wishing for an end, experiencing extreme torture, to the point of leading a living death. At this moment, if I didn't enter and save them, who would?

The abbot said with his palms flat against each other, "Amitābha."

An old monk behind also said with his palms flat, "Amitābha."

The young monks were still unconvinced. They did not believe that their abbot's Buddhist studies were incomparable to a layman!

At this moment, it was Zhang Ye's turn to ask. He pointed at a stone tablet in the yard. There were words inscribed on it. It was a line that made him very interested as well as one that was very familiar.
"When I came in, I saw this. I wonder from whom did this gatha come from?"

The abbot gave a glance, "It was written by me a few days ago."

The carving looked new, so it was clear that it had been recently carved.

The abbot chanted, "The body is a Bodhi tree, the mind is a mirror

bright, never stop dusting and wiping, lest dust alight. This is my pursuit of the path of Buddha."

The filming crew also looked over. They were momentarily awed and felt that the gatha was indeed very good. With his body like a Bodhi tree that let people of the past gain enlightenment, with a heart like a dustless and bright mirror, by constantly reflecting on oneself, it would not let dust settle on the mirror to mar one's nature! Well written! This was really written by the abbot? The film crew also had a sudden change of attitude towards the abbot. They now understood why the Qingshan Monastery did not welcome filming crews. Them harshly sending people down the mountain and not permitting them entry was because of this gatha of the new abbot. They did not want to tarnish their monastery, and was also the meaning of "never stop dusting and wiping, lest dust alight".

Someone from the filming crew gave a slight nod.

The abbot also looked towards Zhang Ye, waiting for his reaction.

Who knew that Zhang Ye did not take it seriously and laughed. What a coincidence that this world also had such a gatha. However, the difference was it did not have the second half of the gatha from Zhang Ye's world.

The abbot said, "Almsgiver, why do you laugh?"

A young monk said angrily, "What are you laughing about?"

"That's right. If you have the ability, write one!" Another monk was also displeased.

Zhang Ye found it both funny and annoying, "The reason why you don't let us on the mountain, beat us up, and destroyed our equipment, was all because of this gatha?"

The abbot looked at him, "Does Almsgiver think my gatha is inappropriate?"

"It's far from inappropriate." Zhang Ye said impolitely, "It's completely misleading!"

"What are you saying!" A young monk angrily picked up a pole. However, having just recalled the verse about Heaven and Hell that Zhang Ye just mentioned, he angrily put down his pole. Of course, he knew a large part of it had to do with him not being able to beat Zhang Ye even with a pole.

"What do you mean misleading?" An old monk asked.

Another young monk said exasperatedly, "Don't speak blindly if you do not know!"

The filming crew did not know why Zhang Ye despised this gatha so much. To them, the gatha was very well-written. There wasn't a problem to it?

However, Zhang Ye said, "I have a story here. Listen to it first. In the past, there were two reverend monks in debate. The first monk said, 'I have a mirror in my heart, that I polish everyday, so that it can be used as a reflection, so as to scrutinize myself.' However, the second monk said, 'I have no mirror in my heart, what is there to polish?'"

No mirror?

What is there to polish?

When everyone present heard this, they were stunned. Some seemed to be confused, but there was some who seemed to immediately understand a thing!

Then Zhang Ye said, "Today, I'll give you another gatha." Saying that, Zhang Ye looked towards each and everyone of those monks, "The body is a Bodhi tree? The mind is a mirror bright? Never stop dusting and wiping? Lest dust alight?" Zhang Ye's eyes narrowed. He retorted every word of the abbot. Every word was a strike in the monks' hearts. With every line, the expressions on the monks changed once!

"By origin, there is no Bodhi tree!"

"Nor is there a mirror bright!"

"Originally there is not a single thing!"

All the monks turned silent!

Zhang Ye smiled and asked the monks, "Where does dust alight?"

Chapter 197 - Conferring Words!

Zhang Ye finished speaking.

There was silence immediately!

What was a Bodhi tree? The Bodhi Tree was a large and very old Sacred Fig tree. The tree grows to a height of 15-25m and its trunk has a diameter of about 30-50 cm. It has a large and wide-spreading crown, with a bark that is light grey in colour. The simple, long-stalked leaves are heart-shaped and long tipped. The flowers are tiny and are found inside the small fleshy figs, which ripen to greenish-yellow, then purple. There are three kinds of flowers: male, female and sterile... Of course, those were just filler words... This was an official description of the plant.

Cough Cough. Right, time to be serious.

By origin, there is no Bodhi tree? Although the Bodhi tree existed in the world, the Bodhi tree referred to by Buddhists was not a plant. It was a symbol and memory. The Bodhi also represented the great wisdom of Buddhism. What tree was there? What mirror was there? Just as Zhang Ye had described the debate between the 2 monks, the constant reflection of oneself in the mirror, was just a will, a thought, so how was there a mirror?

There was no Bodhi tree!

Nor was there a mirror!

Originally, there is not a single thing, so where does dust alight?

Everyone including the abbot and the monks all searched for an answer within themselves. They used the gatha from Zhang Ye to question themselves — Where does the dust alight? That's right! Where does dust alight!

The abbot was convinced as he held his palms together, "Amitābha."

Following that, the ten or so monks behind him also held their palms together, "Amitābha."

The film crew's jaw had dropped when they heard the gatha by Zhang Ye. They did not understand Buddhism nor had they learned anything about Zen. Just as they had heard the talk about Zen between the abbot and Zhang Ye earlier, they were only listening for the sake of listening. They knew that Zhang Ye was very good at it, but they did not understand its meanings. But this gatha was different. Not only the monks, even those who were just laymen on Buddhist teachings had heard and understood it clearly. At the beginning, they felt that the abbot's gatha was already very good, but when Zhang Ye's 'By origin, there is no Bodhi tree' was said, everyone was stunned to the heavens. In that moment, they saw the gulf between the abbot's gatha and Zhang Ye's gatha!

Everything does not stand up well with comparisons!

When the 2 gathas were compared, if we say that Teacher Zhang Ye was a reverend monk, then the abbot could be thought of as someone who had just entered the monastery or had even not yet become a monk!

"Haha! Nice!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye, you are so cool!"

"What a good there is no Bodhi tree! What a nor is there a mirror!"

"That's right! There's nothing at all! How can there be dust? Teacher Zhang's gatha is peerless! Instead, it was the bunch of monks who were enlightened!"

"That gatha was too awesome!"

"Why do I feel like I'm witnessing a scene for the ages? 'Little Qingshan's Zen Exchange'?"

"In a few centuries, when the future generations mention this gatha

by Teacher Zhang, will we also be included in that story?"

"Definitely, ha, we have been touched by the greatness of this and it will be spoken of for a thousand years!"

"Did you record it?"

"It's recorded."

"I recorded too, Teacher Zhang was too awesome!"

"Debating about Zen with a monk and winning!"

What was face smacking?

This was face smacking!

What was pretending to be awesome?

This was pretending to be awesome!

Yao Jiancai finally smiled. He felt that Zhang Ye was more and more pleasing to the eye now. Old Yao thought that if he had this level of acting awesome like Zhang Ye, what would become of him? The women would be throwing themselves at him!

Quite a few people in the film crew knew of Teacher Zhang Ye's literary skills. Even though a majority of the crew did not know Zhang Ye before this, they had now found out about his capabilities from the others who knew of him from before. But what just happened made them understand that they had still underestimated his literary upbringing. Initially, they had urged Zhang Ye to have a literary duel with the abbot because they felt that Zhang Ye would not lose since this was his rice bowl. But since the duel was about Zen and gatha, which belonged to a different school of literature — Gatha was a philosophical study compared to poetry — they had not expected him to win so overwhelmingly! The abbot and the monks were all stunned in silence! They had been dumbfounded by the lecture of Teacher Zhang Ye!

Especially the last bit about the Bodhi Tree!

Gatha was just a form of language used by monks. It wasn't like a couplet where a 2nd verse would exist!

But who would have thought that Zhang Ye could treat it like a couplet and match the 2nd verse to the gatha! Every word was profound! It had refuted the abbot's gatha fully! And it had refuted it so well that no one could say anything! This gatha could not even be commented on, it was that high of a level! Even people who could not understand could see it clearly!

The abbot looked deeply at Zhang Ye before regaining a peaceful look. He closed his eyes and muttered something before slowly opening his eyes again, "This old monk has been meditating for over 30 years. I've been dedicating myself to Buddha all these years and just a few days ago, I was enlightened and wrote that gatha. I thought that I had stepped closer to Buddha and that my spiritual practice had gone to another level." As he said this, he smiled bitterly, "Never did I expect that by meeting you, I would realize that I have not even stepped into the doorway of Zen, what a pity, what a pity."

"Master."

"Abbot!"

A few young monks were still worried.

The abbot waved his hands and said to Zhang Ye, "This Almsgiver might be a secular man, but he has great wisdom. He has wisdom that is even greater than us monks. Today, I have been beaten convincingly. If you have the heart to become a practitioner of Buddhism in future, your Dharma will definitely be higher than mine by a few hundred times."

Hearing this, Zhang Ye immediately waved his hands, "Please don't say that, I'm leading a good life, I'm not so silly. I will continue to be

my secular self, being secular is better."

The abbot said with regrets, "Such a pity, a pity."

The abbot had admitted defeat and the monks who had been beaten up earlier had looks of resignation.

Who was this person in front of them? He couldn't be beaten in a fight! He couldn't be out-talked with words! Does he even leave a route for retreat?

Of course, they could not out-talk Zhang Ye. What he had said was a gatha by Abbot Hui Neng from his previous world. It was the widely known "Platform Sutra". Furthermore, during the verse exchange, Zhang Ye had used his mouth to speak. Alright, that's nonsense, but something isn't. That is because Zhang Ye had previously eaten many Fruits of Charm (Voice). This was something that increased his voice's charm. It naturally made his words have a indescribable profoundness. Hence, everyone was shocked. There was reason to it.

Victory had been decided.

The film crew had won. They had finally vented their anger.

With this win, the victors were also more tolerant. Seeing the abbot admit defeat graciously, many people's impression of him became better. They comforted him a little.

"Abbot, don't compete with Teacher Zhang."

"Right, Teacher Zhang Ye is a famous literary person in Beijing. Anything he writes becomes a classic. I believe you all don't watch TV?"

In the past, they only heard rumors. But today, they had witnessed Zhang Ye's composing prowess. Their emotions were still running high because of hearing the gatha!

In a moment.

The abbot said to the few young monks, "Go and prepare a few rooms in the backyard and settle down all the Almsgivers."

The few young monks went to do as instructed without a second word. They were already convinced by Zhang Ye. With just that line of 'there was no Bodhi tree', he had won the respect of quite a few monks. Do not judge a book by its cover. Zhang Ye's looks might be ordinary or even a little lousy. But to a Buddhist practitioner, the outlook did not matter. For Zhang Ye to be able to utter such an amazing gatha, it showed that he was much better than anyone of them in terms of enlightenment and wisdom. He should therefore be treated with the utmost respect. Ignoring any other thing, a knowledgeable person would be their teacher.

Director Jiang was surprised and asked, "Abbot, didn't you say that you won't be receiving any film crews here anymore?"

The abbot smiled, "After exchanging knowledge with Teacher Zhang Ye, I have gained a lot. In the past, I was too close minded. Hur Hur, originally there is not a single thing, so where does dust alight?"

Today had been a long day. Director Jiang also had quite a number of shots that had not been filmed yet. The sky was already dark, so they had to do it tomorrow. Should they go back now and come again tomorrow? Wasn't this a headache? So he did not reject the offer and accept the goodwill of the monastery. He prepared the crew to stay for the night.

Zhang Ye had inadvertently planted the seeds of the willow plant. He had wanted to just vent his anger and then leave, but little did he expect that the monastery would change their attitude. They made him a guest and that made Zhang Ye a little embarrassed.

.....

In the backyard.

There were over a dozen rooms. The place was quiet and there were

many plants and flowers in the courtyard.

A young monk said, "Master, the rooms have been tidied up."

"Well, Almsgivers. You may have your rest now." The abbot said to Director Jiang and everyone else.

Director Jiang said, "Thank you. There were some misunderstandings earlier. Are those young monks injured badly?" Figuring that he only had only a few damaged pieces of equipment and 2 people with slight injuries, but the other party had 4 people who were injured rather badly, he realized that their side had not suffered as badly as the hosts. They lost physically and even lost in terms of the knowledge battle.

The abbot said in a calm voice, "I have checked on them, they are alright. Almsgiver Zhang did not injure them badly. Actually, there's no misunderstanding. It was my disciples who misunderstood my gatha and that created all the trouble. Amitābha, please do not hold it against us. My disciples were too hotheaded. It was good that Almsgiver Zhang had taught them a lesson. To have been enlightened by him, it might even be a blessing for them."

It was clearly them being beaten up.

But now, it had become a form of enlightenment?

The film crew all looked at Zhang Ye. They knew that Teacher Zhang's bluff had exploded into something bigger. But this made them realize more clearly what Zhang Ye could do. In the whole of Beijing, no one would dare say he was better than Zhang Ye in terms of poetry and writings. This man was too talented!

Director Jiang said to everyone, "Go and have a rest. Sleep early tonight, we still have to continue filming tomorrow."

Everyone was dismissed. They were all very tired and they went to their own rooms to sleep.

Zhang Ye wanted to leave but he was held back by the abbot,
"Almsgiver Zhang, please stay."

"Oh, is there anything?" Zhang Ye looked back and blinked.

"This old monk has an unreasonable request." The abbot smiled blandly and pointed at the stone tablet at the front yard, "Can you confer a few words for us? I would like it to be your gatha from just now. This will guide our disciples in future."

Zhang Ye coughed, "It's not that suitable, is it?"

"What's wrong with it?" The abbot did not think much of it, "Please grant my request."

The young monks also looked at Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye thought about it for a while and acceded. He took a pen and wrote it down.

On the night itself, the abbot instructed for Zhang Ye's words to be inscribed onto the stone tablet. He did not remove his earlier gatha, he left it there. This showed how big of a heart he had!

The stone tablet was awe-inspiring, every word was cutting!

The body is a Bodhi tree, the mind is a mirror bright, never stop dusting and wiping, lest dust alight.

By origin, there is no Bodhi tree, nor is there a bright mirror.
Originally, there is not a single thing, where does dust alight?

In Zhang Ye's world, Shenxiu and Six Patriarch Master Huineng's exchange in the "Platform Sutra" miraculously appeared in this world. However, the conversation between the two masters no longest existed in this world. The lead actors had changed to Zhang Ye and one of Qingshan monastery's abbot!

Chapter 198 - You dare to believe Zhang Ye's words?

The next day.

Early in the morning.

There were clanging noises outside.

"Right, nice expression. Pass!"

"Director, let's do it again. I think my lips twitched so I'm not satisfied with it."

"Actually it's already very good. Alright then, let's do it again. Everyone, pay attention. Action!"

In a room in the backyard of the Qingshan Monastery, Zhang Ye was woken up near the fire pit.

After putting on his clothes, Zhang Ye went out.

As they were filming in the front yard, the cameras were already set up.

"Hey, Teacher Zhang, you have woken up?" An actress named Xiaoyan greeted with a smile.

"I just woke up. Why didn't anyone call me? Everyone is already awake but there I was sleeping. It's so inappropriate." Zhang Ye was feeling a bit embarrassed. He had actually gone to bed at 1 A.M. last night. He was not slacking but because the abbot was too wicked. He kept getting Zhang Ye to discuss Buddhist verses with him and Zhang Ye had no way of turning him down. Only after discussing all night with the old monk was he let back to his room. Hence, he woke up very late.

The Assistant Director laughed, "It's alright. There are no scenes for

you, so we filmed the later parts first."

Although Zhang Ye had helped the film crew yesterday, but he did not put on airs. He immediately found a sword, "Alright, then I'll take the opportunity to practice. We definitely must finish filming it today."

"No, there's no need." The Assistant Director stopped him.

The martial arts director also came forward, "Director Jiang has already said. We will change your motions. Since we know you are a real martial arts practitioner, these movements do not suit you well, so we will make an exception for you. When the time comes, you will just use new movements." This was equivalent to changing the script for Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "Isn't that a lot of trouble?"

"Not a bit." The Assistant Director said, "Go have breakfast first."

Zhang Ye saw a few food boxes still unopened. He walked over and ate it. It was all vegetarian. It did not even have any eggs and was probably in consideration of the monastery and they had gotten it delivered in the morning. As he ate, Zhang Ye looked at the filming not far away. It was Yao Jiancai's scene, where he was acting as a Taoist priest. He was fighting with a few monks. One of the monks was an actor from the filming crew, while the remaining two were monks from the Qingshan Monastery. He had seen them yesterday. He did not expect the abbot to let the monks from the monastery aid in the acting scene. It seemed like the verse, "originally there is not a single thing, where does dust alight" had greatly moved him. He went from meditating to one who tried to gain insight into Buddhist studies.

The stone tablet was erected in front of him.

Quite a number of the crew were relishing about it. They were pointing and discussing it. Some even took pictures as a

remembrance. Some of the new staff and actors that came today were confused. The others, who were here the previous night, pointed in the eating Zhang Ye's direction. They retold the events happily.

After the newcomers heard this, they were all extremely shocked.

With the scene's filming done, the scene was changed back to the mountain side from last night.

"Little Zhang, please prepare." Director Jiang said to Zhang Ye.

"Alright," Zhang Ye responded and went to have an exchange with the martial arts director.

Indeed, the actions this time were not so wide open and was very consistent with Zhang Ye's actual combat motions. Quick, stable, ruthless and was less showy.

After Zhang Ye practiced a few times, he said, "Got it."

"Alright, we are about to begin." Director Jiang sat behind Camera #1.

However, now with Zhang Ye acting smoothly, the actor opposite him was having troubles. He too had been acting in action films for many years and all the movements he knew were the showy ones. He had to react to how Zhang Ye fought, so he could not immediately match him. After more than 20 minutes was he barely able to keep up with Zhang Ye's rhythm. Finally, Director Jiang raised his hand. This scene had passed!

Zhang Ye was sweating. The next scene immediately followed. It was also the last time he was appearing as he would be killed by a villain.

An hour later, Zhang Ye's part was completed.

"Teacher Zhang, you've worked hard." A stage manager passed a towel to him.

"Thanks." Zhang Ye took it and wiped his sweat before taking off his costume and changed into his clothes.

Since he was done with the filming, Zhang Ye bade farewell to Director Jiang, Yao Jiancai and company. As he was leaving, something worthy of comment happened. Knowing that Zhang Ye was leaving, Director Jiang did not say anything but tell him that they could work together if the chance arose. It was Yao Jiancai who was very warm with Zhang Ye. He sent him down the mountain with his arms around his shoulders. The two of them had become good friends despite their ages after a day of interaction. Both of their tempers matched each other. Finally it was Qingshan Monastery's abbot. He was no longer meditating today and instead sent Zhang Ye all the way down Little Qingshan. They even discussed Zen studies along the way.

.....

At the same time.

A video suddenly appeared online. It was unknown how it became viral as the click rate began to climb. It did not seem like it could stop!

"When living, sit, don't lie. When dead, lie down, don't sit. How can a set of stinking bones, be used for training?"

"You..."

"Almsgiver, you know Zen verses?"

"Let us exchange our knowledge on verses?"

.....

"With the wind blowing, the flag flaps. Do you say the wind is moving or the flag is moving?"

"Of course the wind is moving!"

"The flag is moving?"

"Then what is moving? The world is moving?"

"It's your heart that is moving!"

.....

"To see a world in a grain of sand. And a heaven in a wild flower.
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand. And eternity in an hour."

.....

"Aren't you afraid of descending into Hell?"

"If I don't descend into Hell, who will?

.....

"By origin, there is no Bodhi tree!"

"Nor is there a mirror bright!"

"Originally there is not a single thing!"

"Where does dust alight?"

.....

There were scenes that had clearly been edited out of the video. They were either unsightly scenes or scenes that had the filming crew cursing. However, there was not many overall changes. The matter last night was entirely recorded. It was easy to tell that it was someone from the film crew of "The Great Pugilistic World" who uploaded it. The video's name was "Little Qingshan's Zen Exchange".

"Fierce!"

"It's so enjoyable!"

"Propping! The video is too awesome! Is this real or not?"

"How can a layman cause a monk to be dumbfounded?"

"Hey, wait a moment. This person...Why does he look like Teacher Zhang Ye?"

"What do you mean looks like. It's none other than Zhang Ye. F**k, when did he join the filming crew of The Great Pugilistic World? And he's even filming a movie? He switched careers again?"

"Hahaha, Teacher Zhang is still as gifted as ever! Too awesome!"

"That bunch of monks sure were unlucky. You can cross Zen verses with anyone but Teacher Zhang. That fellow is well known to be a notorious sharp-tongued poet! Look at the gatha! The face smacking was too brutal! Especially that last line, 'By origin, there is no Bodhi tree'. I got a kick hearing that. My hair even stood up!"

"Man, Teacher Zhang even knows Buddhist and Zen studies?"

"What doesn't Zhang Ye know? The title Omnipotent Zhang isn't given in vain!"

"I think we should call Teacher Zhang, Bold Zhang. To beat monks in front of their monastery. First he beat them physically, then he smacked their faces. What boldness is this. Hur Hur. Others might not dare to, but Teacher Zhang has no such pressure. Teacher Zhang Ye's boldness has always been off the charts!"

"Classic! Zhang Ye's gatha is so classic!"

"Why is this discussion so popular. Who is Zhang Ye?"

"Previous poster, go search yourself. Can't be bothered to explain. It's clear you are not from Beijing. In Beijing, who doesn't know Face-smacking Zhang!?"

"Forever supporting Face-smacking Zhang!"

"Forever supporting Bold Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang, I love you too much!"

The video was pushed higher and higher. By the end of the day, it alarmed many Buddhist researchers and esteemed monks.

A Buddhist researcher rejected Zhang Ye's gatha completely, "A layman, a ignorant laity dares to act atrociously in front of a clean monastery? And so many people are supporting him? What sort of state of mind is this? I have seen the gathas. It can't be said to be bad, nor can it said to be wrong, but in Zen studies, how is there any right or wrong, good or bad? All of you have put Zhang Ye on too high a pedestal! I really don't believe such an unsettled and short-tempered person can have such profound understanding in Buddhist studies. He's just a demagogue!"

"Previous poster, I bought a watch last year!"

"We all can tell how awesome is it, but you can't?"

"Still a Buddhist studies researcher? What bullsh*t have you researched all this years!? We don't know? I think you are the one who doesn't know? If you know, give us a few gathas!"

"Just because Teacher Zhang is not a monk, so whatever he said is wrong. If these gathas were said by some Buddhist master, would you be bullsh*tting here? You would definitely be praising it as 'good'. What crap. I've already seen through you bunch of 'experts'!"

Many people began cursing. Every time Zhang Ye's works were released, it would attract many criticisms from specialists or experts. It was unknown if they really were worth their salt or not. This sequence of events had already irritated everyone. The facts had proven that Zhang Ye's works were very recognized and loved by the people.

At this moment, a Master stood forward.

This Master had quite a status in the field of Buddhism. He was not a so-called expert but a real esteemed monk.

This esteemed monk replied on Weibo, "I am inferior to Almgsiver Zhang's tremendous wisdom and virtue."

"What?"

"Even the Master says he's inferior?"

"Is Teacher Zhang really so awesome?"

"The Master has already said so. He already said how wise and virtuous he is. I see how anyone dare doubts him!"

"Zhang Ye is really defying the Heavens. I know this Master. Look at the Weibo verification. He is an esteemed reverend monk!"

It was the information age, so even monks kept pace with modern times and were on the web. It was nothing strange. After the Master finished, there were immediately many Buddhist disciples who forwarded and Liked the post.

Finally.

A person posted a comment as if at a loss whether to laugh or cry.

"A few days ago, when Teacher Zhang was leaving the television station, didn't he recite a poem while the reporters were interviewing him? Something about inside a small house hidden away, he seeks a unified life to obey, why care at all – be it winter, summer, spring or fall, that's bullsh*t! What is he hiding away from!? It has just been a few days, and Teacher Zhang has stirred something up again? Why can't I f**king see a tiny bit of why care it all – be it winter, summer, spring or fall?"

"Hahaha, you dare to believe Teacher Zhang Ye's words?"

"Man, that's true."

Chapter 199 - "Zhang Ye's Compilation" Signing Event!

Two days later.

Xidan, Beijing Book Building.

In front of a long table, Zhang Ye was sitting there smiling with an autograph pen. He was surrounded by the staff of the publishing house as well as the Book Building's employees. Some of them were selling the books while others were helping maintain order. The banner was very conspicuous. It was the grand opening of Zhang Ye's new book, "Zhang Ye's Compilation" signing event. Of course, the adjective grand was just added on. There were not that many people, but there wasn't that few either.

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Please sign this for me!"

"Let's take a picture together!"

"Ah, I finally met him in person today!"

"That's right, he's much more handsome than on TV!"

"Teacher Zhang, I'm your hardcore fan!"

"Don't squeeze. I came first. I want the autograph first!"

This event was organized jointly by his publishing house as well as the Book Building. This morning, anyone who bought "Zhang Ye's Compilation" could get his signature by queuing up. As a result, he became busy, "Thank you, thank you for everyone's support." This was the first time he was having close up interactions with his fans. Zhang Ye was also feeling very excited. Once upon a time, he could only see someone's signing event from far away. All he saw was other celebrities being surrounded by people. Now, Zhang Ye had

also obtained this opportunity. He had finally reached the point of giving others his signature. He could not help but sigh for everything seemed like a dream.

"Teacher Zhang, please sign on my clothes." A youth dressed like a shut-in looked he liked Zhang Ye a lot. Even his clothes were printed with Zhang Ye's poem — 'If you do not leave me, I will always be at your side until the end of life.' This was the slogan of Zhang Ye's fan club. It appeared like he was one of them.

Zhang Ye did not hesitate. He was very grateful for the fans who had supported him all this time. He quickly changed to a watercolor pen and signed his name on the youth's back.

After him, there were even more fans who gave a wide variety of requests.

Some wanted the autograph on their hands.

Some wanted the autograph on their necks.

Some even wanted Zhang Ye to sign on the clothes on their chest!

It was a woman in her twenties with average looks but a particularly hot body. She probably came with friends. There were many girls around her giggling. The woman with a hot body blinked at Zhang Ye and then pointed at her chest.

Zhang Ye nearly spurt out blood!

Big! So big!

The big breasted woman came over and pointed at her chest,
"Teacher Zhang, please sign here."

The staff of the publishing house were at a loss whether to laugh or to cry. However, they had organized many events like this, so they had encountered this several times. They were not surprised for there were all sorts of fans.

Zhang Ye was decisive. He stood up with the watercolor pen in hand. But he was still embarrassed to really sign on her breast. He signed on her collar bone. He still took note of possible ramifications. After all, there were so many people watching. However, even though he did so, his hand still slipped. The female fan's breast was too big, so it was hard to gauge the distance. After he finished writing the word "Ye", the final stroke went vertically down, but with Zhang Ye's pen trembling, the vertical line flicked all the way to the fan's huge breast. With that slip, the pen tip clearly had fallen into an area full of flesh.

"Thank you." The female fan was very happy as she showed off her clothes to her girlfriends.

.....

Afternoon.

The signing event had ended.

Zhang Ye drove to his parent's home. He felt like he was covered in sweat. The morning was like a war. It had tired him out. However, what was worth mentioning was that the sales of the compilation was not bad. It had lived up to the price of the publishing house buying off his royalties. And he had seen many of his passionate fans today. He could converse with them face to face instead of through the internet. It was a good feeling.

At home.

He first took a shower before he ate.

Mom brought the dishes out, "Eat, eat. Look how my son is starving. Seriously, that publishing house... You were busy all day, but they did not prepare a meal for you?"

Zhang Ye grabbed a mantou and gnawed on it, "They were also busy. They probably could return only in the afternoon."

"Look at your table manners." Mom laughed, "You are already a superstar and you can even hold a signing event. Pay attention to your image and have the bearing and demeanor of a celebrity, understand?"

Dad also said, "What celebrity? Is there a need to act at home?"

Mom rolled her eyes at him, "What do you know? Celebrities are all fake."

Dad educated his son, "Don't listen to her. Don't let fame go to your head. You should be what you are. Don't be cocky."

"Dad, I understand." Zhang Ye naturally understood.

Mom curled her lips and ignored her husband. She sat down and scooped food for her son, "Eat more."

Knock, knock, knock. Someone was knocking on the door.

"Who is it?" Mom went to open the door.

It was their neighbor, Auntie Liu. She smiled, "My husband said he happened to see Little Ye come home around the corner just now. Eh, Little Ye is eating?"

Zhang Ye put down his chopsticks, "Auntie Liu!"

"He just came back. He had a signing event in the morning." Mom said proudly.

Auntie Liu chuckled, "I came here for this matter. All of you know my husband likes to write. He especially loves Little Ye's poems. He is embarrassed to come over, so he got me to ask. Is there any more of the Compilation?"

"There are plenty." Mom spoke for her son.

Auntie Liu said, "That's great. By the way, Little Ye must sign it for me. This book needs to be properly kept."

Zhang Ye of course did not disagree. He stopped eating, got a book of "Zhang Ye's Compilation" from his bag and signed on it. After sending Auntie Liu away, he returned to his meal.

Mom was extremely pleased, "Look at my son. He doesn't let me down!"

Dad switched on the television, "That's because I educated him well. If he had learned from you, who knows what would happen?"

"Hey, enough of that. What did you teach him? Since he was young, wasn't I the one getting him to study?" Mom cut him off and said to Zhang Ye, "Son, how many books do you have? Leave them for me and sign all of them. Neighbors would probably come these few days, so I definitely have to give them a few books. I also need to give some to my colleagues. Give me how many you have. Don't hide them."

"Got it." Zhang Ye was done eating.

Today's signing event had given Zhang Ye the sweet taste of being a celebrity. It made his decision on becoming the number one celebrity of this world even more firm with the hot sales of "Zhang Ye's Compilation" and with the movie, "The Great Pugilistic World" done filming. They were in the midst of promotion with a few promotion picks with Zhang Ye dressed in ancient costumes at the corner of the poster. His name was also listed on the cast list. With the popularity of the video "Little Qingshan's Zen Exchange", his exposure had once again increased these few days. The decrease in his popularity the past few days had finally stabilized.

But it had only stabilized. It was not enough!

Zhang Ye did not want to stay on the same spot. He needed to find a move that allowed his popularity to increase and last for a long while. He was frowning with urgency about this!

Chapter 200 - WebTV's Invitation for Zhang Ye!

Afternoon.

It was a day off for his parents and they were having an afternoon nap.

In the small bedroom, Zhang Ye was lying in his own room, staring blankly at the ceiling deep in thought. He felt that his career was now at a dead end. There was constant drama happening. After his departure from the television station, there had been no job offers that could further his career objectives. Having odd jobs and incidents here and there was not the solution, this kind of fame was not sustainable in the long run and he would spiral back down into being an unknown. This was not what Zhang Ye wanted to see happen. If he were to depend on such incidents to maintain his popularity, firstly, he would become too tired. Secondly, when would he ever breakthrough into the D-List rankings?

The official website had now placed Zhang Ye as the top few in the E-List Celebrity Rankings. Even after launching his book and filming a movie, it did not let him advance into the D-List. This showed how difficult it was. The celebrities who were placed above him were no pushovers too. They were also garnering more and more popularity every day. If he couldn't even advance into the D-List, then there was no point mentioning how Zhang Ye wanted to head towards being an A-List celebrity or even international star — This would become an unattainable dream.

Keep thinking of it!

He couldn't keep being like this forever!

But where could he go? Where could he go? Zhang Ye still had no direction!

Singing? It still wasn't the right time yet. His singing prowess was not

yet good enough. To go the direction of being a singer at this point in time would be making a fool of himself. How about writing songs for others? That would be killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. Although it could help maintain his popularity for the time being, it was not a long term solution. Everyone will pay attention only to the singer, not the composer or lyricist. No matter how awesome you were, you couldn't possibly become an A-List celebrity by writing songs only. You wouldn't even make it into the C-List. Acting? With his acting skills, wasting all that film as a minor supporting role and spending a full day just to barely do a passable take, it was better not to think of doing it at the moment. Zhang Ye still needed life experience and work experience. He needed to slowly learn and understand all these life lessons. Be a director? Without an inkling fart of qualifications, who would dare let him direct? Besides, Zhang Ye didn't even know how to direct. He did not even know how to operate a camera. Write novels? The novel industry also had its limits. Compared to a singer or an actor, it was a small market. Even if Zhang Ye tirelessly wrote a bestseller, a singer who had an lukewarm song would receive much more attention than him as a novel writer, unless he wrote 1 novel a day and a few hundred novels a year. But that would get him captured and used for scientific research. Television station? No one dared to employ him anymore, so it was a negative. His old job as a radio host? There was too little audience over there. Zhang Ye could not possibly live in the past. Even if he did well there, he might not get into the D-List rankings. The audience base was just not enough!

That's it!

All his paths were blocked!

Zhang Ye was almost crying. Was this his fate? Was there no other way he could move forward? God, don't mess with me like this, really don't do it like this!

Maybe God heard his cries for help.

Suddenly, he received an unexpected call.

A week after Zhang Ye left his job, an unexpected party handed him an olive branch.

It was the very sweet voice of a female on the other side. It was probably a woman whose age was not too young, "Hello, is this Zhang Ye's number?"

"It's me." Zhang Ye said as he laid in bed, "You are?"

The woman laughed, "It wasn't that easy to find you. I had to get help from a few good friends before I managed to contact an old leader of yours who gave me your number. OK, let me introduce myself. My English name is Victoria and I'm the owner, investor and CEO of Weiwo Company. Our company's main operation is in WebTV. I believe you might have heard of our website before, it's one of the forerunners of this industry. As for me, I am probably much older than you, but you can call me Old Wei or Sister Wei, whichever is fine. It's just a form of salutation. I'm alright with such things."

Man, you can have such an English name?

Zhang Ye was not really bothered by this, "I will call you President Wei, you were look for me for?"

"I have many friends who are devout Buddhists and I myself am also very interested in Buddhist teachings. A few days ago, I was having a discussion with 2 friends over a meal about your gatha. When I heard it, I became very interested. Only then did I know that there was such a radio host in Beijing." The woman named victoria continued to speak, "I spent an entire night watching you on BTV-Arts Channel's 'Zhang Ye's Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' and I thought that it was really good. The 1st episode had already captured my interest and then I also went to read your poems. I even listened to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' from your time at the radio station. I understand that all of these are your original works? 'Lecture Room' was a program that was mainly planned and produced by you?"

Zhang Ye humbly said, "I guess so, but it was also a team effort."

He had not expected that by his participation in a movie filming would lead to so many things. It had even attracted the attention of the CEO of a company. She even called him herself!

Look at this!

There were also benefits caused by all these incidents!

Victoria said, "Our web portal has been doing WebTV for over a year now. When I saw your program for the first time, I knew that you were the host that our WebTV was looking for!"

Zhang Ye felt overwhelmed and said, "You are praising me too much."

"How about it?" Victoria laughed a little saying, "Are you interested in coming to develop yourself in the WebTV industry? I heard that you have been blacklisted by all the television stations and can't return to that industry anymore. But our side here does not have so many rules like them, as long as you are willing to come, our unit will create a program for you. You are good at program planning, you can decide on a program for yourself. You can also choose what time you want it to be broadcasted at. I will let you recommend your own salary, all of these can be discussed!"

Ah?

Recommend my own salary?

Decide on my own program?

Choose a time that I want it to be broadcasted at?

Zhang Ye thought to himself that with such good treatment, could there be a catch? So he replied, "President Wei, are you asking me to create another program like 'Lecture Room'?" Although Beijing Television Station had already fired him, he still had some old friends and an old leader there. Hu Fei had treated him quite well and he was the one who recruited him into the television station

despite objections. Zhang Ye would never create a similar program to compete with Hu Fei, Xiao Lu and the others.

Victoria replied with an answer that made him feel assured, "You are thinking too much. I am not intending for you to compete with your old employer. Besides, 'Lecture Room' might be a good program, but its audience demographics is older. Even though some younger people watched it, most of those viewers were above the age of 25. If you put such a program on WebTV, it will never work. We have an audience that are in their teens to thirties. This group of people are the main force for WebTV."

Zhang Ye nodded, "So it's like this."

"Mr Zhang, you can think it over first. But you should be able to feel my sincerity. I really would like you to join us and develop together with us. Oh right, maybe I need to tell you this first. Our company is based in Shanghai, so you might need to settle down here, We do not have a recording studio over in Beijing at the moment." Victoria said.

"OK, I will give it some consideration."

"Alright, then I hope to have good news from you, hur hur."

"Thank you for the invitation, I will seriously consider it."

After hanging up, Zhang Ye's phone rang again. This time, it was Hu Fei.

"Little Zhang." Hu Fei asked, "Just now a friend of mine called to ask for your phone number, I think that a WebTV company would like you to join them? Have you replied yet?"

Zhang Ye said immediately, "Not yet, I was just about to ask you for your opinion. Is the WebTV industry any good?"

"You are a media worker, but you don't know about WebTV?" Hu Fei said annoyingly. But he still explained, "It's actually just a broadcast that is done over the internet, but their programs are richer. There

are variety programs, news programs and even kids' programs..."

Over in Zhang Ye's previous world, WebTV was still an industry in its infancy. It was not really WebTV per se, it was just an online portal to the television station's programs. It was just putting the resources and programs of a television station onto the internet so that everyone could view it. But upon hearing Hu Fei's explanation, Zhang Ye understood that this world's WebTV was different. It was a lot more matured than his previous world's. This was the true form of a WebTV station. It was similar to television in that they had a program list for the day, it was only delivered over the internet. Its programs were premiere broadcasts and they were not repeated broadcasts from television stations. The advertising model and operating structure were also very advanced and they were administered by the State Administration of Press, Publication, Radio, Film and Television of The People's Republic of China (SARFT).

"Then, do you think I should go?" Zhang Ye asked for his views.

Hu Fei said, "That will depend on yourself. Right now, no traditional television station would dare to recruit you. WebTV might be the only way for you. There are pros and cons to joining them. The pros are that the audience base is bigger as there are many netizens. For a really good program, a single episode can have a viewership of a few million. With that, it is already much higher than you being at our Arts Channel speaking about the Three Kingdoms. The cons are that there is too much content on the internet, unlike television which only has a few channels and people switch on their TVs just to watch television programs. The internet is different because people do not necessarily choose to watch WebTV when they are online. Some like to watch movies, some watch animations, some choose to read novels, some watch short clips. Therefore, a successful WebTV program would need to stand out. They do not only compete with other WebTV programs, they also compete with other internet content. The pressure is huge so it is not easy to stand out."

Zhang Ye had some thoughts.

Hu Fei laughed, "But who does not know about Little Zhang's capabilities? Other people might not stand out in this vast ocean even if they had forever to do so, but you are different. I believe that you can do it!"

"Thanks, Brother Hu."

"Make your own decision."

"Sure, I will think about it again."

After the conversation ended, Zhang Ye was lying on his bed and massaging his temple. He had a headache. There were pros and cons, should he go or not?

A dilemma!

It was really hard to decide!

A celebrity was not someone that people should be so envious of. On the surface, it looked really easy. But in reality, only they themselves knew how difficult it was. A wrong step would end careers. Every step could only be taken after careful consideration!

How carefully do they have to consider? Just look at Zhang Ye and you would understand!

Do you know why Zhang Ye always scratches his head?

Do you know why Zhang Ye always has his hands on his head?

Do you know why Zhang Ye always puts his hands through his hair at night unable to sleep?

That's right! It's because he was plagued by dandruff issues!

Chapter 201 - About to Leave Beijing!

In the room.

Zhang Ye did some research on Weiwo's video website.

The front page was very clean, beautiful and well organized. The website was similar to other traditional sites with animations, music and other things. But the one thing that was different was they had a schedule of Weiwo's program listings placed in an eye catching area of the page. Zhang Ye clicked on it and he had a look. He browsed through the programs and felt that there wasn't much difference to a traditional television station. They had singing programs, news programs and also some syndicated television serials. The difference was that the production value was cheaper. After all, the funding couldn't compare to a television station, so a program's equipment and setup were also sacrificed.

"News Report" — 110,000 views.

"My Music Period Episode 124" — 80,000 views.

"Celebrity Interview Episode 69" — 7,113,000 views.

The views were pathetic and there were not many programs. Most of the programs had only around tens of thousands or hundreds of thousands of views only. But there was also another extremity like Weiwo WebTV's star program, 'Celebrity Interview'. The latest episode had over 7 million views. Even for someone like Zhang Ye, whose poems had view rates of several million, was shocked. He understood that for his poems, the viewing rates were slightly boosted by the fact that anyone who came across it would register as a view. They might not have read it nor even liked it. But for a program like "Celebrity Interview" with so many episodes, these numbers were the real deal!

Why was it so popular?

Zhang Ye clicked on it to take a look. This was a program that was broadcasted weekly. It was always broadcasted on a weekend and every episode had guests who were usually foreigners.

Doyle?

Fries?

David Charter?

Zhang Ye did not know any of them, so he copied their names and did a search online. He was shocked by the search results, these people were all celebrities from America and Europe! From S-Listers to B-Listers. There were actors! There were singers! There were models! The least well-known ones were also newcomers who were in the top 5 of those American or European music charts! There were also a number of local celebrities. Like the one his mother liked a lot, a B-Lister comedian. He was the guest for the previous episode!

Holy sh*t!

They could invite so many of these people?

What kind of a social contacts and background did this online portal have!?

But from another perspective, it could be seen how much development potential WebTV had. It was a new media that was independent of television stations!

But even with many transformations, the core remained the same. Upon some research by Zhang Ye, he realized that his previous world also had something similar. Like those online drama serials or talent shows. Didn't they also produce a new episode first on the web daily or weekly? The logic was the same. However, this world had consolidated it to form a series of television programs. And these programs were much more focused in breadth, forming a solid link between them.

.....

"Little Ye."

"Yeah, I'm here."

"Come out for dinner."

"Oh, I'll be right out."

Zhang Ye switched off his computer, went out to the living room and sat down.

His mom had finished preparing dinner, "Go wash your hands before eating!"

But Zhang Ye did not move, he remain seated on his chair, "Dad, mom, I have something to discuss with you. A CEO from a WebTV portal called me earlier to invite me to join them as a host. The remuneration is good, but I would have to work in Shanghai. So I might not be back here in the short term."

His mother exclaimed, "You have a job now? That's so good. Go on, go on. Everyone is worried about you. Your dad and I will not miss you."

Zhang Ye, "... "

His father said, "Your career is more important. You can decide for yourself."

Zhang Ye said, "Sure, if you have no objections, then I will go?"

"Go on, go on. WebTV has been emerging in recent years. I heard that if you do well as a WebTV host, your fame will be even greater than a traditional television host." His mother did know a little.

That was true. Didn't Gao Xiaosong emerge this way too in his previous world?

Zhang Ye was calm, "That's if it works out. But the risks are high as

well. WebTV is not a good platform to stand out on. The competition is too high and if my program does not do well, then my reputation would crumble. I can go, but I really need to think about what program I will do." It was easy to choose a program to do, shows like "Lecture Room" had been tried and tested back in his previous world. They were mature programs. But to make a program for age specific viewers of WebTV, Zhang Ye was undecided on what kind of a program to do. This decision was very vital.

His mother gave him a pair of chopsticks, "Think slowly, my son will definitely not have a problem."

After dinner, Zhang Ye called Victoria to inform her of his decision to join them.

Shortly after hanging up, a male staff contacted him and told him that a plane ticket had been booked for tomorrow. He asked if the timing was a problem, if it was, he would do the necessary changes. Zhang Ye hesitated a little and decided that he will go tomorrow as he had been idling for too long already.

His mother said surprised, "Leaving tomorrow already?"

Zhang Ye nodded, "It seems like they are quite urgent about this. I suppose they need to get a program up quickly, so they want me to go over sooner to help out."

"Then quickly get your luggage packed." his mother urged.

Zhang Ye did not know to laugh or cry, "Mom, at least try to keep me here!"

His mother explained logically, "As the mom of a celebrity, I have to be reasonable. Son, mom understands, go quickly and become an A-Lister so that I can go and show off to people!"

His father said, "Come back when you have the time, it's not far by plane or train."

"Sure, if I am free, I will come home." Zhang Ye bade farewell to his parents and went downstairs.

On the car, Zhang Ye thought for a moment before taking his phone out to send Zhang Yuanqi a message: I am going to develop my career in Shanghai for a while. I won't be home for the short term.

In the past, Zhang Yuanqi would never return Zhang Ye's messages. But today, he was surprised to receive one. It was just a one worded reply — OK.

Zhang Ye was afraid that the Heavenly Queen would come to his apartment, so he figured that it would be good to notify her. Putting his phone aside, he drove off straight for Jiaomen.

.....

In the district.

The moon was out, the skies were misty.

Back at his rented apartment, Zhang Ye's began packing his luggage. He put his clothes and socks in. He finished packing and ended up with 2 big luggages. Seeing the clock on the wall, it was almost 9PM.

Ring, ring, ring.

A few calls were connected.

The first call came from the eldest of his younger cousin sisters, "Brother, I heard that you are going to Shanghai? Have you packed? Do you need me to help you pack?"

Zhang Ye was pleased and said, "No need, I have finished packing."

The eldest young sister said caringly, "Then please have a safe trip, I will visit you if I have time!"

The second call was from the youngest sister, "Brother, hehe, please leave without worries. (similar to what you would say to a dead

person)"

Zhang Ye was annoyed and said, "Why does it not sound like a good thing?"

"Anyway when you come back, remember to bring me a present! When I'm on break, I can visit you. You must take care of my food and lodging," his younger cousin said in a spoiled manner.

"OK, OK, OK. Tell your dad and mom as well."

"My dad and mom already know, they wish you all the best in your career."

After a few calls from his family, Zhang Ye said his goodbyes to them as well. After that, he turned and looked at the landlady's apartment a short distance away. He was going to leave soon, so he definitely had to inform the landlady. If there was anything he missed, this was the place he missed the most. After all, this was the first place where he lived independently after graduation. His career also developed from here, so he had many emotions about this place... of course, the main reason was his feelings for Rao Aimin.

The door was ajar.

The elevator sounded and footsteps were clearly heard from the corridor.

Zhang Ye turned around and saw the landlady's shadow passing his slightly opened door. He could not see her face but that exercise outfit was all too familiar. Moreover, the only person who would go out to train and exercise at this time was Rao Aimin. Zhang Ye put down his luggage, went out and closed the door before going after her.

"Landlady auntie." Zhang Ye said from behind her.

Rao Aimin turned around and looked, "What do you want?"

Zhang Ye felt emotionally hurt as he coughed, "There's a little something."

"If it's not about borrowing money, come in." Rao Aimin opened the door with her keys and gave him a glance, "But if you are thinking of borrowing money, then go away as far as possible."

"Aiya, what borrow money." Zhang Ye followed into the apartment,
"Eh, where's Chenchen?"

Rao Aimin turned towards the bathroom and took a towel to wipe her sweat off, "Autumn tour, the school organized a trip to the suburbs, 2 days and 1 night. She will only be back tomorrow."

There are just the two of us?

A man and a woman, alone!

Zhang Ye swallowed his saliva and took a peek at Rao Aimin's healthy figure. That sports attire was too fitting to her body. It outlined the curves of her body clearly.

Rao Aimin looked at him, "Spit out whatever you have to say, I still need to take a shower."

Zhang Ye said, "I am leaving for Shanghai tomorrow. It might be for a month or two. In any case, I won't be back in the short term. I found a new job over there as a WebTV host. Please leave this apartment as it is, I will continue paying the rent. I just wanted to come over to say goodbye to you and Chenchen."

Rao Aimin said happily, "There are still television stations that want to hire you?"

"It's a WebTV station. Not the traditional type." Zhang Ye answered.

"Oh, as long as it's a job. OK, scram now." Rao Aimin's tone was similar to his mother's. It felt like they couldn't wait for him to leave.

Zhang Ye's heart was shattered, "I can't bear to part. Look at you, you have hurt me emotionally." Saying that, he began to play the hooligan and sat on her sofa. "I'm not leaving tonight. No way."

Rao Aimin narrowed her eyes and said, "Hur hur, then shall I throw you out?"

"Go ahead. I will be sleeping here in any case." Zhang Ye lay down with his feet up.

But Rao Aimin really came towards him.

Zhang Ye jumped up in shock and said, "Don't you touch me, I'm warning you. My body is very weak. If you touch me, I will break. If you hit me, I will die!"

This was his last night in Beijing. He had hoped for something to happen between him and Rao Aimin, so he insisted on staying over.

Chapter 202 - Extreme Boldness!

The crickets were chirping outside.

From the apartment came a scream.

This was a moonless night.

"Aiyo! Let go, let go! It's really painful!"

"A rascal like you is getting bolder and bolder now?"

"Not at all, no. I am leaving soon. Tonight is the last night, so I will definitely miss this place. You rented me the place when I graduated and even took care of my meals. The care you showed me fills my heart with gratitude. There is no way for me to return it. So I want to chat with you throughout the night. I have no idea when I'll be back. Why do you twist my arm while we chat!?"

"You just wanted to chat?"

"Of course, just a chat."

"Then say it now. Your Sister Rao is listening."

"Let go of me first, how can I talk in this position!"

Rao Aimin took off her knee from his body and her hands loosened its grip from his elbow.

Zhang Ye actually wanted to try her hand, but he was unable to use his Taiji Fist. His Taekwondo skills were insufficient, so he ended up being restrained by the landlady with his face to the sofa. His arm nearly broke. This Old Rao was ruthless!

"Talk now." Rao Aimin stared at him.

Zhang Ye nodded but he did not know what to say.

Finally, Rao Aimin ignored him and headed to the second floor. She was probably going to take a shower.

Zhang Ye looked at Rao Aimin who was climbing up the stairs. He blinked and said, "Then I will be staying for the night."

Rao Aimin's footsteps disappeared up the stairs and a bang sounded off upstairs. It sounded like the bathroom door.

Zhang Ye felt he had a shot so his heart began to thump heavily. The last time and the previous time before the last, he had sneakily attacked the landlady while sleeping. He had succeeded twice, but the landlady did not mention the matter again. It was as if it had never happened. This made Zhang Ye's boldness to do evil increase even more. It fanned his flames which resulted in him daring to insist on staying behind. It was probably because he had fully understood Rao Aimin's character. Her mouth was venomous and her actions were ruthless, but her heart was soft. It seemed like she did not detest him in any way.

It was the final night, so he had to grab the opportunity. At least, he had to take some advantage of her, or else, once he went to Shanghai, he would no longer be able to take any advantage temporarily.

Zhang Ye had worked up a sweat while packing his luggage. So he got up and went to the first level's bathroom. He took off his clothes in preparation to take a shower. When he threw his clothes, Zhang Ye noticed that Rao Aimin's dirty clothes were piled up in the washing machine. Pantyhoses were lying at the top. There was a slight tear in the middle of the pantyhose. There were two panties beneath. They were white and nude in color. Further below was a long dress and a pair of sweatpants.

Tempting!

Zhang Ye took a couple of glances before he took a shower.

Hua Hua Hua. He washed his hair, lathered up body soap and washed himself clean.

As a male, he naturally showered very quickly. After drying himself, Zhang Ye did not wear any outerwear. He just wore his autumn pants before opening the bathroom's door. He looked up and gingerly went up the stairs. The second level's lights had been switched off. However, the bathroom light was still lit. The fragrance of bathing foam could be smelled. There was also the sound of flowing water. Clearly, Rao Aimin was not done showering; however, she was probably almost done.

Zhang Ye acted as if this was his own house. He impolitely pulled open the blanket and slipped in. After all, he had slept in there several times.

One minute...

Five minutes...

The sound of flowing water finally stopped.

With a creak, the door opened. Rao Aimin walked out the bathroom.

Zhang Ye quickly closed his eyes. He also did not know what to say, so he pretended to be asleep.

The sounds of footsteps could be heard, and was probably coming from the other side of the bed. "Creak". The sound of the wardrobe opening could be heard. Then it was the ruffling noises of clothes being rummaged through. The landlady was likely to be searching for something to wear. A few seconds after the wardrobe's door was closed, a faint sound of something dropping on the bed could be heard. It was as if she had taken off a piece of clothing. From the weight and feel, it seemed like a bra dropping on the bed.

Soon after, the bed creaked. Clearly, a person was sitting on it.

Then, the blanket on Zhang Ye moved as a fragrant body entered.

He only heard the landlady saying, "Didn't you say you wanted to chat before you leave? Say it, what do you want to chat about?"

"Well," Zhang Ye could no longer pretend to be sleeping. He turned around and faced Rao Aimin. He first looked at her body. She was dressed in a white bathrobe. Although the lights were off, he could still use the moonlight to see a deep ravine. One had to know that Rao Aimin was lying flat. No matter how big a woman's breasts were, they would "shrink" when lying flat. The flesh would sink as if they were being "eaten" by the body unless one wore a support bra. However, it was clear that the landlady was not wearing a bra underneath the bathroom. Even after lying down, the cleavage was still so deep. It could not be said that Rao Aimin's breasts were much bigger than others, but it was definitely more tight and full than others. In Northern speak, it was particularly substantial.

"Say it?" Rao Aimin yawned with her eyes closed, "If there's nothing to say, then scram. I'm tired after a long day and I have to fetch Chenchen early in the morning tomorrow."

Zhang Ye opened his mouth and asked, "Are you not married?"

"You've stayed here for a few months already and you still don't know if I'm married or not?" Rao Aimin replied.

"You were not married before?"

"Never have I been married before nor have I been divorced."

"Why did you not find someone to spend your days with?"

"I've already said it before, don't poke your nose into my affairs. Take care of yourself and don't ask me so much. Is your nickname "?"

"Man, isn't that what chatting is all about?"

Zhang Ye's chats with Rao Aimin rarely went beyond three sentences on a topic. Either it was Zhang Ye who choked up, or it was Zhang Ye choking. There was no way to carry on chatting. The landlady's

mouth was born to rebut others. If she didn't do it, her mouth wouldn't feel right.

After chatting a little, they went quiet again.

"This trip to Shanghai, my future will be uncertain. But I have to go anyway, I need a place where I can develop and train." Not hearing a response, Zhang Ye turned his head and said, "Landlady auntie? Landlady auntie?"

Rao Aimin lay flat asleep.

Zhang Ye blinked but did not act rashly.

After about 10 minutes, when he was sure that Rao Aimin was deep asleep, Zhang Ye slowly nudged his way over and daringly stretched his hand over. The previous time, he had only went for the landlady's thighs and belly areas as he had not dared to go for other parts.

Rao Aimin's bathrobe had been twisted by the blanket causing it to be ruffled. Zhang Ye touched her thigh and found it smooth. Without the bathrobe blocking him, he could directly touch her bare skin.

Rao Aimin made a sound and moved her legs but still remained asleep.

Zhang Ye looked at her with guilt, but felt it was safe, so he continued to touch her thighs all over.

From the top to the bottom, from the bottom back to the top. Zhang Ye was mesmerized by the sensation of the touch. Suddenly, when he was planning on placing his fingers into the side of Rao Aimin's panties, Rao Aimin was awakened.

She opened her eyes, "Are you letting me sleep?"

Zhang Ye was extremely embarrassed, "Cough, letting."

"Sleep, you may not be tired, but I am." Rao Aimin pulled the blanket

and closed her eyes again.

However, Zhang Ye did not remove his hand. After stopping for a few seconds, he gently pinched her buttocks. The tight flesh made him reluctant to move his hand away.

Rao Aimin ignored him. Anyway, there was no movement.

After satisfying his craving, Zhang Ye became even more dishonest. Today, without Chenchen at home, he became even more unbridled. He stuck close to Rao Aimin and squeezed her. Then he slowly pulled the blanket that was covering her chest bit by bit, pulling it down to the landlady's waist.

It reached the critical spot!

Zhang Ye was a bit nervous, but also a bit excited!

Touch! If he didn't take grab the opportunity, then who knew when it would come again!

Zhang Ye emboldened himself and threw the value of his life out of his head. He would not regret even if he was thrown over the shoulder onto the wall. Then, he took a deep breath as he lifted his hand from her thigh. He brought it forward, and slowly, inch by inch, his hand approached the landlady. With his four fingers contracted together, he carefully squeezed it into Rao Aimin's bathrobe's opening.

Puff!

The feeling of flesh!

At that instant, Zhang Ye felt as if he was going to break through space. It felt great. He had finally attacked this region of the landlady!

But at the same time, Rao Aimin also moved!

Zhang Ye felt a pain in his arm. His wrist joints had been pinched by Rao Aimin. His body was pulled forward and his head was pushed onto the bed, "Ah!"

"You started to become forceful when I ignored you!?" Rao Aimin looked at him.

Zhang Ye was sweating from the pain. Sex and danger were just two sides of the same coin!

Rao Aimin took a glance and released. "Now, you know pain?" Saying that, she pursed her lips as she looked at Zhang Ye pant and sweat. She helped him massage his bones. "Was it twisted?"

"I don't know. Painful!" Zhang Ye cried in pain.

Rao Aimin touched his arm again and probably found the reason. "Don't move." Just as she said that, she suddenly used her force, resulting in a sound coming from Zhang Ye's arm!

"Aiyah!" Zhang Ye shouted.

"Alright. It was just twisted." Rao Aimin said softly, "Sleep."

Zhang Ye moved his arm again and it was really much better. He looked towards Rao Aimin and saw that Old Rao had once again gone back to sleep.

Zhang Ye hated it. Why were you so ruthless? You really twisted my arm? He was already a wasted force. Since he had already been twisted once, twice would also be the same. Zhang Ye went all out, refusing to have his beliefs shaken. Once his hand wasn't in pain anymore, he once again tucked his hand into Rao Aimin's bathrobe's opening.

A similar scene!

With a sneer, Rao Aimin grabbed Zhang Ye's wrist again. However, it was unknown if she was afraid to dislocate or fracture his arm again,

so she did not use any strength in the end.

Zhang Ye tried pinching on her clothes.

Rao Aimin's hand was draped over his wrists. This time she did not move. After a while, she said, "...Just this once."

"Hey!" Zhang Ye was feeling good.

Rao Aimin gently removed her hand.

With Zhang Ye receiving the imperial edict, he did not hesitate anymore, and rubbed inside her clothes!

Soft!

Chapter 203

Sunday.

In the landlady's apartment.

It was almost 10:30AM. Zhang Ye had just woken up. He looked to the other side of the bed but saw no signs of Rao Aimin. He was now alone. A white bathrobe and a pink union suit was left on the bed. They looked freshly washed and unworn. It was probably left on the bed when Rao Aimin woke up in the morning and tried it on before finding it unsuitable. It looked like she was in a rush since she did not even keep them back into the wardrobe.

Where did she go?

Sigh, what a pity! He did not witness the landlady changing.

Zhang Ye could imagine it, the landlady standing by the bedside and taking off her bathrobe before putting her bra and clothes on.

Unfortunately, Zhang Ye had been sound asleep at that moment.

Otherwise, with Zhang Ye's violent temper, he would risk his life to take a look!

Zhang Ye rolled over and got up. He looked at his hands and lifted it to his nose to smell the sweet fragrance. Yes, there were still the remnants of the fragrance from Rao Aimin's clothes from last night. Mesmerizing scents diffusing everywhere, immersing into the heart, like a dream or fantasy. Everything in the universe crossed through his brain, the feeling that uprose from the soul...Forget it, I'll stop being irritating. A bit hungry. Time to get off from the bed.

He put on his clothes.

He washed up and brushed his teeth.

There was no one downstairs, he was all alone in the apartment.

"Hmm? Where did the landlady auntie go?" Zhang Ye mumbled to himself.

At this moment, the door opened and Rao Aimin led Chenchen into the house holding her hands. Little Chenchen was carry a schoolbag, so Zhang Ye knew that the landlady had gone to fetch her from the school. Chenchen had returned today from her autumn trip.

Zhang Ye was in a good mood. He stretched his hands out and greeted, "Chenchen."

Chenchen looked at him and waved back with a straight face like an adult, "Zhang Ye."

Zhang Ye did not take it too heart. He looked over to Rao Aimin, "Landlady auntie, is there anything to eat?"

"Nothing, eat on the plane." Rao Aimin said.

"My flight is in the afternoon, at most they'd serve dinner." Zhang Ye touched his belly, "I didn't eat much last night so I'm getting hungry."

Chenchen raised her hands, "Reporting to Big Aunt, I am hungry too."

Rao Aimin laughingly scolded, "You two are so greedy! All you know is to eat!" She turned around into the kitchen, "Little Zhang, get Chenchen to wash her hands."

"OK." Zhang Ye led Chenchen to the bathroom. Chenchen was short and could not reach the faucet so Zhang Ye had to carry her up.

The little rascal even started to be demanding. If she stretched her hand forward, she could clearly wash it herself, but she chose not to move.

Zhang Ye could only lift her with one hand, and used his other hand to turn on the tap. After he got her soap to wash her hand with, he said, "You sure have become an old master. How was the trip? Did you have fun?"

Chenchen said, "Not bad."

"What do you mean by not bad?" Zhang Ye asked.

Chenchen pouted, "They were too childish. They got all overly excited when they saw a wild boar at the zoo, some of the girls even cried."

Zhang Ye said, "A wild boar is scary, aren't you afraid?"

Chenchen said, "We were on a tour bus and there were protective grilles. The wild boars couldn't get in. Besides, when I was 5 years old, my mum brought me hiking in the mountains. She carried me and used only 1 hand to kill a wild boar, so what's there to be afraid of? When I was 6, my aunt brought me to the countryside to play. We were surrounded by 7 or 8 wolves but my aunt just stood there and stared back at them. The wolves did not dare to attack and ran off scared in the end!"

Zhang Ye did not know whether to laugh or cry. He thought to himself that it was no wonder she did not get along well with her classmates. What kind of people was she family to? Growing up in an environment like that, it was little wonder Little Chenchen grew up to be like this.

At the dining table.

The young and an old duo sat down as they started shouting towards the kitchen.

"We're hungry." Zhang Ye said with no energy.

Chenchen also said, "Big Aunt, is it done yet?"

"We will faint if we don't get any food." Zhang Ye called out.

Chenchen took her chopsticks and struck them on the bowl, "Rice, rice, rice!"

These two were spurring each other on, wave after wave.

The kitchen door opened as Rao Aimin walked out wearing an apron, saying, "Who's rushing me? Settle down properly! You didn't even help me, all you know is to eat! The nerve! Keep disturbing me and no one will get to eat!"

As the host got annoyed, the both of them immediately shut their mouths.

After about 10 minutes, the dishes were served and the rice was also ready.

Zhang Ye ate with his chopsticks like a hungry tiger while Chenchen also tried to snatch from him. The young and the old duo shoved and swallowed their food without any table manners.

Rao Aimin glanced at Zhang Ye, "Chenchen is learning all the bad stuff from you!"

Chenchen did not use to behave this way when eating. She was always calm in a ladylike way, taking a bite, slowly chewing her food. But with Zhang Ye leading the way, Chenchen also followed along. It was like they were competing who could eat faster. It could be seen from this that even though Chenchen was matured for her age, she was still childlike in her behaviors.

After the meal.

Zhang Ye ate his fill. With one fed and warmed, one's sexual desires arose. He happened to be sitting on the same side as Rao Aimin. Chenchen was sitting across them. As such, Zhang Ye secretly moved his hand over. Rao Aimin did not change her clothes after coming home. She had gone into the kitchen to cook immediately. She was now wearing an old-fashioned long skirt and top that suited her bearing very well. The long skirt reached to her calves. It was the kind that was a bit more flowery. Zhang Ye touched the landlady's thigh with the skirt separating his hand. Although Rao Aimin had said to him that he was only allowed once yesterday, Zhang Ye naturally didn't treat her words seriously.

Chenchen couldn't see as she was holding her stomach burping.

Rao Aimin's eyebrows ticked, "Little Zhang, go wash the dishes."

"In a while. I'll wash it in a while. I'm too full and need to take a rest." Zhang Ye did not go and carried on touching her leg. The feeling wasn't the same with direct contact with flesh but through a skirt. Besides, her skirt's fabric was rough, and had the feeling of friction. She was definitely wearing pantyhose too. He looked down at Rao Aimin's nude colored beautiful feet, indeed, there was a thin layer of nude colored stockings. Zhang Ye became excited as he boldly pulled up her skirt bit by bit, revealing more of her beautiful legs that were covered in stockings.

Finally, the skirt reached her knees.

Only then did Zhang Ye let go and touched the stockings directly. The feeling of exquisiteness which was both rough and smooth. There was even the faint softness and bounciness of her skin below it.

Rao Aimin lowered her hand and threw his hand away.

Zhang Ye was persistent and put his hand over once again and held on.

Chenchen said, "Zhang Ye, help me do my homework in a while."

"Do it yourself." Rao Aimin's attention was diverted as she reprimanded Chenchen, "How can you get someone else to do your homework? Do you want to be useless in the future!?"

Chenchen said in an unwilling manner, "Okay."

"I can't help you either. Your Uncle Zhang is leaving today, for Shanghai." Zhang Ye said.

Chenchen said, "Oh? Why are you going?"

Zhang Ye said, "For work. This bro needs to make money for a living. I'm not like you, happily going to school everyday, without a care or thought for the world." Zhang Ye took the opportunity to grope more of the landlady's thigh. And he even inserted his hand into her skirt. He had undying wicked intentions and wanted to carry on exploring deeper. "How about it? Hearing that your uncle is leaving, do you feel especially hateful to part with me? It's alright. I expect myself to be back in a month or two."

Chenchen stared at him. The corners of her lips pulled apart slightly, "Hur Hur."

At this moment, Rao Aimin stood up. Hua. Nearly all the skirt that had been pulled up by Zhang Ye dropped down, returning to its original state. "Little Zhang, follow me. I still have some unopened daily necessities that I don't use. I'll give them to you. Take it with you."

Zhang Ye said, "Oh, there's no need. I've finished packing."

"Come, I'll give it to you." Rao Aimin smiled as she entered her bedroom.

From her looks, Zhang Ye knew that it was definitely not something good. When had the landlady ever been so considerate. She even prepared daily necessities for him? Impossible. She was definitely up to no good. She was preparing to finish this bro! Of course, Zhang Ye did not fall for it. With Chenchen beside him, it was definitely not convenient for the landlady to beat him up. However, if he were to enter the bedroom, there would only be the two of them. Then how could Zhang Ye end up in a good state?

"No, no. There's really no need. It's better if I go wash the dishes!" Zhang Ye felt guilty and quickly cleaned up the plates and chopsticks. He brought them to the kitchen and began washing.

After he finished, Zhang Ye came out, "Landlady auntie, Chenchen, I'm going. Time to go to the airport."

Rao Aimin came over again, "Alright, I'll send you."

Zhang Ye hurriedly lifted his hand, "Stay please, stay. I wouldn't dare to trouble you. There's no need, no need at all. I can easily carry the two luggage bags myself. You can't leave Chenchen alone at home. What if another few more burglars come in again? So don't you leave. I'm going!" He quickly went out the door, and then gave a final wave at them before quickly closing the door. Only then did Zhang Ye heave a sigh of relief.

That was close!

If he was to stay behind to be beaten up by the landlady just before he left, then he would be dumb!

Returning home, he gave a last look at the place that he had been staying for the past few months. He gave a nostalgic smile and turned around. He then pulled the two luggage bags he had already finished packing downstairs. From the beautiful memories he forged from last night until today in the landlady's house, Zhang Ye was feeling very good. He did not have any depressive feelings of leaving.

"Eh? Isn't this Teacher Zhang?" A female college student, who was a renter, had come out to throw the rubbish. She was stunned seeing Zhang Ye, "Those luggage bags are?"

Her boyfriend also came out, "Teacher Zhang, are you going away for business or for pleasure?"

The moment Zhang Ye became famous, all the renters of the landlady's properties knew that a celebrity was staying here. Zhang Ye also knew them. He always greeted them.

Zhang Ye smiled, "I'm going to Shanghai for work."

"Ah? You won't be staying in Beijing?" The female college student said in surprise.

Zhang Ye said in a self-mocking manner, "No one here dares to hire

me, so I can only change locations to further develop myself."

The male college student harrumphed, "It is this bunch of television stations that have no foresight. Don't worry Teacher Zhang. We will definitely support you. Everything will definitely go smoothly for you this time!"

Zhang Ye said, "Alright, then I'll be counting on your blessings."

Maybe because of the voices, a few residents also came out. There were people both young and old.

Zhang Ye bade each and everyone of them farewell. This was a bunch of very cute neighbors. Many of them did not especially like Zhang Ye's works, but every time they saw him, they would give him words of praise and encouragement. During the days when Zhang Ye was poor, without any food to eat, it was also this bunch of cute neighbors who sent him food. Zhang Ye could never forget that box of fragrant braised beef.

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